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THE

WORKS

OF

Jonathan Swift, D.D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

Accurately revised

In TWELVE VOLUMES,

Adorned with COPPER-PLATES;

WITH

Some Account of the AUTHOR's LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL and EXPLANATORY,

By JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, C. DAVIS, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. HODGES, R. and J. DODSLEY, and W. BOWYER.

M DCC LV.

[illegible] LIBRARY

Many other pieces both in proſe and verſe, which had been written between the years 1691, *and* 1727, *were then collected and publiſhed by the Dean in conjunction with Mr.* Pope, *Dr.* Arbuthnot, *and Mr.* Gay, *under the title of Miſcellanies*; of all theſe pieces, though they were intended to go down to poſterity together †, the dean was not the author, as appeared by the title pages, but they continued undiſtinguiſhed till* 1742, *and then Mr.* Pope, *having new claſſed them, aſcribed each performance among the proſe to its particular author in a table of contents, but of the verſes he diſtinguiſhed only the Dean's, by marking the reſt with an aſteriſk.*

In the year 1735, *the pieces of which the Dean was the author, were ſelected from the miſcellany, and with* Gulliver's *Travels, the* Drapier's *Letters, and ſome other pieces which were written upon particular occaſions in* Ireland, *were publiſhed by* George Falkener, *at* Dublin, *in four volumes; to theſe he afterwards added a fifth and a*

* See the preface to Vol. III. ſigned by the Dean and Mr. Pope.

† At all adventures yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked friends to poſterity both in verſe and proſe. *Pope* to *Swift Mar.* 23,

ſixth, containing the Examiners, polite Converſation, *and ſome other tracts, which were ſoon followed by a ſeventh volume of letters, and an eighth of poſthumous pieces.*

In this collection, although printed in Ireland, *the tracts relating to that country, and in particular the* Drapier's *Letters, are thrown together in great confuſion, and the* Tale of a Tub, *the* Battle of the Books, *and the* Fragment, *are not included.*

In the edition which is now offered to the publick, the Tale of a Tub, *of which the Dean's corrections ſufficiently prove him to have been the author, the* Battle of the Books, *and the* Fragment, *make the firſt volume; the ſecond is* Gulliver's Travels; *the* Miſcellanies *will be found in the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth; and the contents of the other volumes are divided into two claſſes, as relating to* England *or* Ireland; *as to the arrangement of particular pieces in each claſs, there were only three things that ſeemed to deſerve attention, or that could direct the choice; that the verſe and proſe ſhould be kept ſeparate; that the poſthumus and doubtful pieces ſhould not be mingled with thoſe which the Dean is known to have*

publiſhed himſelf; and that thoſe tracts which are parts of a regular ſeries, and illuſtrate each other, ſhould be ranged in ſucceſſion without the intervention of other matter: Such are the Drapier's *Letters, and ſome other papers publiſhed upon the ſame occaſion, which have not only in the* Iriſh *edition, but in every other, been ſo mixed as to miſrepreſent ſome facts and obſcure others: Such alſo are the tracts on the* Sacramental Teſt, *which are now firſt put together in regular order, as they ſhould always be read, by thoſe who would ſee their whole ſtrength and propriety.*

As to the pieces which have no connexion with each other, ſome have thought that the ſerious and the comic ſhould have been put in ſeparate claſſes; but this is not the method which was taken by the Dean himſelf, or by Mr. Pope *when they publiſhed the miſcellany, in which the tranſition*

From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,

appears frequently to be the effect rather of choice than accident *. *However, as the*

* Our miſcellany is now quite printed, I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint volume in which methinks we look like friends ſide by ſide, *ſerious* and *merry* by turns—diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves.

Letter of *Pope* to *Swift*, March 8, [illegible]

reader

reader will have the whole in his poſſeſſion, he may perſue either the grave or the gay with very little trouble, and without loſing any pleaſure or intelligence which he would have gained from a different arrangement.

Among the miſcellanies is the hiſtory of John Bull, *a political allegory, which is now farther opened by a ſhort narrative of the facts upon which it is founded; whether ſuppoſititious or true, at the foot of the page.*

The notes which have been publiſhed with former editions have for the moſt part been retained, becauſe they were ſuppoſed to have been written, if not by the Dean, yet by ſome friend who knew his particular view in the paſſage they were intended to illuſtrate, or the truth of the fact which they aſſerted; however, this has ſince appeared not always to have been the caſe; for there is not the leaſt reaſon to believe that Stella *was related to Sir* William Temple, *or that he was viſited by King* William *at* Moor Park, *although both theſe facts are aſſerted, one in a note on the letter to Lord* Palmerſton, Vol. XII. p. 200, *the other in a note on a letter to Dr.* Sheridan, Vol. XII. p. 227.

The notes which have been added to this edition contain, among other things, an hiſtory of the author's works, which would have made a conſiderable part of his life; but as the occaſion on which particular pieces were written, and the events which they produced, could not be related in a ſeries, without frequent references and quotations, it was thought more eligible to put them together; in the text innumerable paſſages have been reſtored, which were evidently corrupt in every other edition, whether printed in England *or* Ireland.

Among the notes will be found ſome remarks on thoſe of another writer, for which no apology can be thought neceſſary, if it be conſidered that the ſame act is juſtice if the ſubject is a criminal, which would have been murder if executed on the innocent.

Lord Orrery *has been ſo far from acting upon the principle on which Mr.* Pope *framed this petition in his univerſal prayer,*

Teach me ———
To *hide* the faults I *ſee.*

That where he has not found *the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to* make one,

one, an inſtance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus *to* Vaneſſa:

That Virtue pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own.

He taught her, ſays his lordſhip, that vice as ſoon as it deſied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue; but the moſt obvious and natural meaning is juſt contrary. That we deſire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not diſcover to be vicious, becauſe virtue is pleaſed in proportion as it is diſplayed; and indeed theſe verſes could not be ſuppoſed an apology for lewdneſs, if his lordſhip believed his own aſſertion, that the dean was, "*Not to be ſwayed by de-*" *liberate evil.*"

Lord Orrery *has alſo ſuppoſed the dean himſelf to have been the editor of at leaſt ſix volumes of the* Iriſh *edition of his works, but the contrary will inconteſtably appear upon a compariſon of that edition with this, as well by thoſe paſſages, which were altered under colour of correction, as by thoſe in which accidental imperfections were ſuffered to remain. Of theſe paſſages the fol-*

lowing are ſelected from Gulliver's *Travels, becauſe the correction of this part of the work, eſpecially with reſpect to dates and numbers, is boaſted in an advertiſement prefixed, and becauſe being divided into chapters, the places referred to will be more eaſily found.*

In the following ſentence, they have, *is ſubſtituted for* he hath:

" *Whoever makes ill returns to* his " *benefactor, muſt needs be* a *common* " *enemy to the reſt of mankind, from whom* " THEY HAVE *received no obligations.*"

Voyage to *Lilliput,* Chap. VI.

The children of the Lilliputians *are ſaid to be apprenticed at* ſeven *years of age inſtead of* eleven, *which is evidently wrong, as the author ſuppoſes the age of* fifteen *with them, to anſwer that of* one and twenty *with us, a proportion which will be nearly kept by ſuppoſing them to be apprenticed at* eleven, *and to ſerve* five *years.* Ibid.

Gulliver *ſays, that he arrived in the* Downs *from* Lilliput, *on the* 13*th of* April, 1702, *and that he took ſhipping again on the* 20*th of* June *following,* two months

months after his return; *but in the* Iriſh *edition, though the ſame dates are preſerved, we are told, that* ten *months after his return he took ſhipping*, &c. *Compare the laſt chapter of* Part I, *with the firſt chapter of* Part II.

In the following ſentence, bring *is ſubſtituted for* carry:

" *A gentleman-uſher came from court commanding my maſter to* BRING *me* thither; *but as* thither *ſignifies* to that place, *to* bring thither *is falſe* Engliſh.

Voyage to *Brobdingnag*, Chap. III.

By putting the word born *for* both, Gulliver *is repreſented as ſhewing how the* Britiſh *nobility are qualified to be* born *councellors to the king and kingdom*; *or in other words, deſcribing a part of their education antecedent to their birth. And though it is true that the* Engliſh *nobility are councellors to the king and kingdom by right of birth, yet it is not true that they are born councellors.* Ibid. Chap. VI.

It appears by many paſſages, that the ſtature of the Brobdingnagians *was to that of* Gulliver, *nearly as* ten *to* one, *and this proportion is kept in other things*;

our

our battering-pieces being about twelve feet long, Gulliver *who was willing to facilitate the uſe of cannon in* Brobdingnag, *tells the king that he need not make his largeſt pieces longer than one-hundred feet; but this proportion is deſtroyed, and* Gulliver *repreſented as incumbering a new project with unneceſſary expence and labour, by changing* one *hundred feet into* two. Ibid. Chap. VII.

When Gulliver *was floating on the ſea in a box which* Glumdalclitch *uſed to carry on her girdle, and the water oozed in at the crannies, he obſerves, that if he could have liſted up the roof, he would have ſat on the top of it, where he might at leaſt have preſerved himſelf* ſome hours longer, than by *being ſhut up in the hold; but as if it was difficult to conceive, that when a veſſel is gradually ſinking, a man will drown ſooner in the hold than upon deck, The* Iriſh *edition tells us, that* Gulliver *would have got on the top, becauſe he might thus have preſerved himſelf* from being ſhut up in it; *and indeed it is a truth ſo evident as to admit no diſpute, that while a man ſits on the top of a box*

a box he will effectually preſerve himſelf from the inſide of it.

Voyage to *Brobdingnag*, Chap. VIII. Gulliver's *reſidence among the* Houyhnhnms *is ſaid to be* five *years inſtead of* three, *though he tells us he was ſet on ſhore there in* 1711, *and departed in* 1714. Voyage to the *Houyhnhnms*; compare the beginning of Chap. I, with Chap. XI, of which ſee alſo the laſt Paragraph.

In other places the London *edition has been copied with great exactneſs*; Gulliver *is made to ſay of his box that it was toſſed up and down like a* ſign-POST *in a windy day, though the manner in which a ſign-*poſt *is toſſed up and down by the wind is much leſs eaſy to conceive than the motion of the box which it was intended to illuſtrate.*

Voyage to *Brobdingnag*, Chap. VII. *As the word* poſt *is not rejected in this paſſage, neither is the word* take *ſupplied in the following*; *though by this neglect* Gulliver *is repreſented as* putting on *a* bundle of linen *with his beſt ſuit of cloaths*, " *They forced me into the long-*

boat,

boat, letting me put on *my beſt ſuit of cloaths*——and *a ſmall* bundle of linen.

Voyage to the *Houyhnhnms*, Chap. I.

So when the Iriſh *editor found by an accidental tranſpoſition, that* Gulliver *in his way to* England, *came to* Amſterdam *the* 16*th of* April, *and arrived from* Amſterdam *in the* Downs *on the* 10*th*; *he faithfully copied the miſtake, although the two dates are within half a page of each other.*

Such, among innumerable others, are the Iriſh *emendations of* Gulliver's *Travels, and many more examples of equal ſkill and diligence might have been ſelected from an equal number of pages in any part of the eight volumes; but he who is not convinced by theſe, that the Dean could not thus alter to pervert his meaning, and overlook blunders that obſcured it, would ſtill doubt if all the reſt had been brought together. Some of them however are yet more groſs, as* preventing *an* apparent diſeaſe, *for preventing* the deceaſe; rules *for* ruelles; *and armed with the power, the* guilt, *and the will to do miſchief, inſtead of armed with the power*

and

and the will: it might reaſonably be ſuppoſed that a diſeaſe which was apparent, *could not be* prevented; *and it ſhould have been known, that there is no ſuch aſſembly or place as the* rules *of court ladies; and that it is an abſurd redundancy to ſay of a man who has the power and the will, that he has alſo the* guilt *to do miſchief; for whatever guilt he can contract before the perpetration of the miſchief, is included in the will; theſe paſſages are to be found in the 46th and 48th* Examiners, *and in the anſwer to a memorial,* Vol. X.

Theſe Examiners *indeed are not taken into this collection, becauſe the laſt paper written by the Dean was* N°. 44. *which is yet a ſtronger proof that he did not reviſe the* Iriſh *edition, where the ſubſequent numbers are imputed to him, and have received correction from the hand that corrected the reſt* *. *The editor of the* Iriſh *edition has alſo taken into his collection ſeveral ſpurious pieces in verſe, which the Dean zealouſly diſavowed, and which therefore he would certainly have*

* See Examiner, N°. 44. and note.

excluded

excluded from any collection printed under his inſpection and with his conſent, particularly The Life and Character of Doctor Swift, *on a maxim of* Rochefocault, *of which he ſays, in a letter to Mr.* Pope, *dated* May 1, 1733, *it is an impoſture, mean and trivial, and full of the cant that I moſt deſpiſe. It appears alſo by a letter of Mr.* Pope, *dated* 15 Sept. 1734, *that the Dean had ſtrongly diſavowed this piece, not to him only, but to Lord* Carteret, *and others, and that there was reaſon to believe it the performance of a perſon who offered a piece in proſe to a bookſeller as the Dean's, which he afterwards confeſſed to be his own. In the* Iriſh *copy of the verſes on his death many paſſages are to be found which Mr.* Pope *rejected, for when he added theſe verſes to the miſcellany in* 1742, *he took nothing from the* Iriſh *copy which he had then ſeen, and upon his authority the* Iriſh *variations are rejected in this edition.*

But there is evidence of another kind to prove that the Dean never reviſed any edition of his works for Falkener *to print, and*

and that on the contrary he was unwilling that Falkener *ſhould print them at all.* Falkener, *in an advertiſement publiſhed* Oct. 15, 1754, *calls himſelf the* editor *as well as publiſher of the* Dublin *edition, and the Dean has often renounced the undertaking in expreſs terms. In his letter to Mr.* Pope *dated* May 1, 1733, *he ſays, that when the printer applied to him for leave to print his works in* Ireland, *he told him he would give* no *leave; and when he printed them without, he declared it was* much to his diſcontent, *the ſame ſentiment is alſo more ſtrongly expreſſed in the following extract from a letter now in the hands of the publiſher, which was written by the Dean to the late Mr.* Benjamin Motte *his bookſeller in* London.

"*Mr.* Falkener *in printing thoſe volumes did what I much diſliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends preſſed him to print them, and gave him what manuſcript copies they had occaſionally gotten from me; my deſire was that thoſe works ſhould have been printed*

printed in London, *by an agreement between thoſe who had a right to them.*

I am Sir with great truth
your moſt humble and
affectionate ſervant,

Nov. 1, 1735.

J. Swift.

N. B. In the references that will be found in the margin of the Life *D. S.* ſtands for *Dean Swift*'s Eſſay on the Life, Writings and Character of Doctor Jonathan Swift. *O.* for *Orrery*'s Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift, the 5th edition 12mo, printed for Millar in 1752. *J. R.* for *J. R*'s Obſervations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, generally ſuppoſed to have been written by Doctor Delany. *Sketch* for a Fragment intitled, The Family of Swift, written by the Dean himſelf, annexed to Mr. Swift's Eſſay, and *Letter to S.* Letters from the Dean to Stella, mentioned by Mr. Swift, but not publiſhed.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

OF THE

Reverend *Jonathan Swift*, D. D.

Dean of St. *Patrick*'s, *Dublin*.

TO gratify that curioſity which great eminence always excites, many accounts have been publiſhed of the life of Dr. *Jonathan Swift*. Theſe have mutually reflected light upon each other, aſcertained controverted facts, and rectified miſtakes, which, if they had ſtill been traditional and oral, would ſtill have been believed. Several little incidents, which ſhewed the peculiarities of his converſation and domeſtic life, were related by Mrs. *Pilkington* in her memoirs; though theſe could be believed only in proportion as they verified themſelves. Lord *Orrery*'s *Letters* contained many of the principal events, intermingled with many characteriſtic incidents ſupported in general upon better authority; but ſometimes founded upon falſe information. Some of theſe miſtakes were detected by a Volume of Letters ſigned *J. R.* in which were alſo ſome new materials; and the account ſince publiſhed by Mr. *Swift*, with an imperfect ſketch by the Dean himſelf, has furniſhed yet more. From a compariſon of all theſe with each other this account is compiled. It is not thought neceſſary to relate every trifling particular that has been recorded, but only to ſelect ſuch as will ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the peculiarities of his character and manners, and

tranſmit a knowledge of him to poſterity, of the ſame kind, if not in the ſame degree, as was obtained by thoſe among his contemporaries, who were admitted to his converſation and friendſhip.

For the hiſtory of his works the reader is referred to them, and to the notes and remarks that are now added.

Doctor *Jonathan Swift* was deſcended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in *Yorkſhire*. *Berman Swift*, eſq; who in the reign of king *James the Firſt*, poſſeſſed the paternal eſtate, was, on the 20th of *March*, 1627, by king *Charles the Firſt*, created a peer of *Ireland*, with the title of viſcount *Carlingford*; though it is ſaid he never went into that kingdom. He died without male iſſue, and the family inheritance deſcended to his daughters, one of whom married *Robert Fielding*, eſq; commonly called handſome *Fielding*, and the other the earl of *Eglington*. *Fielding* ſoon diſſipated his wife's patrimony; and that of her ſiſter being transferred to the family of lord *Eglington*, the principal eſtate of the *Swifts* was divided from the name for ever. One of the younger branches from the ſame ſtem, was ſir *Edward Swift*, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his attachment to the royal cauſe in the great rebellion of 1641, from whom there is no deſcendant of the name.

Another of the younger branches was the reverend *Thomas Swift*, vicar of *Goodrich*, in *Herefordſhire*, with which he alſo held another eccleſiaſtical living.

His father *William Swift*, rector of St. *Andrews* in *Canterbury*, married the heireſs of *Philpot*, who contrived to keep her eſtate which was very conſiderable in her own hands; ſhe is ſaid to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have diſinherited her ſon *Thomas*, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard when he was a boy; but however this be, it is certain, that except a church or chapter leaſe which was not renewed, *Thomas* never poſſeſſed more than

than one hundred pounds a year; this little eſtate which lay at *Goodrich*, he mortgaged for three hundred broad pieces, and having quilted them into his waiſtcoat, he ſet out for *Ragland Caſtle*, whither his majeſty king *Charles the Firſt* had retired after the battle of *Naſeby*. The governor who well knew him, aſked what was his errand; I am come ſaid *Swift*, to give his majeſty my coat, at the ſame time pulling it off and preſenting it: the governor told him pleaſantly that his coat was worth little, why then ſaid *Swift*, take my waiſtcoat; this was ſoon found to be an uſeful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by lord *Clarendon*, that the king received no ſupply more ſeaſonable or acceptable than theſe three hundred broad pieces during the whole war, his diſtreſs being then very great and his reſources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cauſe expoſed him to much danger and many ſufferings; he was plundered more than thirty times by the parliament's army, he was ejected from his church livings, his eſtate was ſequeſtered and he was himſelf thrown into priſon. His eſtate however was afterwards recovered, and part of it ſold to pay the money due on the mortgage, and ſome other debts; the remainder being about one half deſcended to his heir, and is now poſſeſſed by his great-grandſon, *Deane Swift*, eſq. * *Sketch.*

This Mr. *Thomas Swift* married Mrs. *Eliſabeth Dryden*, of an ancient family in *Huntingdonſhire*, ſiſter to the father of *John Dryden* the poet; by whom he had ten ſons and four daughters; of the ſons, ſix ſurvived him, *Godwin*, *Thomas*, *Dryden*, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*.

Thomas was bred at *Oxford* and took orders; he married the eldeſt daughter of ſir *William D'Avenant*,

* The grandmother of this gentleman, one of the wives of *Godwin Swift*, was heireſs to admiral *Deane*, whence *Deane* became a Chriſtian name in the family.

but died young, and left only one ſon, whoſe name alſo was *Thomas*, and who died in 1752, rector of *Puttenham*, in *Surry*, a benefice which he had poſſeſſed threeſcore years.

Sketch and note.

Godwin was a barriſter of *Grays-Inn*, and *William*, *Dryden*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, were attornies.

Godwin having married a relation of the old marchioneſs of *Ormond*, the old duke of *Ormond* made him his attorney general in the palatinate of *Tipperary* in *Ireland*. *Ireland* was at this time almoſt without lawyers, the rebellion having made almoſt every man of whatever condition a ſoldier. *Godwin* therefore determined to attempt the acquiſition of a fortune in that kingdom, and the ſame motives induced his four brothers to go with him. *Godwin* ſoon become wealthy, and the reſt obtained ſomething more than a genteel competence, though *Dryden* and *Jonathan* who died ſoon after their arrival had little to bequeath.

Jonathan at the age of about three and twenty, and before he went to *Ireland*, married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*, of *Leiceſterſhire*; the family of this lady was deſcended from *Erick the Foreſter*, who raiſed an army to oppoſe *William the Conqueror*, by whom he was vanquiſhed, and afterwards made commander of his forces. But whatever was the honour of her lineage, her fortune was ſmall, and about two years after her marriage, ſhe was left a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another, having no means of ſubſiſtence but an annuity of twenty pounds which her huſband had purchaſed for her in *England*, immediately after his marriage.

In this diſtreſs ſhe was taken with her daughter into the family of *Godwin*, her huſband's eldeſt brother, and on the 30th of *November*, 1667, about ſeven months after her huſband's death, ſhe was delivered of a ſon, whom ſhe called *Jonathan* in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated dean of St. *Patrick*'s.

Of

Of all the brothers of Mrs. *Swift*'s huſband, *Godwin* only had ſons; and by theſe ſons ſhe was ſubſiſted in her old age, as ſhe had been before by their father and their uncles, with ſuch liberality, that ſhe declared herſelf not only happy but rich. *D. S.* p. 23.

It happened, by whatever accident, that *Jonathan* was not ſuckled by his mother, but by a nurſe, who was a native of *Whitehaven*; and when he was about a year old her affection for him was become ſo ſtrong, that finding it neceſſary to viſit a relation who was dangerouſly ſick, and from whom ſhe expected a legacy, ſhe found means to convey the child on ſhipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to *Whitehaven*: at this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was diſcovered, his mother ſent orders not to hazard a ſecond voyage till he ſhould be better able to bear it. The nurſe however gave other teſtimonies of her affection to *Jonathan*, for during his ſtay at *Whitehaven*, ſhe had taught him to ſpell, and when he was five years old he was able to read any chapter in the bible.

Mrs. *Swift* about two years after her huſband's death, quitted the family of Mr. *Godwin Swift*, in *Ireland*, and retired to *Leiceſter*, the place of her nativity; but her ſon was again carried to *Ireland* by his nurſe, and replaced under the protection of his uncle *Godwin*.

It has been generally believed that *Swift* was born in *England*, a miſtake to which many incidents beſides this have contributed; he had been frequently heard to ſay when the people of *Ireland* diſpleaſed him, 'I am not of this vile country, I am an *Engliſhman*'. Mr. *Pope* alſo in one of his letters to him, mentions *England* as his native country; but this account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand writing, and while he lived he was

ſo far from ſeriouſly denying or concealing his being a native of *Ireland*, that he often mentioned and even pointed out the houſe in which he was born.

He has alſo been thought by ſome to have been a natural ſon of ſir *William Temple*, a miſtake which was probably founded upon another, for till the publication of his letter to lord *Palmerſton*, among his poſthumous works, he was thought to have received ſuch favours from ſir *William* as he could not be ſuppoſed to beſtow upon a perſon to whom he was not related; however ſuch a relation between ſir *William* and the *Dean* appears beyond contradiction to have been impoſſible, for ſir *William Temple* was reſident abroad in a public character from the year 1665, to 1670, as may be proved by his letters to the earl of *Arlington* and the reſt of the miniſtry. *Swift* was born in *November*, 1667, and his mother was never out of the *Britiſh* dominions.

See vol. xii p. 98.

Orrery, p. 5.

1673. At about the age of ſix years he was ſent to the ſchool of *Kilkenny*, and having continued there eight years, he was at the age of

1681. fourteen admitted into the univerſity of *Dublin*, and became a ſtudent in *Trinity* college. There he lived in perfect regularity, and obeyed the ſtatutes with the utmoſt exactneſs; but he was ſo much depreſſed by the diſadvantages of his ſituation, deriving his preſent ſubſiſtence meerly from the precarious bounty of an uncle, and having no other object of hope but the continuance of it, that he could not reſiſt the temptation to neglect many neceſſary objects of academic ſtudy, to which he was not by nature much inclined, and apply himſelf wholly to books of hiſtory and poetry, by which he could without intellectual labour fill his mind with pleaſing images, and for a while ſuſpend the ſenſe of his condition. The ſacrifice of the future to the preſent, whether it be a folly or a

Sketch.

fault, is ſeldom unpuniſhed, and *Swift* ſoon found himſelf in the ſituation of a man who had burned his bed to warm his hands, for at the end of four years he was refuſed his degree of bat- 1685.
chelor of arts for inſufficiency, and was at laſt admitted *ſpeciali gratia*, which is there conſidered as the higheſt degree of reproach and diſhonour.

But upon *Swift*, this puniſhment was not ineffectual, he dreaded the repetition of ſuch diſgrace as the laſt evil that could befal him, and therefore immediately ſet about to prevent it as the principal buſineſs of his life. During ſeven years from that time he ſtudied eight hours a day; and by ſuch an
effort of ſuch a mind ſo long continued, *J. R.* 50.
great knowledge muſt neceſſarily have been acquired. He commenced theſe ſtudies at the univerſity in *Dublin*, where he continued them three 1688.
years, and during this time he alſo drew the firſt ſketch of his *Tale of a Tub* *.

In the year 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been ſeven years at college, his uncle *Godwin*, was ſeized with a lethargy, and ſoon after totally deprived both of his ſpeech and his memory; as by this accident *Swift* was left without ſupport, he took a journey to *Leiceſter* that he might conſult with his mother what courſe of life to purſue. At this time ſir *William Temple* was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of
king *William*. His father, ſir *John Temple*, *D. S.* p. 33, 34.
had been maſter of the *Rolls* in *Ireland* and contracted an intimate friendſhip with *Godwin Swift* which continued till his death, and ſir *William* who inherited his title and eſtate had married a lady to whom Mrs. *Swift* was related; ſhe therefore adviſed

* *Waſington Warren*, eſq; a gentleman of fortune near *Belfaſt*, in the north of *Ireland*, who was chamber fellow with Dr. *Swift*, declared that he then ſaw a copy of the *Tale of a Tub* in *Swift*'s own hand writing. *Deane Swift*, p. 31.

her ſon to communicate his ſituation to ſir *William*, and ſollicit his direction what to do; this advice, which perhaps only confirmed a reſolution that *Swift* had ſecretly taken before he left *Ireland*, he immediately reſolved to purſue.

1690. Sir *William* received him with great kindneſs, and *Swift*'s firſt viſit continued two years; ſir *William* had been ambaſſador and mediator of a general peace at *Nimeguen* before the revolution; in this character he became known to the prince of *Orange*, who frequently viſited him at *Sheen*, after his arrival in *England*, and took his advice in affairs of the utmoſt importance. Sir *William* being then lame with the gout, *Swift* uſed to attend his majeſty in his walks about the garden, who admitted him to ſuch familiarity that he ſhewed him how to cut aſparagus after the *Dutch* manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horſe. *Swift* appears to have fixed his mind very early upon an eccleſiaſtical life, and it is therefore probable that upon declining this offer he obtained a promiſe of preferment in the church, for in a letter to his uncle *William*, dated 1692, he ſays, 'I am not to take orders till 'the king gives me a prebend.'

D. S. 108.

D. S. 56.

Sir *William* becoming ſtill more infirm, and wiſhing to retire farther from *London*, bought an eſtate at *Farnham* in *Surry*, called *Moorpark*, whither he was accompanied by *Swift* *. About this time a bill was brought

* There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the firſt and laſt paragraphs of ſect. xxiii, in the *Dean*'s ſketch of his own life where *Moorpark* is mentioned; in the firſt it is ſaid that *Swift* after having been ſome months with his mother at *Leiceſter*, was received by ſir *William* who was *now retired to Moorpark*, and in the laſt that ſir *William*, tired of being near *London*, bought an eſtate near *Farnham* in *Surry*, *whither Mr.* Swift *accompanied him*. The ſenſe of the laſt which ſeems to imply that *Swift* lived with ſir *William* at *Sheen before* he went to *Moorpark*, is adopted upon the credit of Mr. *Deane Swift*, who ſays that *Swift* was there familiar with king *William*, and the king does not appear to have con-

brought into the houſe for triennial parliaments, againſt which the king who was a ſtranger to our conſtitution was very averſe by the advice of ſome weak people who perſuaded the earl of *Portland*, that *Charles the Firſt* loſt his crown and life by conſenting to ſuch a bill. Upon this occaſion the earl was diſpatched to *Moorpark* by the king for ſir *William*'s advice, who ſaid much to ſhew him the miſtake but without effect, and therefore he ſoon afterwards diſpatched *Swift* to *Kenſington*, with the whole account in writing to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. *Swift* though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the *Engliſh* hiſtory, and gave the king a compendious account of the matter which he amplified to the earl, but the meaſure was at laſt rejected, and thus ended *Swift*'s firſt embaſſy to court, ſo much to his diſſatisfaction, that he then declared it was the firſt incident that helped to cure him of vanity. Soon after * this tranſaction he was ſeized with the return of a diſorder which he had contracted in *Ireland* by eating a great quantity of fruit; and upon this occaſion returned thither by the advice of his phyſicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health, but from this journey he received no benefit, and therefore in a ſhort time returned to ſir *William*, being ever afterwards ſubject to that giddineſs, which gradually increaſed, though with irregular intermiſſions, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind.

Sketch, ſect. xxiii. end, and xxiv. beginning.

Sketch, ſect. xxiv.

Sketch, ſect. xxiii.

But he was ſtill indifatigable in his ſtudies, and to prevent the loſs of health in the acquiſition of know-

continued his viſits after the removal to *Moorpark*. [*D. S.* 108.]

* It muſt have been *after*, though it is *firſt* related in the *ſketch*, for it is ſaid ſect. xxiii, that he went to *Ireland* after he had been two years at *Moorpark*, and in ſect. xxiv. that his expedition to court was ſoon after the removal from *Sheen*.

ledge by the want of bodily exercise, it was his constant practice to run up an hill that was near the house and back again every two hours; the distance backwards and forwards was about half a mile, and he used to run it in about six minutes. By what books his studies were principally directed cannot certainly be known, but several copious extracts from *Cyprian*, *Irenæus*, *Sleidan*'s *Commentaries*, and *Padre Paolo*'s history of the council of *Trent*, were found among his papers which appear by memorandums in his own hand writing to have been made while he lived with sir *William Temple*.

D.S. 272.

D.S. 276.

About a year after his return from *Ireland*, he thought it expedient to take his degree of master of arts at *Oxford*.

With this view he appears to have written to his uncle *William Swift*, to procure and send him the testimonium of his bachelor's degree.

With this testimonium which is dated the 3d of *May* 1692, he went to *Oxford* where having received many civilities he was admited *ad eundem* on the 14th of *June*, and took his master's degree on the 5th of *July* following.

It has been said that the civilities which he received at *Oxford* proceeded from a misunderstanding of the phrase *speciali gratia*, which was there supposed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit.

D. S. p. 30, 44. *Orrery*, p. 8.

But these words are not inserted in that copy of the testimonium which is entered in the congregation book at *Oxford*; and not to have inserted them there, when they were thought a compliment, would have been an affront; it is therefore probable that by the influence of *Swift*'s uncle they were omitted in the copy which he procured and sent, especially as some such favour, seems to be intimated in *Swift*'s letter to him, after

after he had received it: I am ſtill, ſays he, to thank you for your CARE in my teſtimonium, and IT WAS TO VERY GOOD PURPOSE, *for* I was never more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity. The civilities which he received at *Oxford*, might indeed proceed from his known connexion with ſir *William Temple*, but he might reaſonably impute them alſo to the ſuppreſſion of a reproach againſt which there was good reaſon to fear this connection would not have ſupported him: nor is it ſtrange that *Swift*, after his reputation was eſtabliſhed, ſhould, while he was ſporting with this incident in the gayety of his heart, pretend a miſtake which never happened, or that what he meant as a jeſt upon the univerſity ſhould be ſeriouſly remembered as an event of his life. *Orrery*, p. 11. *D. S.* p. 56.

It has alſo been ſaid that upon his diſgrace at *Dublin*, he reſolved to *purſue his ſtudies* at *Oxford*, where he almoſt conſtantly reſided during three years, and was avowedly ſupported by ſir *William Temple*. But the contrary is inconteſtably true, for there are not quite two months between the date of his teſtimonium, and his taking his maſter's degree. Beſides in the letter to his uncle juſt mentioned, he ſays, I am aſhamed to be more obliged in a *few weeks* to STRANGERS, than in *ſeven years* to *Dublin* college *. *Orrery*, p. 8, 9.

* He went to college at the age of fourteen, in 1681; continued there ſeven years, as appears by his letter; ſo that he did not leave *Ireland* till 1688; he was ſome months with his mother before he went to ſir *William*, and two years with him before he went to *Ireland* for his health, which muſt therefore be in 1691; he returned from *Ireland*, and continued ſome time longer with ſir *William* before he went to *Oxford*, which muſt therefore be 1692; and in that very year he took his degree. The fact therefore which, lord *Orrery* ſays, was *immediately* conſtrued to favour an opinion that *Swift* was ſir *William*'s natural ſon appears never to have happened. *See* Swift's *ſketch of his own life*.

From

From *Oxford* he returned again to *Moore Park*, where he aſſiſted ſir *William Temple* to reviſe his works, corrected and improved his *Tale of a Tub*, and added the digreſſions. From the converſation of ſir *William*, who was minutely acquainted with all the intricacies of party and the ſecrets of ſtate, during the reigns of king *Charles* and king *James the Second*, *Swift* greatly increaſed his political knowledge. But having long ſuſpected ſir *William* of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length reſented it ſo warmly, that in the year 1694, a quarrel enſued and they parted.

It is probable that *Swift* did not leave ſir *William* for ſuch a reaſon without ſevere expoſtulation, not only becauſe *Swift* was no reſpecter of perſons, but becauſe it appears that ſir *William*, though he was extremely angry, admitted his claim to ſome proviſion by offering to make him his deputy as maſter of the *Rolls* in *Ireland*. This offer however *Swift* did not accept, but replied that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for ſupport, a ſcruple which had hitherto kept him out of it, he was determined to go into *Ireland* and take orders.

D. S. 52.

Sketch, ſect. xxv. and note.

Swift during his reſidence with ſir *William* had never failed to viſit his mother at *Leiceſter* once a year, and his manner of travelling was very extraordinary; he always went on foot except the weather was very bad, and then he would ſometimes take ſhelter in a waggon; he choſe to dine at obſcure alehouſes among pedlers and hoſtlers, and to lie where he ſaw written over the door lodgings for a penny; but he uſed to bribe the maid with a teſter for a ſingle bed and clean ſheets.

D. S. 99. *Orrery*, 22.

In this manner he went down to his mother upon his leaving ſir *William*, and from *Leiceſter* he wrote a letter dated *June* 1694, to his couſin *Deane Swift*, then

then at *Liſbon*; in which he relates his quarrel with ſir *William*, and declares his purpoſe to take orders in the *September* following, wiſhing he could procure for him the chaplainſhip of the factory. *D. S.* 51.

What was the effect of this letter is not known, but *Swift* ſoon after obtained a recommendation to lord *Capel*, then lord deputy of *Ireland*, who gave him the prebend of *Kilroot*, in the dioceſs of *Conner*, a northern diſtrict, worth about one hundred pounds *per annum*. But ſir *William*, who had been uſed to the converſation of *Swift*, ſoon found that he could not be content to live without him, he therefore urged him to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, and promiſed to obtain preferment for him in *England* if he would return *. *Swift* conſented, and ſir *William* was ſo much pleaſed with this act of kindneſs, that during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was ſuch as produced the utmoſt harmony between them; *Swift* as a teſtimony of his friendſhip and eſteem wrote the battle of the books, of which ſir *William* is the hero; and ſir *William* when he died left him a pecuniary legacy, and his poſthumous works. *Sketch*, ſect. xxv. *D. S.* 66.

What other favours he received from ſir *William* cannot certainly be known; *Swift* acknowledged none but his ineffectual recommendation to king *William*, and he is known to have received frequent remittances from his uncle *William*, and his couſin *Willoughby Swift*; ſo that ſir *William* does not ſeem to have treated him with a liberality for which it is difficult to account.

Upon the death of ſir *William Temple*, *Swift* ap-

* This appears by a letter from *Swift*'s ſiſter, then in *Ireland*, to her couſin *Deane* in *Portugal*: ſir *William Temple*, ſays ſhe, was ſo fond of him, that he made him give up his living in this country, and promiſed to get him one in *England*. *D. S.* 66.

plied

plied by petition to king *William* for the firſt vacant prebend of *Canterbury* or *Weſtminſter*, for which the royal promiſe had been obtained by his late patron, whoſe poſthumous works he dedicated to his majeſty, to facilitate the ſucceſs of this application. But it does not appear that after the death of ſir *William*, the king took the leaſt notice of mr. *Swift*; his petition and dedication were equally neglected, and after a fruitleſs attendance at court, which probably increaſed the auſterity of his temper, he accepted an invitation of the earl of *Berkeley*, who had been appointed one of the lords juſtices of *Ireland*, to attend him as chaplain and private ſecretary; it might reaſonably have been hoped, that although he had been diſappointed of the preferment for which he ſollicited, yet the employment to which he was invited would have been ſecure; but it happened, that after he had acted as ſecretary during the whole journey to *Dublin*, one *Buſh* found means to inſinuate to lord *Berkeley*, that the poſt of ſecretary was not fit for a clergyman, and his lordſhip ſuffered himſelf to be ſo eaſily convinced of this impropriety, that after making ſome apology to mr. *Swift*, he appointed *Buſh* ſecretary in his ſtead.

This diſappointment was ſoon after followed by another; it happened that the deanery of *Derry* became vacant, and it was the earl of *Berkeley*'s turn to diſpoſe of it; yet whatever attonement was due to *Swift* for his lordſhip's late breach of engagement, the ſecretary having received a bribe, the deanery was given to another upon pretence that *Swift* who was then more than thirty years old was too young, and he received inſtead of it the two livings of *Laracor* and *Rathbeggin* in the dioceſe of *Meath*, which together did not amount to half the value of the deanery *.

* As *Swift* did not receive theſe livings till after the deanery was given to another, his non-reſidence could not, as lord *Orrery* ſuppoſes, be the reaſon why it was not given to him

As

As *Swift* had refuſed a commiſſion under king *William* and a ſecular employment under ſir *William Temple*, it appears that his attachment to a religious life, however early and however ſtrong, was not the effect of temporary views but of zeal for the ſucceſs of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a conſciouſneſs of his own ability to acquit himſelf with advantage. That religious purpoſes were at this time predominant in his mind he uſed frequently to declare; he hoped, he ſaid, that by diligent and conſtant application he ſhould ſo far excel that the ſexton might ſometimes be aſked on a *Sunday* morning, 'Pray does the doctor preach to-day'? and when after having taken poſſeſſion of his livings he went to reſide at *Laracor*, he gave public notice that he would read prayers on every *Wedneſday* and *Friday*, a labour which he would not have brought upon himſelf if he had been principally concerned about the value of his dues which had been long before cuſtomarily paid for much leſs ſervice.

Sketch, ſect. xxvii.

J. R. 40, 41.

The duties of the church which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmoſt punctuality and the moſt rational devotion; he was indeed devout, not only in his public and ſolemn addreſſes to God, but in that tranſient Act of adoration, which is called ſaying grace, and which generally conſiſts only in a mutter and a bow, in which the ſpeaker appears to compliment the company and the company each other; *Swift* always uſed the feweſt words that could be uttered on the occaſion, but he pronounced them with an emphaſis and fervor which every one around him ſaw and felt, and with his hands claſped in each other and lifted to his breaſt; and it is hoped that thoſe who can no otherwiſe emulate the character of *Swift*, will attempt it in this act of religious decorum, and no longer affect either to be wits or fine gentle-

gentlemen by a conduct directly contrary to ſo great an example.

But *Swift* with all this piety in his heart could not reſiſt the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place.

On the firſt *Wedneſday* after he had ſummoned his congregation at *Laracor*, he aſcended his deſk, and having ſat ſome time with no other auditor than his clerk *Roger*, he roſe up and with a compoſure and gravity that upon this occaſion was irreſiſtibly ridiculous, he began, Dearly beloved *Roger*, the ſcripture moveth you and me in ſundry places, and ſo proceeded to the end of the ſervice.

During *Swift*'s reſidence at *Laracor*, he invited to *Ireland* a lady whom he has celebrated by the name of *Stella*. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with ſir *William Temple*, ſhe was the daughter of his ſteward, whoſe name was *Johnſon*, and ſir *William* when he died left her one thouſand pounds in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices; at the death of ſir *William* which happened in 1699, ſhe was in the ſixteenth year of her age *, and it was about two years afterwards that at *Swift*'s invitation ſhe left *England*, accompanied by mrs. *Dingley*, a lady who was fifteen years older, and whoſe whole fortune though ſhe was related to ſir *William*, was no more than an annuity of twenty-ſeven pounds. Whether *Swift* at this time deſired the company of *Stella* as a wife or a friend is not certain, but the reaſon which ſhe and her companion then gave for their leaving *England*, was, that in *Ireland*

D. S. 86, 90.

D. S. 85.

D. S. 86.

* Mr. *Deane Swift* ſays 18, but it appears by the poem on her birth day in 1718, that ſhe was then but 34; the *Deane* ſays ſhe was in *Ireland* from 18, in his introduction to *Bons Mots de* Stella, Vol. XII.

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the intereſt of money was high and proviſions were cheap; it appears however that other reaſons were ſuſpected in the neighbourhood of *Moorepark*; for mr. *Thomas Swift*, the rector of *Puttenham*, in a letter which he wrote a few years afterwards, enquires whether *Jonathan* was married, or whether he had been able to reſiſt the charms of both thoſe gentlewomen who marched from *Moorepark* to *Dublin*, with a reſolution to engage him. It appears too, that *Swift*, if he did not addreſs her himſelf, yet contrived to break off a treaty of marriage with another, by perſuading her to inſiſt upon terms with which the gentleman could not comply. But whatever was *Swift*'s attachment to mrs. *Johnſon*, every poſſible precaution was taken to prevent ſcandal; they never lived in the ſame houſe; when *Swift* was abſent, mrs. *Johnſon* and her friend reſided at the parſonage; when he returned, they removed either to the houſe of doctor *Raymond*, vicar of *Trim*, a gentleman of great hoſpitality and *Swift*'s intimate friend, or to a lodging provided for them in the neighbourhood, neither were they ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon. *Swift* made frequent excurſions to *Dublin* and ſome to *London*, but mrs. *Johnſon* was buried in ſolitude and obſcurity, ſhe was known only to a few of *Swift*'s moſt intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except mrs. *Dingley*.

D. S. 86, 87.

D. S. 89.

D. S. 90.

In 1701, *Swift* took his doctor's degree, and in 1702, ſoon after the death of king *William*, he went to *England* for the firſt time, after his ſettlement at *Laracor*; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of queen *Anne*. Mrs. *Johnſon* was once alſo in *England* in 1705, but returned in a few months, and never afterwards croſſed the channel.

D. S. 90.

He ſoon became eminent as a writer, and in that

character at leaſt was known to the great men in both the factions, which were diſtinguiſhed by the names of whig and tory; he had been educated among the whigs, but he at length attached himſelf to the tories, becauſe, as he ſaid, the whigs had renounced their old principles and received others, which their forefathers held in utter abhorrence; he did not however write any political pamphlet from the year 1701 to the year 1708.

Orrery, 27.

*D.S.*148.

But though by his frequent excurſions to *England* and a long abſence from his cures, he appears to have delayed the execution of his purpoſe to excel as a preacher, yet he uſed to declare that he did not renounce it till his acquaintance with *Harley*, nor did he ever mention his ſubſequent attachment to politics without indubitable ſigns of penitence and regret.

J. R. 41, 42, 266.

It is probable that he hoped to exert himſelf more effectually in the church by acquiring ſome other preferment, and that with this view, he was ſollicitous to be near the court, for before his acquaintance with lord *Oxford*, a biſhoprick was intended for him by the queen, but archbiſhop *Sharpe* and a certain great lady having miſrepreſented his principles and character, her majeſty gave it to another; of this injury, however, the archbiſhop was afterwards truly ſenſible, expreſſed great ſorrow for it, and deſired his forgiveneſs.

*J.R.*271.

After this diſappointment it was not long before a new ſcene opened before him, for in 1710, being then in *England*, he was impowered by his grace the lord primate of *Ireland* to ſollicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth parts and firſt fruits. And upon this occaſion his acquaintance with *Harley* commenced.

See letters, Vol. XII.

As ſoon as he had received the biſhop's letter, inſtruc-

ſtructions, and authority, he reſolved to apply to Mr. *Harley*, not only becauſe he was a principal perſon in the queen's miniſtry, but becauſe by his intereſt the ſame favour had been granted to the clergy of *England*. That he might not wait upon Mr. *Harley* to whom his name was well known wholly without recommendation, he got himſelf repreſented as a perſon who had been extreamly ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him, this being in ſome ſort Mr. *Harley*'s own caſe. Letter to *King*, vol. XII.

Mr. *Harley* received him with the utmoſt kindneſs and reſpect, he ſat with him two hours in company, and two hours he was with him alone; he not only ingaged in the doctor's immediate buſineſs with the utmoſt zeal and ſoon after accompliſhed it, but told him he muſt bring him acquainted with Mr. *St. John*, invited him to dine with him, charged him to come often, and, when the doctor propoſed attending at his levy, told him that was no place for *friends*. The doctor ſoon after became perſonally acquainted with the reſt of the miniſters, who appear to have courted and careſſed him with uncommon aſſiduity. He dined every *Saturday* at Mr. *Harley*'s, with the lord keeper, Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and lord *Rivers*: on that day no other perſon was for ſome time admitted; but this ſelect company was at length inlarged to ſixteen, all men of the firſt claſs, *Swift* included; they dined once a week at the houſes of each other by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers. *D. S.* 227, 317.

From this time the doctor ſupported the intereſt of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers; his intimacy with them was ſo remarkable that he was thought not only to defend, but in ſome degree to direct their meaſures; and ſuch was his importance in the opinion of the

oppoſite party, that many ſpeeches were made againſt him in both houſes of parliament; a reward was alſo offered for diſcovering the author of the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

See vol. IX. p. 1. and note.

Whatever excellence we poſſeſs, or whatever honours we obtain, the pleaſure which they produce is all relative to ſome particular favourite with whom we are tenderly connected, either by friendſhip or by love; or at moſt it terminates, like rays collected by a burning-glaſs, in a very ſmall circle which is ſcarce more than a point, and like light becomes ſenſible only by reflection. Thus *Swift*, while he was courted and careſſed by thoſe whom others were making intereſt to approach, ſeems to have enjoyed his diſtinction only in proportion as it was participated with *Stella*; for amidſt all the buſineſs, and all the honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and ſent her a journal regularly dated every fortnight during the whole time of his connexion with queen *Anne*'s miniſtry. From theſe unreſtrained effuſions of his heart many particulars are known, which could have been known no other way. And by theſe it appears inconteſtably that he was not only employed, but truſted; and that *Harley*, who is univerſally allowed to have been one of the moſt reſerved and myſterious of all politicians, was to him in affairs of the utmoſt moment open and explicit. The reſult of one of their conferences ſo early as the year 1710, was to this effect, that the kingdom was as certainly ruined, as a bankrupt merchant, that a peace whether bad or good was abſolutely neceſſary, that the confederacy muſt ſoon break, and factions increaſe; and that the miniſtry was upon too narrow a bottom, and ſtood like an iſthmus between the whigs on one ſide, and the violent tories on the other, a ſituation in which they could not ſubſiſt. Theſe violent tories were formed into a ſociety called the *October* club, of whom *Swift* ſays, "they are about

D. S. 318.

bout an hundred parliament men of the country, who drink *October* beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament-houſe, to drive things on to extreams againſt the whigs, to call the old miniſtry to account and get off five or ſix heads." *D. S.* 319, 320.

But, if *Swift* thought this party too precipitant, it is certain he thought lord *Oxford* too ſlow, and he once told him ſo in a manner that ſhews both his integrity and the freedom of his converſation with thoſe who have a preſcriptive right to ſervility and adulation: he had received a preſent of a fine tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box lined with gold, and painted on the inſide of the lid with a view of *Venice*. This preſent he ſhewed one day to *Harley*, who having admired the painting and the workmanſhip, at laſt ſpied a figure ſtudded on the outſide of the bottom, which he thought reſembled a gooſe, upon which turning to the doctor, *Jonathan*, ſays he, I think they have made a gooſe of thee. Yes my lord, ſays the doctor, but, if your lordſhip will look a little farther, you will ſee that I am driving a ſnail before me, which indeed happened to be the device. To this the earl cooly replied, that is ſevere enough, *Jonathan*, but I deſerve it. *D. S.* 145.

It is equally true, and equally evident, that *Swift* had no expectations of advantage from his connexion with theſe perſons, that he knew they could not long preſerve their power, that he did not honour it while it laſted, and that he diſdained pecuniary obligations.

I uſe the miniſtry ſays he like dogs, becauſe I expect they will uſe me ſo.—'I never knew a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures, but I care not. *D. S.* 322. Letters to *S.*

In the ſummer of 1711, he foreſaw the ruin of the miniſtry by thoſe miſunderſtandings among themſelves which at laſt effected it; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they would not *D. S.* 331. Lett. to *S.*

be able to keep themſelves out of the *Tower*, even though they ſhould agree. In order therefore to facilitate this great event, *Swift* wrote the *Conduct of the Allies*, a piece which he confeſſes coſt him much pains, and which ſucceeded even beyond his expectation. It was publiſhed on the 27th of *November*, 1711, juſt ten days before the parliament met, and, before the 28th of *January*, above eleven thouſand were ſold, ſeven editions having been printed in *England*, and three in *Ireland*. The tory members in both houſes who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from it, and the reſolutions which were printed in the votes, and which would never have paſſed but for the *Conduct of the Allies*, were little more than quotations from it.

D.S. 332. Lett. to *S.*

D.S. 335.

D.S. 337. Lett. to *Stella.*

From this time till the year 1713, he continued to exert himſelf with unwearied diligence in the ſervice of the miniſtry, and while he was at *Windſor*, juſt at the concluſion of the peace of *Utrecht*, he drew the firſt ſketch of *An Hiſtory of the four laſt Years of* Queen Anne. The work would have been publiſhed ſoon after, if his friends in the miniſtry had not diſagreed about it; and after the queen's death, he ſpent much time in improving and correcting it, but it has not yet appeared.

D.S. 156.

D.S. 340. Lett. to *P.* 10 *Jan.* 1721.

During all this time, he received no gratuity or reward till the year 1713, and then he accepted the deanery of St. *Patrick*'s, *Dublin*.

It may perhaps be thought ſtrange, that his friends did not rather procure him a biſhoprick in *England*, and place him in the houſe of lords, where his political eloquence might have been employed with great advantage; but this was not in their power, and they might be willing to ſecure to him ſuch advantage as they could, knowing their own inſtability, and foreſeeing their fall.

D.S. 343. Lett to lord *Oxf.*

But

But with whatever view, or from whatever cauſe the deanery of St. *Patrick*'s was given him, he received it with leſs pleaſure than he would have done a ſettlement with much leſs power and profit in *England*.

He immediately croſſed the channel to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, but did not ſtay in *Ireland* more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to haſten back, and reconcile lord *Oxford* and lord *Bolingbroke*, the conſequences of whoſe miſunderſtanding were juſtly dreaded by their friends. *D.S.* 340. Letter, *Swift* to *Oxford*.

When he returned he found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed, and having predicted their ruin from this very cauſe, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole intereſt of their party depended.

With this view he contrived to bring them to lord *Maſham*'s at St. *James*'s, and lord and lady *Maſham* being acquainted with his purpoſe, left him alone with them; he then expoſtulated with them both, but to little effect, being able only to engage them to go to *Windſor* the next day, ſtill hoping, that, if he could keep them together, they would come to ſome agreement, well knowing, that in abſence the mind perpetually revolves the recent offences of a friend, and heightens them by every poſſible aggravation, but that, when the offended and offender meet, the dying ſparks of eſteem or kindneſs often brighten into a flame, the remembrance of paſt pleaſure and confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to ſecure, by an accommodation, that which they feel they cannot loſe without regret.

Swift ſoon after followed them, but was told by lord *Bolingbroke* that his ſcheme had come to nothing; and he had the mortification to obſerve that they grew more cold to each other every day. In the mean time lord *Oxford*'s credit grew leſs and leſs, and the queen's health viſibly declined.

Swift, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at lord *Maſham*'s, and was again left alone with them; this was the laſt time they ever met, and he ſpoke to them both with great freedom, but at length deſpairing of his purpoſe, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone; *Bolingbroke* whiſpered him that he was right, but *Oxford* ſaid all would do well.

Swift ſtill adhered to his opinion, and therefore went in a day or two to *Oxford* by the coach, and thence to the houſe of a friend in *Berkſhire*, where he continued till the queen's death, which happened in about ten weeks.

While he was at this place, his mind was ſtill buſy for his friends, and he wrote a diſcourſe called *Free Thoughts on the preſent State of Affairs*, which he thought might be uſeful at that juncture, and ſent it up to *London*, but, ſome difference of opinion happening between him and lord *Bolingbroke* concerning it, the publication was delayed till the queen's death, and then he recalled his copy, which was afterwards depoſited with the late alderman *Barber*, and having been ſince publiſhed, will be found in Vol. III. p. 351.

Lett. to *Pope*, 10 *Jan.* 1721.

A few weeks after the death of the queen, he went back to his ſtation in *Ireland*, all his connexions with the court being broken, and all his expectations diſappointed.

But it would be an injury to *Swift* not to ſtop a moment here, and, before we deſcend with him into the vale of private life, look back, as from an eminence, upon the country we have paſſed.

Few of thoſe who have been permitted to aſſociate with perſons greatly ſuperior in rank and fortune, who have climbed in the retinue of power, and been diſtinguiſhed by reflected greatneſs, have been able to ſuſtain the native dignity of their own character,

character, without ſtooping as they aſcended the hill, or being blinded by the light that made them conſpicuous to others.

Let it therefore be recorded to the honour of Dr. *Swift*, and to animate others by his example and reward, that during his connexion with thoſe who were in the higheſt rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never ſuffer himſelf to be treated but as an equal, and repulſed every attempt to hold him in dependance, or keep him at a diſtance, with the utmoſt reſentment and indignation.

It happened upon ſome occaſion, that *Harley* ſent him a bank bill of fifty pounds by his private ſecretary, Mr. *Lewis*, which *Swift* inſtantly returned, with a letter of expoſtulation and complaint; *Harley* invited him to dine, but he refuſed; he wrote to Mr. *Lewis* to mediate between them, deſiring to be reconciled, but *Swift* ſent word that he expected farther ſatisfaction. *Harley* replied, if he would but come and ſee him, he would make him eaſy; but *Swift* inſiſted that he ſhould apologize by meſſage, and declared, that, otherwiſe, *he would caſt him off.* *D. S.* 324-5, Letter to *S.*

It is poſſible that this favour might have been rejected as not worth his acceptance; but it is certain, that, if it had been of greater value, it would not have attoned for any indecorum in the offer, or have induced *Swift* to ſuffer an obligation from thoſe whom he did not eſteem, for he refuſed the place of hiſtoriographer with diſdain, becauſe it was in the diſpoſal of a perſon whom he regarded with diſguſt and contempt *.

He would not ſuffer even negative incivilities from

* If *Swift* refuſed this place, he could not, as lord *Orrery* ſuppoſes, be miſtaken in believing it intended for him; and that he did refuſe it, we have his own expreſs declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated 10 *Jan.* 1721.

thoſe

thoſe who, if by their ſtation they had not been his ſuperiors, would have been his equals by learning and parts. It happened, that having one day dined with Mr. *St. John*, who was then ſecretary of ſtate, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of temper, he took the firſt opportunity to ſee him alone, and warned him never to behave to him with ſilent reſerve, for that he would not be treated like a ſchool-boy. I expect, ſays he, that if you hear or ſee any thing to my diſadvantage, you would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to gueſs by the change or coldneſs of your countenance or behaviour, for it is what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I think no ſubject's favour is worth it.

D.S. 327. Letter to *Stella.*

The ſecretary received the reproof like a friend, as it was given, and apologized for his behaviour by ſaying, that buſineſs had kept him up ſeveral whole nights, and drinking one more; and to make up matters, he preſſed the doctor to ſtay to dinner, which, however, he declined, as well becauſe he would not incourage a ſecond offence by too eaſily paſſing over the firſt, as becauſe he was engaged with another friend.

If in this repreſentation of his behaviour, as it is in many particulars taken from his letters to *Stella*, he ſhould be ſuſpected of having ſomewhat exaggerated to gratify his vanity, he may be abundantly juſtified by a letter ſtill extant which he wrote to lord *Oxford* after the connexion between them was broken. When I was with you, ſays he, I have ſaid more than once, that I would never allow quality or ſtation to make any difference between men.—I loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation—in your publick capacity you have often *angered* me to the heart, but as a private man never.—I was too proud to be vain of the honour you

you did me.—I was never afraid of offending you, nor am I now in any pain for the manner I write to you in.

Neither was this conduct the effect of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, but of true dignity of mind, for he exacted nothing which, in his turn, he did not pay, nor aſked more for himſelf than for others, whoſe pretenſions or circumſtances were the ſame.

When he was deſired by lord *Oxford* to introduce doctor *Parnel* to his acquaintance, he refuſed upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character ſuperior to that of a lord in a high ſtation: He therefore obliged his lordſhip to walk with his treaſurer's ſtaff from room to room through his own levy, enquiring which was doctor *Parnel*, in order to introduce himſelf, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

It was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs. *Dingley*, but inſtead of doing this with the parade of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependance, he always pretended that he acted only as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain ſum which ſhe had in the funds; and the better to ſave appearances, he always took her receipt, and ſometimes would pretend, with great ſeeming vexation, that ſhe drew upon him before he had received her money from *London*.

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he abhorred whiggiſm only in thoſe who made it conſiſt in damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion. He always declared himſelf againſt a popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line, upon any other account, than as it was eſtabliſhed by law,

law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people; he was of opinion, that when the grievances ſuffered under a preſent government, became greater than thoſe which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was juſtifiable, and this he believed to have been the caſe in that which was brought about by the prince of *Orange*. He had a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding armies in times of peace, and was of opinion that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation till the ancient law ſhould be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual; he abominated the political ſcheme of ſetting up a monied intereſt in oppoſition to the landed, and was an enemy to temporary ſuſpenſions of the habeas corpus act. If ſome aſperities that cannot be juſtified have eſcaped his pen in papers, which were haſtily written in the firſt ardour of his zeal, and often after great provocation from thoſe who wrote againſt him, ſurely they may without the exertion of angelic benevolence be forgiven.

That he was not at any time a bigot to party, and that he did not indiſcriminately transfer his reſentments from principles to perſons, was ſo evident by his conduct that it was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him, among the miniſters, that he never came to them without a whig in his ſleeve: and though he does not appear to have aſked any thing for himſelf, yet he often preſſed lord *Oxford* in favour of Mr. *Addiſon*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Row*, and Mr. *Steel*, with whom, except Mr. *Steel*, he frequently converſed, during all lord *Oxford*'s miniſtry, chuſing his friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue; and, in particular, his friendſhip with Mr. *Addiſon* continued inviolable, and with as much kindneſs as when they uſed to meet at lord *Halifax*'s or lord *Sommers*'s,

Lett to *Pope* of *Jan.* 10, 1721.

Sommers's, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

Among other perſons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay part of his life, was Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. She was a lady of good family, the daughter of Mr. *Stone*, the commiſſioner, and niece to the accomptant-general of *Ireland*. *D.S.* 258.

She was the widow of Mr. *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, firſt a merchant of *Amſterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commiſſary of the ſtores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*, a place which, during the war, was computed to be worth 6000 l. *per ann.* After the affairs of *Ireland* were ſettled, he was appointed muſter-maſter-general, and a commiſſioner of the revenue, and laid out about 12,000 l. in the purchaſe of forfeited eſtates: but though he received the produce of this eſtate, and enjoyed his appointments thirteen years, yet when he died, in 1703, his expences had been ſo nearly equal to his revenue, that his whole fortune, the value of his eſtate included, amounted only to 16,000 l. This ſum he directed, by his will, to be divided equally between his wife and four children, of which two were ſons and two were daughters. The ſons died ſoon after their father, and their ſhare of his fortune fell to the daughters. *D.S.* 260, and following. *Orrery* 71, and following.

In 1709, the widow and the two young ladies came to *England*, where they were viſited by perſons of the firſt quality, and *Swift* lodging within a few doors of their houſe in *Bury-ſtreet*, St. *James*'s, uſed to be much there, coming and going without ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. During this familiarity, he became inſenſibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldeſt, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. In a perſon of this diſpoſition, it was natural for ſuch a cha-

a character as that of *Swift* to excite admiration, a paſſion which by frequent converſe was ſoftened into complacency, and complacency was at length improved into love. Love itſelf, perhaps, was in this caſe complicated with vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the firſt wit of the age; and thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint effort of both, and ſhe ventured to make the doctor a propoſal of marriage. It is probable, that his connexions with Mrs. *Johnſon* at this time were ſuch, that he could not with honour accept this propoſal, whatever pleaſure or advantage it might promiſe; however, it is certain, he declined it, though without aſſigning any other engagement as the reaſon.

He appears firſt to have affected to believe her in jeſt, then to have rallied her on ſo whimſical a choice, and at laſt to have put her off without an abſolute refuſal, perhaps, partly, becauſe he was unwilling to give her pain, and partly, becauſe he could not refuſe her with a good grace, otherwiſe than by diſcovering ſome particulars which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this ſituation, he wrote the poem called *Cadenus and Vaneſſa*, the principal view of which ſeems to have been at once to compliment and to rally her, to apologize for his conduct, and ſoften a tacit denial, by leaving the event undetermined.

This poem appears to have been written about the year 1713, a ſhort time before he left *Vaneſſa* and the reſt of his friends in *England*, and returned to the place of his exile, which he always mentioned with regret.

In the year 1714, Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* died, and having lived at an expence much greater than her fortune would bear, ſhe left ſome debts unpaid.

Her two daughters, whoſe fortunes ſhe had alſo leſſened, ſhe appointed joint executrixes of her will, an office which however troubleſome the ſituation of

their affairs obliged them to accept; it appears too, that they had contracted ſome debts in their own right, which it was not in their power immediately to pay, and therefore to avoid an arreſt they followed the dean into *Ireland*.

Upon his arrival to take poſſeſſion of his deanery, and his return after the queen's death, he was received, according to the account of lord *Orrery* and Mr. *Deane Swift*, with every poſſible mark of contempt and indignation, eſpecially by the populace, who not only reviled and curſed him, but pelted him with ſtones and dirt as he paſſed along the ſtreets. The author of the obſervations, on the contrary, affirms, that he was received by all ranks of men, not only with kindneſs, but honour, the tories being then in full power, as well in *Ireland* as in *England*, and *Swift*'s ſervice to the church and credit at court being well known. This indeed was true, when he went to take poſſeſſion; but when he returned to his deanery, the power of the tories and the dean's credit at court were at an end; circumſtances which might well cauſe the rabble at leaſt to forget his ſervices to the church; it is certain that great clamour was then raiſed by the new men againſt the late miniſtry with whom *Swift* had been cloſely connected; they were charged with a deſign to bring in the pretender, and the ſame deſign was conſequently imputed to *Swift*, whom it was therefore conſidered by ſome as a qualification for preferment to revile and oppoſe: which party the mob took, whoſe fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a court, poſterity muſt judge for themſelves; but it ſeems probable that theſe accounts however contradictory may both be true, and that *Swift* at this time might be the *Sacheverel* of *Ireland*, followed by the mob of one faction with execrations, and by the other with ſhouts of applauſe.

D.S. 178, 183.

J. R. 87.

It

It is however agreed that the archbiſhop of *Dublin* and ſome of his old friends in the chapter ſet themſelves againſt his meaſures with all their force, and laboured to diſappoint him in the exerciſe of his power by every art of oppoſition and delay. But whatever prejudice they had conceived againſt him was ſoon removed, by the diſintereſted integrity of his conduct, which was ſo apparent and ſtriking, that they ſoon regarded him with reſpect and veneration, and almoſt implicitly acquieſced in whatever he propoſed.

This removal from *England* to *Ireland* was the great event which determined the colour of his life, bounded his views, and ſhewed him at once what he might poſſeſs, and for what he might hope.

There is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has conſented merely from cuſtom without conſidering its certainty, or importance. This time ſeldom happens in the chearful ſimplicity of infancy, or in the firſt impatience of youth, when 'the world is all before us,' when every object has the force of novelty, and every deſire of pleaſure receives auxiliar ſtrength from curioſity; but after the firſt heat of the race, when we ſtop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally conſider the ground before us, and then perceive that at the end of the courſe are clouds and darkneſs; that the grave will ſoon intercept our perſuit of temporal felicity, and that, if we cannot ſtretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and ſpend our ſtrength for nought. Great diſappointments which change our general plan, and make it neceſſary to enter the world as it were a ſecond time, ſeldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repreſs our alacrity by precluding our hopes.

The dean whether by the vigour and activity of his imagination, the multitude of his ideas, or the ardour of his purſuits, eſcaped the force of this thought,

till his retreat to *Ireland* on the death of the queen; and then indeed it came upon him with ſuch influence that after fifteen years it conſtantly recurred when he firſt awaked in the morning, and was not diſmiſſed till he again began to ſleep. Letter to *Bolingbroke, Pope* vol. IX. p. 105.

As ſoon as he was ſettled at *Dublin*, Mrs. *Johnſon* removed from the country to be near him, but they ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes; his reſidence was at the deanery, and her's in lodgings, on the other ſide of the river *Liffy*.

The dean kept two publick days every week, and, though the circle of his viſitors is ſaid at firſt to have been ſmall, yet, it ſoon increaſed, and always conſiſted of the beſt company. *D.S.* 108. Thoſe who were more particularly the companions of his choice, were ſuch as would have done honour to any character; they were the *Grattons*, ſeven brothers, the ſons of doctor *Gratton*, a venerable and hoſpital clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldeſt was a juſtice of peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country; another was a phyſician, and another a merchant, both eminent in their profeſſions; three others were clergymen who had a competent proviſion in the church, and the youngeſt was fellow of *Dublin* college, and maſter of the great free-ſchool at *Enniſkilling*: They were all perſons of great merit, as generally acquainted and as much beloved as any in the kingdom: The *Jackſons*, a family of which both men and women were genteel, agreeable, and well bred, ſuch companions as no wiſe man ever wanted, if they could be had: *George Rochford*, and *Peter Ludlow*, men of fortune, learning, wit, humour, and virtue: and Mr. *Matthew Lord*, deemed the beſt lay ſcholar of his time: Theſe, with the fellows of the college, Dr. *Walmeſley*, Dr. *Helſham*, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Stopford*, now biſhop of *Cloyne*, and Dr. *Sherridan*. *J. R.* 90, and following.

Lady *Euſtace*, Mrs. *Moore*, lady *Betty Rochford*, and Mrs. *Ludlow*, with Mrs. *Johnſon*, and her friends, were the perſons with whom *Swift* ſpent his leiſure hours, from the year 1714 to the year 1720, a period in which it has been injuriouſly ſaid, that his choice of companions ſhewed him of a depraved taſte. There was indeed among his companions one perſon who could derive no honour from his lineage, a foundling, whom *Swift* therefore uſed to call *Melchiſedeck*, becauſe *Melchiſedeck* is ſaid to have had neither father nor mother; this gentleman's name was *Worral*, he was a clergyman, a maſter of arts, a reader, and a vicar of his cathedral, and maſter of the ſong. He was nearly of the dean's own ſtanding in the college, had good ſenſe and much humour. He was married to a woman of great ſprightlineſs, good-nature, and generoſity, remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her perſon, in her houſe and at her table. But there is another particular in Mr. *Worral*'s character which greatly contributed to his intimacy with the dean. He was a good walker. The dean uſed this exerciſe in an immoderate degree, under the notion of its being abſolutely neceſſary not to health only, but to cleanlineſs, by keeping the pores of the ſkin clear, and throwing off impurities by perſpiration. Mr. *Worral*'s ſituation in the church naturally engaged his frequent attendance upon the dean; this attendance commonly ended in a walk, and the walk in their dining together either at Mr. *Worral*'s or at the deanery; the dean, being a ſingle man, was oftener a gueſt to Mr. *Worral*, than Mr. *Worral* was a gueſt to him; and this brought on an agreement, that the dean ſhould dine with him whenever he would at a certain rate, and invite as many friends as he pleaſed upon the ſame terms. This gentleman is lately dead, and left a large ſum of money to be diſpoſed of to publick charities at the diſcretion of his executors; 500 l.

Orrery, p. 45.

D. S. 299. *J. R.* 92.

of which was appropriated to the dean's hoſpital.

The dean, when he firſt ſettled at *Dublin*, was in debt, a ſituation which ill ſuited his ſpirit, and determined him to a ſevere œconomy, with which this agreement with *Worral* well ſuited. On his publick days however the dignity of his ſtation was ſuſtained with the utmoſt elegance and decorum, under the direction of Mrs. *Johnſon*, who yet appeared in the circle without any character diſtinct from the reſt of the company. She was however frequently invited with the dean, whether to entertainments or parties of pleaſures, though not ſo generally as if ſhe had been his wife; ſhe viſited and received viſits as far as the practice is a mere ritual of good breeding. Her friendſhips ſeem to have been ſtill among the men, but ſhe was treated with great politeneſs by the ladies. *J. R.* 92. *D. S.* 92.

The dean's mind had been now ſo filled with politics that he found it impracticable to excel as a preacher, his firſt and moſt laudable ambition; and frequently declared that, though he ſometimes attempted to exert himſelf in the pulpit, yet he could never riſe higher than preaching pamphlets. He was however ſtill a good dean and a good prieſt; he applied himſelf to the care of his deanery, his cathedral, its regulations, its income and œconomy, with great diligence; he renewed the primitive practice of celebrating the holy communion every *Sunday*; and at this ſacrament he was not only conſtantly preſent, but he conſecrated and adminiſtered it with his own hands in a manner equally graceful and devout; he attended at church every morning, and generally preached in his turn; he alſo conſtantly attended the performance of the anthem on a *Sunday* night, though he did not underſtand muſic, to ſee that the choir did not neglect their duty. *J. R.* 42.

As to his imployment at home, he ſeems to have had no heart to apply himſelf to ſtudy of any kind,

but to have reſigned himſelf wholly to ſuch amuſements as offered, that he might not think of his ſituation, the misfortune of his friends, and the diſappointment of his hope; ſuch at leaſt is the account that he gives to Mr. *Gay*, in his letter dated *January* 8, 1722-3: I was three years, ſays he, reconciling myſelf to the ſcene and buſineſs to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to.

It has been ſuggeſted that the acquaintance he fell into with men of learning, made it neceſſary for him about this time to review his *Greek* and *Latin*, and obtain ſome acquaintance with church hiſtory; but ſurely he who had ſtudied eight hours a day for ſeven years, or, according to Mr. *Deane Swift*, ten hours a day for nine years, he who had read and extracted the fathers more than ſixteen years before, had little occaſion to review his *Latin* and *Greek*, or acquaint himſelf with church hiſtory, leſt he ſhould not ſuſtain his character among learned men; for, except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more knowledge in leſs time and with leſs labour, it muſt be allowed that *Swift* was likely to be always the moſt knowing of his company. Lord *Orrery* ſays, that he was little acquainted with the mathematics, and never conſidered the ſcience except as an object of ridicule; but the author of the *Obſervations* affirms on the contrary that he had acquired conſiderable mathematical knowledge, and that he had ſeen him more than once undertake to ſolve an algebraic problem by arithmetic.

J. R. 101.

D. S. 271, 272, 276.

Orrery, 7, 101.

J. R. 101

The firſt remarkable event of his life that occurred after his ſettlement at the deanery was his marriage to Mrs. *Johnſon* after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than ſixteen years; this was in the year 1716, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. *Aſhe*, then biſhop of *Clogher*, to whom the dean had been a pupil in *Trinity*

sity College, Dublin. But, whatever were the motives of this marriage, the dean and the lady continued to live afterwards juſt in the ſame manner as they had lived before. Mrs. *Dingley* was ſtill the inſeparable companion of *Stella*, wherever ſhe went; and ſhe never reſided at the deanery except when the dean was ſeized with violent fits of giddineſs, which ſometimes laſted near a month. *Pope's letters*, 4.

Till this time he had continued his viſits to *Vaneſſa*, who, though ſhe had ſuffered very great pecuniary loſſes, had yet preſerved her reputation and her friends, for ſhe was viſited by many perſons of rank, character, and fortune of both ſexes; particularly Mrs. *Conolly*, a lady of very high reputation, the late moſt excellent biſhop of *Cloyne*, the late judge *Lindſay*, and the lord chief juſtice *Marley*. The dean appears ſtill to have preſerved the character of her preceptor, to have directed her progreſs in literature, and explained and illuſtrated the authors ſhe had read; but ſoon after his marriage he viſited her on another account, he went as an advocate for Mr. dean *Winter*, whom he took with him, a gentleman who was a profeſſed admirer of *Vaneſſa*, and had made her ſome overtures of marriage; but, though he had an eſtate of near eight hundred pounds a year, beſides three hundred pounds a year preferment in the church, yet *Vaneſſa* rejected the propoſal in ſuch terms as that it was never repeated. She was alſo addreſſed by Dr. *Price*, who was afterwards archbiſhop of *Caſhell*, but without ſucceſs. From this time the dean's viſits were much leſs frequent. In the year 1717, her ſiſter died, and, the whole remains of the family fortune being then centered in *Vaneſſa*, ſhe retired to *Selbridge*, a ſmall houſe and eſtate, about 12 miles diſtance from *Dublin*, which had been pu[illegible]haſed by her father. *D. S.* 262. *D. S.* 263, 265.

From th[illegible] p[illegible] : ſ[illegible] ote frequently to the dean, and he an[illegible] ed [illegible] :ters: in theſe letters ſhe ſtill

preſſed him to marry her, and in his anſwers he ſtill rallied, and ſtill avoided a poſitive denial. At length, however, ſhe inſiſted with great ardour and great tenderneſs upon his poſitive and immediate acceptance or refuſal of her as a wife. The dean wrote an anſwer, and delivered it with his own hand.

As this letter of *Vaneſſa*'s, which was written in 1723, is a demonſtration that ſhe was then utterly ignorant of the dean's marriage with *Stella*, and as ſhe appears to have known it almoſt immediately afterwards, it is probable that the dean's anſwer communicated the fatal ſecret, which at once precluded all her hopes, and accounted for his former conduct; it is probable too, that the reſentment which he felt at having it thus extorted from him, was the cauſe of the manner in which he delivered the letter, for having thrown it down upon her table, he haſted back to his horſe, and returned immediately to *Dublin*.

D.S. 264. *Orrery*, 78.

This letter the unhappy lady did not ſurvive many weeks; however, ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed to cancel a will that ſhe had made in the dean's favour, and to make another, in which ſhe left her fortune, which long retirement and frugality had in a great meaſure reſtored, to her two executors, Dr. *Berkeley*, the biſhop of *Cloyne*, and Mr. *Marſhall*, one of the king's ſerjeants at law, gentlemen whoſe characters are excellent in the higheſt degree.

Such was the fate of *Vaneſſa*, and ſurely thoſe whom pity could not reſtrain from being diligent to load her memory with reproach, to conſtrue appearances in the worſt ſenſe, to aggravate folly into vice, and diſtreſs into infamy, have not much exalted their own character, or ſtrengthened their claim to the candour of others. If *Vaneſſa*, by her fondneſs for the gaieties of life, encouraged by the example, and, perhaps, influenced by the authority of a mother, leſſened her fortune at an age when few have been diſcreet,

diſcreet, it cannot be ſ ied that ſhe retrieved it by prudence and œconomy, at an age when many have continued diſſolute, a s frugal after the habit of expence had made fru ity difficult; if ſhe could not ſubdue a paſſion which has tyranniſed over the ſtrongeſt and pureſt minds, ſhe does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have deſired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She preſſed a perſon whom ſhe believed ſingle to marry her, but it does not therefore follow, that ſhe was his concubine, much leſs that ſhe deſired to be reputed ſo, and was then ſollicitous to incur the infamy which has been ſince thrown upon her. It cannot ſurely be believed that the ſhameleſs and reputed concubine, even of *Swift*, would have been viſited by ladies of credit and faſhion, or ſollicited in marriage by two clergymen of eminence and fortune, to whom her ſtory and character muſt have been well known: beſides, Dr. *Berkeley*, after having carefully peruſed all the letters that paſſed between them which *Vaneſſa* directed to be publiſhed, with the poem, found that they contained nothing that could bring the leaſt diſgrace upon the dean; her's, indeed, were full of paſſionate declarations of her love; his contained only compliments, excuſes, apologies, and thanks for trifling preſents. There was not in either the leaſt trace of a criminal commerce, which, if there had been any ſuch, it would, in ſo long an intercourſe, have been extremely difficult to avoid; and, if ſhe deſired to be reputed his concubine, it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe concealed any letter which would have proved that ſhe was ſo, eſpecially as it would have gratified her reſentment againſt him, for refuſing to make her his wife. *O.* 73. *J.R.* 121. 122, 123.

If it appears, therefore, that there was no criminal commerce between them, and, that ſhe did not deſire the world ſhould believe there had been any, it fol-

lows from her directing the publication of the poem, of which, perhaps, ſhe poſſeſſed the only copy, that, in her ſenſe of the verſes, none of them implied a fact which would diſhonour her memory. And this appears alſo to have been the opinion of her executors, who though they ſuppreſſed the letters, becauſe they contained nothing that could do her honour, yet publiſhed the poem, by which, it muſt therefore be ſuppoſed, they did not think ſhe would be diſgraced.

J.R. 123.

It has indeed been ſaid, that *Vaneſſa*, from the time ſhe was deſerted 'devoted herſelf, like *Ariadne*, to *Bacchus*' and perhaps it is true that in the anguiſh of diſappointed deſire ſhe had recourſe to that dreadful opiate which never fails to complicate diſeaſe with trouble, to leave the ſufferer more wretched when its operation is at an end, to divide life into frenzy and deſpair, and at once to haſten the approach, and increaſe the terrors of death. But it cannot be thought, that when ſhe made her will, ſhe was either intoxicated or delirious, becauſe the perfect exerciſe of reaſon is eſſential to the validity of the act. No particular of her diſtreſs, therefore, can weaken the arguments drawn from the direction in her will to publiſh the poem and the letters, of which the gratification of her vanity was ſo evidently the motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

J.R. 123.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chaſm in the dean's life, which it has been found difficult to fill up. That he had no need to repeat his college exerciſes, has been ſhewn already; and that, in this interval, he went through a voluminous courſe of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, ſeems farther improbable, by a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April* 5, 1729, in which it appears, that he was then reading *Baronius*, and *Baronius* was the only piece of church hiſtory that was found in his library. Lord *Orrery* thinks, with

J.R. 101.

with great reaſon, that he employed this time upon *Gulliver*'s *Travels*.

The author of the *Obſervations*, indeed, ſuppoſes the dean's genius to be verging towards a decline, in the year 1723, and that *Gulliver*'s *Travels* were written after that time; but in both theſe ſuppoſitions he is probably miſtaken; though in the former he ſeems to be favoured by a paſſage in a letter written by the dean himſelf to Mr. *Pope*, dated *Sept.* 20, 1723.

That his genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the *Draper*'s letters, which were not written till 1724; and of theſe the *Obſervator* himſelf ſays, 'his genius never ſhone out in greater ſtrength 'than on that and the ſubſequent occaſions', a truth which is univerſally acknowledged. That *Gulliver*'s *Travels* were written before that time is equally evident, for *Swift* went into the north of *Ireland* early in the ſpring of 1725, and, in a letter to doctor *Sherridan*, during his reſidence there he puts him in mind of his deſcription of the *Yahoos*, ſo that *Sherridan* muſt have ſeen the *Travels* in manuſcript, at leaſt, in the year 1724. The dean alſo, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated *Sept.* 29, 1725, ſays, O! if the world had but a dozen *Arbuthnots* in it, I would burn my *Travels*. It may reaſonably be concluded, therefore, that his *Travels* were then all written, and that at this time he was reviewing and retouching them for the preſs, eſpecially as they were publiſhed in 1726; and as he was otherwiſe employed in 1724, they muſt have been written, at leaſt, before 1723.

See vol. xii. 190.

Upon the whole, perhaps, it is not an extravagant conjecture, that having, according to his own account, wholly neglected his ſtudies for the firſt three years of his reſidence at the deanery, and indulged the reſentment which his diſappointments had produced till it could be contained no longer,

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he conceived the firſt notion of expreſſing it in ſuch a manner as might correct the enormities which he expoſed; and with this view immediately began his *Travels*, of which the firſt copy was, probably, finiſhed before the year 1720.

About this time the dean, who had already acquired the character of a humouriſt and a wit, was firſt regarded with general kindneſs, as the patriot of *Ireland*. He wrote a propoſal for the univerſal uſe of *Iriſh* manufactures; a tract, which as it was apparently calculated for the ſervice of *Ireland*, and zealouſly condemned a ſacrifice of intereſt to *England*, made him very popular; but this ſervice would not, perhaps, have been ſo long and ſo zealouſly remembered, if a proſecution had not been commenced againſt the printer*. As ſoon as this meaſure was taken, the importance of the work was eſtimated by the diligence of the government to ſuppreſs it, and the zeal and integrity of the writer were meaſured by the danger he had incurred. No publick notice, however, was taken of the dean on this occaſion; and *Waters*, the printer, after having been long harraſſed and impriſoned, at length obtained a *noli proſequi*.

The dean did not again appear in his political character till the year 1724. A patent having been iniquitouſly procured by one *Wood* to coin 180,000 l. in copper, for the uſe of *Ireland*, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoveriſhed the nation, the dean, in the character of a *Draper*, wrote a ſeries of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper money. Theſe letters united the whole nation in his praiſe, filled every ſtreet with his effigies, and every voice with acclamations; and *Wood*, though he was long ſupported by thoſe who proſtituted the higheſt delegated authority to the vileſt purpoſes, was at length compel-

* See Vol. X. p. 1. See the letters and notes, Vol. X.

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led to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally ſuppreſſed.

Upon the arrival of lord *Carteret*, ſoon after the publication of the fourth letter, ſeveral paſſages were ſelected as ſufficient ground for a proſecution, and his excellency and council publiſhed a proclamation, offering 300 l. reward for a diſcovery of the author. This proclamation gave the dean a remarkable opportunity to illuſtrate his character. It happened that his butler, whom he had employed as his amanuenſis, and who alone was truſted with the ſecret, went out in the afternoon of the day of the proclamation, without leave, and ſtaid abroad the whole night and part of the next day. There was great reaſon to ſuſpect that he had made an information, and having received his reward, would never return. The man, however, came home in the evening, and the dean was adviſed by his friends to take no notice of his fault, leſt he ſhould be provoked to a breach of truſt, from the dread of which his return had juſt delivered them. But the dean rejected this counſel with the utmoſt diſdain, and, commanding the man into his preſence, ordered him immediately to ſtrip off his livery and leave the houſe. You villain, ſaid he, I know I am in your power, and for that very reaſon I will the leſs bear with your inſolence or neglect.

The man, in very ſubmiſſive terms, confeſſed that he had been drinking all night, and intreated to be forgiven, but *Swift* was inexorable; he then begged that he might be confined in ſome part of the houſe ſo long as the proclamation could intitle him to any reward, leſt when he was driven from his ſervice, and deſtitute of another, the temptation might be too ſtrong for his virtue, and his diſtreſs might involve him in a crime which he moſt abhorred. *Swift*, however, was ſtill inexorable, and the man was diſmiſſed. During all the time of danger, *Swift* obſtinate-

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ly refuſed to contribute one farthing towards his ſupport, nor could he be perſuaded to ſee his face; but when the time limited in the proclamation was expired, he was permited to return to his ſervice. Soon afterwards he was called haſtily up by the dean, who, without any preface, again ordered him to ſtrip off his livery, put on his own cloaths, and then come to him again. The poor fellow, though he was greatly aſtoniſhed at this proceeding, knew *Swift* too well to expoſtulate, and therefore, with whatever reluctance, did as had been commanded. When he returned, the dean ordered the other ſervants to be called up, who immediately attended, expecting that the butler was to be diſmiſſed *in terrorem*, and that they ſhould be warned in very ſevere terms of his offence. *Swift*, as ſoon as they had ranged themſelves before him, ordered them to take notice, that *Robert* was no longer his ſervant; he is now, ſaid the dean, Mr. *Blakely*, the verger of St. *Patrick*'s cathedral, a place which I give him as a reward for his fidelity. The value of this place is between thirty and forty pounds a year; however, *Robert* would not quit his maſter, but continued to be his butler ſome years afterwards. In this inſtance the dean exerciſed his pride, his fortitude, and his equity, in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and though there are many who would equally have rewarded ſuch fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the iſſue of ſo ſevere and dangerous a probation.

D.S. 190.

From this time the dean's influence in *Ireland* was almoſt without bounds, he was conſulted in whatever related to domeſtic policy, and in particular to trade. The weavers always conſidered him as their patron and legiſlator, after his propoſal for the uſe of *Iriſh* manufactures, and came frequently in a body to receive his advice in ſettling the rates of their ſtuffs, and the wages of their journeymen; and when elections

tions were depending for the city of *Dublin*, many corporations refuſed to declare themſelves, till they knew his ſentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the moſt abſolute monarch that ever governed men, and he was regarded by perſons of every rank with veneration and eſteem.

It appears by many of his writings, that he lived in great friendſhip and familiarity with lord *Carteret* during his lieutenancy, notwithſtanding his lordſhip had ſigned the proclamation to diſcover him, as the writer of the *Draper's Letters*. *Swift*, indeed, remonſtrated againſt this proceeding, and once aſked his lordſhip how he could concur in the proſecution of a poor honeſt fellow, who had been guilty of no other crime than that of writing three or four letters for the inſtruction of his neighbours, and the good of his country; to this queſtion his excellency elegantly replied, in the words of *Virgil*,

——— *Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri. —

He was equally diligent to recommend his friends to lord *Carteret* as he had been to recommend them to lord *Oxford*, and he did it with the ſame dignity and freedom. Pray, my lord, ſaid he, one day, have you the honour to be acquainted with the *Grattons?* My lord anſwered he had not; Why then, pray, my lord, ſaid *Swift*, take care to obtain it; it is of great conſequence: the *Grattons*, my lord, can raiſe ten thouſand men. He obtained a living for his friend Dr. *Sherridan*, and he recommended ſeveral others of whom he knew nothing but that they were good men.

D. S. 270.

J. R. 95.

See vol. xii. 184.

He uſed alſo to remonſtrate with great freedom againſt ſuch meaſures as he diſapproved, and lord *Carteret* having gained the advantage of him in ſome diſpute concerning the diſtreſſes of *Ireland*, he cried out in a violent paſſion, What the vengeance brought you among

among us? Get you gone, get you gone; pray God Almighty ſend us our boobies back again; a reply which ſhewed at once the turn, the ſtrength, and the virtue of his mind, as it was a fine compliment to the force of reaſon, by which he had been juſt foiled, and was expreſſed with all the vehemence of his temper, and all the peculiarity of his wit.

J. R. 25.

He was ſeveral times in *England* on a viſit to Mr. *Pope*, after his ſettlement at the deanery, particularly in the years 1726 and 1727.

There is a paſſage in one of his letters to Dr. *Sherridan*, during his viſit in 1726, by which it appears, that he then had ſuch an offer of a ſettlement, in the midſt of his friends, within twelve miles of *London*, as, if he had been ten years younger, he would gladly have accepted: But I am now, ſays he, too old for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. He had alſo an invitation from lord *Bolingbroke* to ſpend a winter with him at his houſe on the banks of the *Loire* in *France*; and this he would have accepted, but that he received an account from *Ireland*, that Mrs. *Johnſon* was dangerouſly ill:

See vol. xii. 206, 207.

Mrs. *Johnſon*'s conſtitution was tender and delicate, and, as the dean himſelf ſays, ſhe had not the *ſtamina vitæ*; in the year 1724, ſhe began viſibly to decay, and, in the year 1726, was thought to be dying. The dean received the news with agonies not to be felt but by the tendereſt and moſt ardent friendſhip, nor conceived but by the moſt lively imagination, and immediately haſted back into *Ireland*.

See Lett. xxi. vol. xii. p. 208.

It happened, however, that Mrs. *Johnſon*, contrary to the opinion of her phyſician, recovered a moderate ſhare of health, and the dean, probably, to compleat ſome deſign which in his haſte he had left unfiniſhed, returned again to *England* in 1727.

From

From *England* he was once more about to ſet out for *France* upon lord *Bolingbroke*'s invitation, when news arrived of the king's death. See vol. xii. 214.

He had attended the late queen while ſhe was princeſs in his former excurſions to *England*, and he had ſeen her twice in one week by her royal highneſs's command in this: ſhe had always treated the dean with great civility, and the dean had treated her with his uſual and peculiar frankneſs. The third day after the news of the late king's death, he attended at court, and kiſſed the king and the queen's hand upon their acceſſion, and was blamed by his friends for deferring it ſo long.

What proſpect he had of a change in publick affairs on this event, or of any advantage which ſuch a change might produce to himſelf or his friends, does not appear, but he was earneſtly intreated to delay his journey; and, when he had again determined to ſet out, he was upon ſome new incidents again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement perſuaſion of ſome perſons, whom, he ſays, he could not diſobey. Many ſchemes were propoſed, in which he was eagerly ſollicited to engage, but he received them coldly; not as it appears becauſe he was determined no more to enter into publick life, but becauſe the ſchemes themſelves were ſuch as he did not approve: however, in the ſame letter, in which he ſays, that, if the king had lived ten days longer, he ſhould not have dated it from *London*, but *Paris*, he ſays, that his ſhare in the hurry of the time would not be long, and that he ſhould ſoon return.

He was ſoon after ſeized with one of his fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, a calamity which was greatly aggravated by the news that Mrs. *Johnſon* was again ſo ill, that the phyſicians deſpaired of her life. Upon this occaſion he relapſed into the agonies of mind which he had felt the year before; he expected

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by the next poſt to hear that ſhe was dead, and intreated that he might be told no particulars, but the event in general, for that, his age being then within three months of ſixty, his weakneſs and his friendſhip would bear no more. As he deſpaired of ſeeing her alive, he determined not to return to *Ireland* ſo ſoon as he had intended, but to paſs the winter either near *Saliſbury-Plain*, or in *France*. That he might not be interrupted by company, and condemned to the torment of ſuppreſſing his ſorrow, to preſerve the rules of good breeding, he quitted the houſe of Mr. *Pope* at *Twickenham*, and retired to a village near *London*, with a female relation for his nurſe. The next letter that he received, he kept an hour in his pocket before he could ſufficiently fortify himſelf againſt the ſhock which he expected when he ſhould open it: however, as *Stella*'s life ebbed by ſlow degrees, and ſometimes ſeemed at a ſtand, if not to flow, his hope of a parting interview revived, and he ſet out for *Ireland* as ſoon as he was able to travel.

He found her alive, but, after having languiſhed about two months longer, ſhe expired on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the dean with ſuch exceſs of affection and eſteem as the keeneſt ſenſibility only could feel, and the moſt excellent character excite.

Beauty, which alone has been the object of uniſal admiration and deſire, which alone has elevated the poſſeſſor from the loweſt to the higheſt ſtation, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in *Stella* only the ornament of intellectual greatneſs; and wit, which has rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of ſuch virtue, as without either wit or beauty would have compelled affection, eſteem, and reverence.

Her ſtature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, ſoft,

ſoft, and animated, her ſhape eaſy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful; there was a natural muſick in her voice, and a pleaſing complacency in her aſpect when ſhe ſpoke.

As to her wit, it was confeſſed by all her acquaintance, and particularly by the dean, that ſhe never failed to ſay the beſt thing that was ſaid whenever ſhe was in company, though her companions were uſually perſons of the beſt underſtanding in the kingdom.

But this dangerous power was under the direction of ſuch ſweetneſs of temper, ſuch general kindneſs, and reluctance to give pain, that ſhe never indulged it at the expence of another.

Neither was her wit merely of the colloquial kind; ſhe had great force of poetical fancy, could range her thoughts in a regular compoſition, and expreſs them in correct and harmonious verſe; of her wit in converſation ſome inſtances will be found in vol. xii. under the name of *Bons Mots*, and two ſpecimens of her poetry are added as an appendix to this tract. Her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reaſon; her morals were uniform, but not rigid, and her devotion was habitual, but not oſtentatious.

Why the dean did not ſooner marry this moſt excellent perſon; why he married her at all; why his marriage was ſo cautiouſly concealed, and why he was never known to meet her but in the preſence of a third perſon, are enquiries which no man can anſwer, or has attempted to anſwer without abſurdity, and are therefore unprofitable objects of ſpeculation.

His peculiar connexion with Mrs. *Johnſon* does, indeed, appear to have been ſuſpected, if not known, by his particular acquaintance: One of whom had the courage, indirectly, to blame his conduct ſeveral times, by ſetting before him the example of a clergyman of diſtinguiſhed merit, who married near-

ly in the ſame circumſtances; but, inſtead of concealing his marriage, retired into thrifty lodgings till he had made a proviſion for his wife, and then returned to the world, and became eminent for his hoſpitality and charity.

J. R. 163.

The dean, whether moved by theſe repreſentations, or whether by any other motive, did at length earneſtly deſire that ſhe might be publickly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, and his œconomy become more ſevere, ſhe ſaid it was *too late*, and inſiſted that they ſhould continue to live as they had lived before; to this the dean, in his turn, conſented, and ſuffered her to diſpoſe intirely of her own fortune by her own name to a publick charity when ſhe died.

J. R. 56.

J. R. 288.

It appears by ſeveral little incidents, that *Stella* regretted and diſapproved the dean's conduct, and that ſhe ſometimes reproached him with unkindneſs; for to ſuch regret and reproach he certainly alludes in the following verſes on her birth-day, in 1726:

O, then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends:
Nor let your ills *affect your mind*,
To fancy they can be *unkind*;
Me, ſurely, me you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſufferings ſhare.

It ſeems, indeed, to be generally agreed, that *Stella* was deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her circumſtances, and that the fabrick, however weak by the delicacy of its compoſition, would not have fallen ſo ſoon, if the foundation had not been injured by the ſlow minings of regret and vexation.

But it is alſo generally allowed that, in this inſtance as in every other, the dean's intention was upright, though his judgment might be erroneous; and

and, whatever cenſure his behaviour to *Stella* may draw upon him, it muſt inſure him ſome praiſe, and ſecure him againſt ſome calumny, for it is a demonſtration that he was the abſolute maſter of thoſe paſſions, by which the greateſt have been inſlaved, and the beſt ſometimes corrupted; and, if he could abſtain from gratifying theſe paſſions with a lady whom he moſt admired, after the gratification was become lawful, he cannot with any appearance of reaſon be ſuppoſed to have indulged the ſame paſſion where there was leſs beauty to attract, and leſs affection to urge, where it would have been attended with guilt and infamy, where the motives were leſs and the obſtacles more.

From the death of *Stella*, his life became much more retired, and the auſterity of his temper naturally increaſed; he could not join in the ſocial chearfulneſs of his publick days, or bear ſuch an intruſion upon his own melancholy as the chearfulneſs of others; theſe entertainments therefore were diſcontinued, and he ſometimes avoided the company of his moſt intimate friends. But, when the lenient hand of time had allayed the anguiſh of his mind, he ſeems to have regretted the effects of its firſt violence, and to wiſh for the return of thoſe whom his impatience had baniſhed. In the year 1732, he complains in a letter to Mr. *Gay*, that he had a large houſe and ſhould hardly find one viſitor, if he was not able to hire them with a bottle of wine. I generally, ſays he, dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will paſs the evening with me. He complains alſo about the ſame time in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, that he was in danger of dying poor and *friendleſs*, even his female friends having forſaken him; which, as he ſays, was what vexed him moſt. Theſe complaints were afterwards repeated in a ſtrain of yet greater ſenſibility and ſelf-pity: *All* my friends, ſays he, have forſaken me. *D. S.* 307.

Vertiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, malè gratus amicis.
Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, *left alone*,
To *all my friends a burden grown.*

Yet he confeſſes that, though he was leſs patient in ſolitude, he was harder to be pleaſed with company, ſo that even now perhaps his behaviour did not much invite thoſe whom before it had driven away. *D. S.* 309.

His complaint of being forſaken by his female friends ſhews that at this time his houſe was not a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night as my lord *Orrery* has aſſerted; and it ſeems to imply that the *Obſervator* is alſo miſtaken, when he ſays, that females were *rarely admitted* into his houſe, and *never* came but upon very *particular invitations*. The abſence of perſons whom he kept at ſuch diſtance, and ſo rarely admitted, could ſcarce be ſuppoſed to *vex him moſt*; nor is it eaſy to conceive in what ſenſe they could be ſaid to forſake him, who never came but upon particular invitation. However, as to the ſeraglio, the *Obſervator* affirms in the moſt ſolemn manner, and from frequent intercourſe with the dean and long intimacy with his moſt intimate friends, that lord *Orrery* was groſly miſinformed, and that no ſuch ever ſubſiſted; Mrs. *Whiteway*, a near relation, who came to live with him ſome time after *Stella*'s death, being the only female in his family except ſervants. *J. R.* 128, 129.

As he lived much in ſolitude, he frequently amuſed himſelf with writing, as appears by the dates of many of his pieces which are ſubſequent to this time; and it is very remarkable that although his mind was certainly greatly depreſſed, and his principal enjoyment at an end, when Mrs. *Johnſon* died, yet there is an air of trifling and levity in ſome of the pieces which he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in

in any other; ſuch in particular are his directions to ſervants, and ſeveral of his letters to Dr. *Sheridan*.

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and ſtrictly connected with *Stella* than with any other woman, ſo his friendſhip ſeems to have been more intimate and unreſerved with Dr. *Sheridan* than with any other man; his letters to him are evidently the ſpontaneous effuſions of his heart, whether he was chearful or ſad, and ſeem to imply a perfect acquaintance with every peculiarity of his circumſtances.

See his letters on *Stella*'s ſickneſs, and from ſir *Arthur Acheſon*'s.

Dr. *Sheridan* was a clergyman of conſiderable parts and great learning; he had in particular an extenſive and critical knowledge of the language and hiſtory of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, which he taught with great ſucceſs in a grammar ſchool of which he was maſter; and it was remarked that his ſcholars brought to the univerſity, not only much learning but good morals. This gentleman was by nature ſuited to *Swift* as a companion in the higheſt degree; he had a vein of humour that was a conſtant occaſion of merriment, he had an abſence of mind, which rendered him a perpetual object of raillery, and an indolent good-nature which made him unapt to take offence; he was always diſpoſed to be chearful, and therefore readily concurred in the entertainment of *Swift*'s hours of pleaſantry; and could without much pain or diſpleaſure give way to his petulance, or his coldneſs, in his paroxyſms of fretfulneſs and reſerve; he alſo greatly contributed to *Swift*'s amuſement by little ſprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry, which he was always writing; and yet more to his employment by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

With this eaſy, negligent, contented creature *Swift* paſſed much of his time as well during Mrs. *Johnſon*'s life as afterwards; and though there is in general an

air of ſuperiority in his letters, and might be ſometimes, in his behaviour, a want of that complacency which no familiarity ſhould exclude; yet it appears that the dean did not hold *Sheridan* cheap. *Sheridan* he loved for his own merit, and was content to have deſerved his love by the intereſt of another; "*Stella*, ſays he, loved you well, and a great ſhare of the little merit I have with you is owing to her ſollicitations."

Vol XII. 209.

In the year 1733, when an attempt was made to repeal the teſt act in *Ireland*, the diſſenters often affected to call themſelves brother proteſtants and fellow *Chriſtians* with the members of the eſtabliſhed church. Upon this occaſion the dean wrote a ſhort copy of verſes, in which there is a paſſage that ſo provoked one *Betteſworth*, a lawyer, and member of the *Iriſh* parliament, that he ſwore in the hearing of many perſons to revenge himſelf either by murdering or maiming the author: and, for this purpoſe, he engaged his footman with two ruffians to ſecure the dean wherever he could be found. As ſoon as this oath and attempt of *Betteſworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St. *Patrick*'s waited upon the dean in form, and preſented a paper ſubſcribed with their names, in which they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

See Vol. VII, p. 251.

Such was the reverence and affection with which *Swift* was treated in his old age, not by domeſtics or dependants whom the hope of ſome future advantage might induce to diſſemble, but by perſons of rank and fortune, with whom he had no connexion, but as a benefactor to the publick, and who, as they had nothing future to hope, could be prompted only by gratitude for the paſt, ſuch gratitude as was never yet

excited but by characters very different from actual miſanthropy or ſordid ſelfiſhneſs.

When this paper was delivered, *Swift* was in bed giddy and deaf, having been ſome time before ſeized with one of his fits; but he dictated an anſwer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the reſignation of humble piety; though he acknowledged the kindneſs of his friends, yet he declared his truſt to be in God: he bewailed his incapacity to receive and thank them as in juſtice and gratitude he ought; and concluded with a ſhort but pathetic prayer for their temporal and eternal happineſs.

Theſe fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, which were the effects of his ſurfeit before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and more violent in proportion as he grew into years. And in 1736, while he was writing a ſatire on the *Iriſh* parliament, which he called the *Legion Club*, he was ſeized with one of theſe fits, the effect of which was ſo dreadful that he left the poem unfiniſhed, and never afterwards attempted a compoſition either in verſe or proſe that required a courſe of thinking, or perhaps more than one ſitting to finiſh.

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his paſſions to pervert his underſtanding; a calamity to which many particulars ſeem to have concurred.

His ſolitude which has been already accounted for, prevented the diverſion of his mind by converſation from brooding over his diſappointments, and aggravating every injury that he had ſuffered by all the circumſtances which ingenious reſentment, if it does not find, is apt to create: a reſolution which he had taken, and to which he obſtinately adhered, not to wear ſpectacles, precluded the entertainment which he might otherwiſe have found in books, and his giddineſs, though it was a mere corporal diſorder, pre-

vented the employment of his mind in compoſition. In this ſituation his thoughts ſeem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own miſery which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeleſs; the ſenſe of his preſent condition was neceſſarily complicated with regret of the paſt, and with reſentment both againſt thoſe by whom he had been baniſhed, and thoſe who had deſerted him in his exile. A fixed attention to one object long continued is known to deſtroy the ballance of the mind, and it is not therefore ſtrange that *Swift* ſhould by degrees become the victim of outrageous madneſs.

That he was weary of life, appears by many paſſages in his letters and expreſſions to his friends. In 1739, three years after his memory firſt declined, he had been ſtanding with a clergyman under a very large heavy pier glaſs, which, juſt as they moved to another part of the room, fell down and broke to pieces; the clergyman, ſtruck with a ſenſe of the danger from which they had eſcaped, turned to *Swift* and cried out, What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we did; for, if we had not, we ſhould certainly have been killed. The dean replied, that, as to himſelf, he was ſorry he had changed ground, and wiſhed the glaſs had fallen upon him.

Till about the time of this accident, though his memory was become very defective, and his paſſions more violent, yet his converſation was ſtill ſprightly and ſenſible, but mingled with more ſatire, and that ſatire was more bitter; he alſo continued to correſpond by letter with his friends in *England*, particularly Mr. *Pope*, with whom he had contracted an early friendſhip which continued till his death. It has been ſaid that towards the end of their lives it grew cold, but the dean in a letter to lord *Orrery*, which he wrote a ſhort time before his incapacity, ſays, "When you ſee my dear friend *Pope*, tell him I will anſwer his letter ſoon: *I love him above all the reſt of mankind.*"

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He has alſo called Mr. *Pope* his *deareſt* friend in his will, and Mr. *Pope* in a letter which was written about the ſame time makes this requeſt: "Aſſure him [the dean] the world has nothing in it I *admire* ſo much; nothing the loſs of which I ſhould *regret* ſo much as his GENIUS and his VIRTUES."

In the beginning of the year 1741, his underſtanding was ſo much impaired, and his paſſions ſo much increaſed, that he was utterly incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians appointed of his perſon and eſtate. Early in the year 1742, his reaſon was wholly ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. The laſt perſon whom he knew was Mrs. *Whiteway*, and the ſight of her when he knew her no more threw him into fits of rage ſo violent and dreadful that ſhe was forced to leave him, and the only act of kindneſs that remained in her power was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and ſee that proper care was taken of him; ſometimes ſhe would ſteal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his ſight. He would neither eat nor drink while the ſervant who brought him his proviſions ſtayed in the room; his meat, which was ſerved up ready cut, he would ſometimes ſuffer to ſtand an hour on the table before he would touch it, and at laſt he would eat it walking, for, during this deplorable ſtate of his mind, it was his conſtant cuſtom to walk ten hours a day.

Orrery, p. 98.

Orrery, 94, 186.

In *October* 1742, after this phrenſy had continued ſeveral months, his left eye ſwelled to the ſize of an egg, and the lid appeared to be ſo much inflamed and diſcoloured, that the ſurgeon expected it to mortify; ſeveral large boils alſo broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was

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with difficulty that five perſons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his own eyes.

It has been obſerved that corporal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has engroſſed it, or by whatever means, has reſtored lunaticks to the uſe of reaſon; and this effect, in a great degree, it produced upon the dean, for juſt before the tumour perfectly ſubſided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. *Whiteway*, took her by the hand, and ſpoke to her with his former kindneſs; that day, and the following, he knew his phyſician and ſurgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have ſo far recovered his underſtanding and temper, that the ſurgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy ſociety, and be amuſed by the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of ſhort duration, for a few days afterwards he ſunk into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, ſlept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed upon to walk croſs the room. This was the effect of another bodily diſeaſe, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. *Stevens*, an ingenious clergyman of *Dublin*, pronounced this to be the caſe during his illneſs, and, upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not miſtaken; but, though he often entreated the dean's friends and phyſicians that his head might be trepanned and the water diſcharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or his entreaty.

Orrery, 94,95,96, 97, 98. *J.R.* 149.

After the dean had continued ſilent a whole year, in this ſtate of helpleſs idiocy, his houſe-keeper went into his room on the 30th of *November*, in the morning, and told him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as uſual; to this he immediately replied, It is all folly, they had better let it alone.

Some other inſtances of ſhort intervals of ſenſibility

ſtry and reaſon, after his madneſs had ended in ſtupor, ſeem to prove that his diſorder, whatever it was, had not deſtroyed, but only ſuſpended the powers of his mind.

He was ſometimes viſited by Mr. *Deane Swift*, a relation; and about *Chriſtmas*, 1743, he ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak to him. Mr. *Swift* then told him he came to dine with him, and Mrs. *Ridgeway*, the houſe-keeper, immediately ſaid, *Won't you give Mr. Swift a glaſs of wine, ſir?* To this he made no anſwer, but ſhewed that he underſtood the queſtion, by ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, as he had been uſed to do when he had a mind a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him, and which was as much as to ſay, *You will ruin me in wine.* Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words, but at laſt, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep ſigh, and was afterwards ſilent. A few months afterwards, upon his houſe-keeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, "I am what I am, I am what I am," and, in about ſix minutes, repeated the ſame words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his ſervant by his name, and once attempting to ſpeak to him, but not being able to expreſs his meaning, he ſhewed ſigns of much uneaſineſs, and at laſt ſaid, 'I 'am a fool.' Once, afterwards, as his ſervant was taking away his watch, he ſaid, *Bring it here*; and, when the ſame ſervant was breaking a large hard coal, he ſaid, 'That is a ſtone, you blockhead.'

From this time he was perfectly ſilent, till the latter end of *October*, 1745, and then died, without the leaſt pang or convulſion, in the 78th year of his age.

By his will, which is dated in *May*, 1740, juſt before he ceaſed to be a reaſonable being, he left about 1200 l. in ſpecifick legacies, and the reſt of his fortune,

tune, which amounted to about 11000 l. to erect and endow an hoſpital for idiots and lunaticks.

He was buried in the great iſle of St. *Patrick*'s cathedral, under a ſtone of black marble, inſcribed with an epitaph in *Latin*, written by himſelf.

See vol. xii. 367.

From this narrative of his life, and from his works, to which it is prefixed, the ſtriking peculiarities of his character may eaſily be collected; but there are ſome incidents which relate to his converſation, and ſome which reſpect his perſon and private œconomy, which ſhould by no means be omitted.

In company, he neither wrapped himſelf up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engroſs the converſation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His rule was never to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait, at leaſt, as long for others to take up the converſation, after which he had a right to ſpeak again. His colloquial ſtile, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and conciſe. He greatly excelled in punning; a talent, which, he ſaid, no man affected to deſpiſe, but thoſe that were without it; and his converſation would have furniſhed a more excellent compendium of this ſpecies of wit, than was ever yet compiled, or, perhaps, ever will; ſome of theſe ſallies of his imagination are ſtill remembered, and, among others, the following, which may ſerve for examples.

D.S. 366. *J.R.* 203.

He happened to be at the caſtle, in the lieutenancy of the earl of *Pembroke*, when a learned phyſician was haranguing his excellency upon the nature and qualities of bees, which he was perpetually calling a nation and commonwealth: Yes, my lord, ſays *Swift*, they are a nation, and of great antiquity; you know

know, my lord, *Moſes* takes notice of them; he numbers the *Hivites* among the nations which *Joſhua* was appointed to conquer.

He was another time in company with a lady, whoſe long train happened to ſweep down a fine fiddle, and break it, upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

But his converſation abounded with turns of wit of an higher kind; being one day at a ſheriff's feaſt, who, after ſeveral other toaſts had been drank, called out to him, Mr. dean, *The trade of Ireland:* the dean turned about, and immediately anſwered, Sir, I *drink no memories* *. J.R. 214.

He greatly admired the talents of the late duke of *Wharton*, and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolicks: Aye, my lord, ſaid he, you have had many frolicks, but let me recommend one more to you, *take a frolick to be virtuous.* I aſſure you it will do you more honour than all the reſt. J.R. 216.

The dean alſo greatly excelled in telling a ſtory; and though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his ſtories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always ſuperior to the wretched expedients of thoſe deſpicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and prophaneneſs for humour and wit. His converſation was in the higheſt degree chaſte, and wholly free from the leaſt tincture of irreligion. J.R. 218.

As he was zealous to preſerve all the delicacies of converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed when ſome of the company were ladies; and in one of his

* Dr. *Brown*, biſhop of *Cork*, had juſt then printed two pamphlets and preached ſeveral ſermons, in which drinking to memories was zealouſly condemned.

letters to lord *Oxford*, he ſays, ſince women have been left out of all our meetings, except parties of play, or where worſe deſigns are carried on, our converſation has very much degenerated. *D.S.* 366. And, in this inſtance, his example is a reproof to thoſe pedants, who ſuppoſe that women are never in their proper ſphere, but in the dreſſing room or the nurſery.

If the converſation turned upon ſerious ſubjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the iſſue. *D.S.* 368. He would liſten with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a diſputant himſelf, he would recapitulate what had been ſaid, ſtate the queſtion with great clearneſs and preciſion, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of ſome neutral perſon, or of the majority.

It is, however, true, that he kept his friends in ſome degree of awe, and yet he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it was offered without arrogance, and by perſons of whoſe ability and honeſty he had no doubt. In his poem of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, which does not conſiſt of quite two hundred verſes, Mr. *Addiſon* made him blot out fourſcore, add fourſcore, and alter fourſcore. *J. R.* 19. It was cuſtomary with his friends to make him ſome little annual preſent on his birth-day, *ſomething*, according to his own definition of a preſent, which was of no great value, but which could not be bought; and Dr. *Delany*, ſoon after he was admitted to ſome degree of intimacy, ſent him, with ſuch a memorial of his eſteem, ſome verſes, in which he upbraids him, though with great delicacy, for miſapplying his talents; and admoniſhes him to turn the force of ridicule of which he was ſo great a maſter, upon thoſe who had laboured to employ it againſt the ſacred doctrines of *Chriſtianity*. The dean,

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as he had ſuffered *Addiſon*'s correction with approbation, received this admonition with kindneſs; he ſighed, and ſaid, with great appearances of regret, that it was *too late*, and from that day took all occaſions to diſtinguiſh *Delany* by the name of *Friend*.

He had, indeed, no ſkill in muſick, and ſo was not able to entertain his company with a ſong, to which ſome men of great dignity, and great parts, have condeſcended: but his power of ridicule extended even to muſick, of which he gave an inſtance too ſingular to be forgotten:

Dr. *Pratt*, who was then provoſt of *Dublin* college, had acquired much of the *Italian* taſte for muſick in his travels, and *Tom Roſſengrave*, a celebrated performer, being juſt returned from *Italy*, played a voluntary at St. *Patrick*'s cathedral, where Dr. *Pratt* heard him, and *Swift* was alſo preſent: the doctor happened to dine at the deanery the ſame day, and was ſo extravagant in his encomiums on *Roſſengrave*'s voluntary, that ſeveral of the company ſaid, they wiſhed they had heard it: Do you, ſaid *Swift*, then you ſhall hear it ſtill, and immediately he ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over, except one old gentleman, who ſat with great compoſure, and, though he liſtened, yet ſhewed neither curioſity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was asked, by ſome of the company, How it happened that he had been no more affected by the muſick? To which he anſwered with great gravity, That he had heard Mr. *Roſſengrave* himſelf play it before.

Such was *Swift* as a companion; as a maſter, he was not leſs remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his ſervants when he hired them by ſome teſt of their humility. Among other queſtions, he always asked whether they underſtood cleaning

cleaning ſhoes; becauſe, ſaid he, my kitchen-wench has a ſcullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the buſineſs of my groom and footman is conſtantly to clean her ſhoes by turns: if they ſcrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large ſize, robuſt conſtitution, and coarſe features, whoſe face was very much ſeamed with the ſmall-pox, and furrowed by age: this woman he always diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Sweetheart*.

It happened one day that *Sweetheart* greatly over-roaſted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he ſent for her up, and, with great coolneſs and gravity, *Sweetheart*, ſays he, take this down into the kitchen and do it leſs. She replied, that was impoſſible. Pray then, ſaid he, if you had roaſted it too little, could you have done it more? Yes, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could eaſily have done that: Why then, *Sweetheart*, replied the dean, let me adviſe you, if you muſt commit a fault, commit a fault that can be mended.

To the reſt of his ſervants, indeed, he appeared to be churliſh and auſtere, but, in reality, was one of the beſt maſters in the world: he allowed them board-wages at the higheſt rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary courſe of their ſervice, he always paid them to the full value of the work, as he would have paid another: with theſe emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they ſhould find themſelves in victuals, and all other neceſſaries, except the liveries which he gave them; if in this ſituation their expences were greater than their income, it was judged a ſufficient reaſon to diſcharge them; but, on the contrary, as ſoon as they had ſaved a full year's wages, he conſtantly paid them legal intereſt for it, and took great pleaſure in ſeeing it accumulate to a ſum, which might ſettle them in ſome employment

ployment if he ſhould die, or if they found it adviſeable to quit his ſervice, which ſeldom happened; and he with whom his ſervants live long, has indubitable witneſſes that he is a good maſter.

It is alſo certain, that, notwithſtanding the apparent auſterity of his temper, he did not conſider his ſervants as *poor ſlaves*, to whoſe ſervice he had a right, in conſideration merely of his money, and owed them no reciprocal obligation. Orrery. 200.

He had a ſervant whom he uſed to call *Saunders*, that lived long with him, and at length fell ſick and died. In his ſickneſs, which laſted many months, *Swift* took care that all poſſible relief and aſſiſtance ſhould be afforded him, and when he died, he buried him in the ſouth iſle of his cathedral, and erected a ſmall piece of ſtatuary to his memory, with this inſcription:

Here lieth the body of
Alexander Magee, ſervant to doctor *Swift*,
dean of St. *Patrick*'s.

His *grateful* maſter cauſed this monument to be erected in memory of his diſcretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble ſtation.

Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, *Ætat.* 29.

In the original copy, which the author of the *Obſervations* ſaw in the dean's own hand, the expreſſion was ſtill ſtronger, and more to the dean's honour, thus:

His grateful *friend* and maſter.

But a perſon of the dean's acquaintance, who is much more diſtinguiſhed for vanity than wiſdom, prevailed upon him to leave out *friend*, even in oppoſition to his own well known maxim, that a faithful ſervant ſhould always be conſidered not as a *poor ſlave*, but an *humble friend*. Of this perſon the name

is not told; but to conceal it is rather injuſtice than mercy, for he ought, on this occaſion, to inherit a diſgrace, at leaſt, proportionate to the honour which he found means to with-hold from *Swift*.

As a member of civil ſociety, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detecter of fraud, and the ſcourge of oppreſſion. In his private capacity, he was not only charitable but generous; and whatever miſanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life.

His writings in defence of the poor infatuated people of *Ireland* are well known; and that he might not be wanting himſelf while he pleaded their cauſe with others, he conſtantly lent out a large ſum of money in ſmall portions to honeſt, diligent, and neceſſitous tradeſmen, who paid it with a ſmall gratuity by way of intereſt to the perſon who kept the account of the diſburſements and weekly payments, for he received back theſe loans by a certain ſum out of the weekly profit of the borrowers trade, in ſuch proportions as that the whole ſhould be repaid in a year.

J.R. 203, 4.

Beſides this he frequently gave away 5 and 10 l. when proper objects offered, without any parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the poor, and at the ſame time to encourage induſtry, even in the loweſt ſtation, and uſed regularly to viſit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public ſtreets as in the bye allies; and, under the arches of *Dublin*, ſome of theſe ſold plums, ſome hobnails, others tape, and others gingerbread; ſome knitted, ſome darned ſtockings, and others cobbled ſhoes; theſe women were moſt of them old, deformed, or crippled, and ſome were all three. He ſaluted them with great kindneſs, asked how they throve, and what ſtock they had; if the ware of any of them was ſuch as he could poſſibly uſe, or pretend to uſe, he bought ſome, and paid

paid for every half-penny worth ſix pence; if not, he always added ſomething to their ſtock, and ſtrictly charged them to be induſtrious and honeſt. *J.R.* 132, 133.

It muſt be confeſſed that theſe acts of bounty did not appear to be the effects of compaſſion, for of the ſoft ſympathy with diſtreſs that ſometimes ſparkles in the eye, and ſometimes glows upon the cheek, he ſhewed no ſign, and he may therefore be ſuppoſed to have wanted it; however, it is certain, that he was wholly free from ill-nature, for a man can have no complacence in that evil which he is continually buſy to remove.

His bounty had not indeed the indiſcriminating ardour of blind inſtinct, and, if it had, it would not have been the inſtrument of equal happineſs: to feed idleneſs is to propagate miſery, and diſcourage virtue; but to inſure the reward of induſtry is to beſtow a benefit at once upon the individual and the publick; it is to preſerve from deſpair thoſe who ſtruggle with difficulty and diſappointment, it is to ſupply food and reſt to that labour which alone can make food taſteful and reſt ſweet, and to invigorate the community by the full uſe of thoſe members which would otherwiſe become not only uſeleſs but hurtful, as a limb in which the vital fluid ceaſes to circulate will not only wither but corrupt. In this view then the bounty of *Swift* was, like every other *Chriſtian* duty, a reaſonable ſervice; and that he felt no ſecret pleaſure in the calamities of others, may be fairly concluded not only from his general practice, but from many particular facts in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate diſtreſs by unſollicited and unexpected liberality.

It happened that a young gentleman of his choir, being abroad with his gun, ſuffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the dean heard of it, he expreſſed great concern, and, having pauſed

a little, Well, ſaid he, this will be a good time at once to reward merit and alleviate diſtreſs; I will make him a vicar, which he did accordingly the ſame hour.

There are ſome infirmities to which the mind as well as the body naturally becomes ſubject in the decline of life. The deſire of accumulating wealth almoſt always increaſes in proportion as it becomes more abſurd, and thoſe are moſt tenacious of money, to whom money can be of leaſt uſe. It has been generally ſaid that this weakneſs is the effect of long acquaintance with mankind, who are found to deſerve leſs confidence and leſs kindneſs, as they are more known; and indeed, though this opinion ſhould not haſtily be admitted, it muſt yet be confeſſed, that the firſt article in which men leſſen their expences, is generally the money they have been uſed to give away, and that they gradually loſe the inclination to do good as they acquire the power. But *Swift*, if he was not exempt from the infirmity, was yet clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it muſt be confeſſed that his avarice did not contract his bounty, and he ſuffers no degradation in his moral character, who, when the practice of any virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the ſame degree.

Swift turned all the evil of exceſſive frugality upon himſelf. It induced him to walk when he had been uſed to ride, and he would then ſay he had earned a ſhilling or eighteen-pence, which he had a right to do what he pleaſed with, and which he conſtantly applied to his uſual charities, which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend leſs upon the whole than before. But the diſtribution even of this charity was marked with the peculiarity of his character, for that he might proportion his bounty to the neceſſities and the merit of various objects, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he conſtantly kept a pocket full of all ſorts of coin, from a ſilver three-pence to a crown-piece.

J. R 13.

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But as his deſire of immediate gain was not gratified at the expence of the poor, to whoſe diſtreſs he was a witneſs; neither was it gratified at the expence of thoſe whom it was impoſſible he ſhould know, though he had many opportunities of doing it.

He once reſolved never to renew a certain leaſe belonging to the deanery without raiſing the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often ſollicited him, inſtead of raiſing the rent, to take a larger fine; and, this man, a very ſhort time before the dean loſt his memory, urged him with a very large ſum, ſuppoſing that as raiſing the rent could only inrich the dean's ſucceſſor, and a large fine would come into his own coffer, he ſhould certainly ſucceed. The dean however maintained his integrity, refuſed the offer with indignation, and fulfilled his purpoſe of raiſing the rent, though at this time his memory was ſo bad, that the next day he did not remember what he had done, and his love of money ſo predominant over every thing but his virtue, that, though he complained of being deſerted, yet he baniſhed his beſt friends, merely to ſave the expence of entertaining them, and would ſometimes refuſe them a ſingle bottle of wine. *J.R.* 208. *J.R.* 145.

As an eccleſiaſtic, he was ſcrupulouſly exact in the exerciſe of his function, as well with regard to ſpiritual as temporal things. As to his cathedral he expended more money to ſupport and adorn it than had been applied to the ſame uſe in any period ſince it was firſt built. He was extremely exact and conſcientious in promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any perſon to a vicarage who was not qualified in all reſpects, and in the higheſt degree, whatever their intereſt, or however recommended; and he once refuſed a vicarage to a perſon for whom the lady *Carteret* was very importunate, though he declared to her ladyſhip, that, if it

had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean or a biſhop, he would have obliged her willingly, becauſe he ſaid deaneries and biſhopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern, though the merit of a vicar would be brought to the teſt every day. Nor would he ſuffer one ſhilling of the cathedral money to be alienated from its proper uſe, even for the purpoſe of charity; when any perſon ſollicited ſuch an alienation, he uſed to tell them that this money was appropriated, but, ſays he, as you declare the perſon to be relieved is an object of *Chriſtian* charity, I will give out of my private purſe any ſum proportioned to my revenue, if you will contribute a ſum in the ſame proportion to yours; my deanery is worth ſeven hundred pounds, your income is two; if you will give two ſhillings, I will give ſeven, or any larger ſum after the ſame rate.

*J.R.*192.

As to the poor in the liberty of his own cathedral, they were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their diſtrict; for theſe he built and furniſhed a little alms-houſe, being aſſiſted by ſome voluntary contributions, and preſerved among them uncommon cleanlineſs and decency by conſtantly viſiting them in perſon.

J. R. 8.

It has already been remarked, that, though he did not himſelf underſtand muſic, yet he always attended at the performance of the anthem, that the choir might do their duty; but he had another practice yet more ſingular and more uſeful. As ſoon as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he pulled out a pencil and piece of paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong both in the expreſſions and the manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too ſcholaſtic to be generally underſtood, or ſo coarſe and vulgar as to loſe their dignity; and he never failed to make theſe the ſubject of an admonition to the preacher as ſoon as he came into the chapter-houſe.

He improved even his living of *Laracor*, though he continued there but a ſhort time, and left both the houſe and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his ſucceſſor at a conſiderable expence, for which he knew no return would be made to his executors; and he determined to aſſert his right of abſence againſt the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he ſhould ever more claim the privilege for himſelf, becauſe he would not endanger the liberty of his ſucceſſor by an injurious precedent. See his letter, vol. XII.

There is no act of virtue, which men have ſo often ſubſtituted for the peculiar poſitive duties of *Chriſtianity* as liberality to the poor, nor any by which they have ſo often hoped to attone for the breach of every other moral obligation.

But the dean, though he abounded in charity, was not leſs diligent in the practice of other virtues, or leſs devout and conſtant in the ſolemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate both in eating and drinking; he was not only juſt, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he conſtantly attended divine worſhip when he was at home, ſo he uſed always to go early to church when he was in *London*, and never to ſleep without aſſembling his family in his own chamber to prayers.

It has often been remarked, that virtue in exceſs becomes vicious, and not only precludes the reward of the poſſeſſor, but produces rather miſchief than good to others. An abhorrence of hypocriſy was a ſtriking particular in *Swift*'s character, but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocriſy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety

with as much diligence as others conceal thoſe vices, which cuſtom has not made reputable. His conſtant attendance at church, when he was at the deanery, he knew would be conſidered as the duty of his ſtation, but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide; when he went to church in *London*, it was early in the morning, ſo that, though he was conſtantly at prayers, and at the ſacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church; and, when he went to prayers in his family, the ſervants aſſembled at the appointed hour as it were by ſtealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call except the ſtriking of the clock; ſo that Dr. *Delany* was ſix months in his family before he ſuſpected him of this unfaſhionable practice. The ſame principle upon which he thus ſtudiouſly avoided appearances of good, made him frequently incur appearances of evil, eſpecially when an opportunity offered of indulging his peculiar vein of humour, and gratifying his natural diſpoſition. One inſtance of this has already been given in his ſolemn addreſs to his clerk from the pulpit by the name of *Roger*, but there are others which are leſs excuſable. Soon after he was made dean of St. *Patrick*'s, he had dined one *Sunday* with Dr. *Raymond*, vicar of *Trim*, and when the bell had rung, and the people were aſſembled to evening prayers at the church which was not diſtant more than two hundred yards, *Raymond*, ſaid he, I will lay you a crown that I begin prayers before you this afternoon; Dr. *Raymond* accepted the wager, and immediately both run as faſt as they could towards the church. *Raymond* who was much nimbler than *Swift*, arrived firſt at the door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading deſk; *Swift* never ſlackened his pace, but, running up the iſle, left Dr. *Raymond* behind him in the middle of it, and, ſtepping into

to the deſk without putting on a ſurplice or opening the book, began the ſervice in an audible voice, and thus won his wager.

It has been common, among pretenders to wit, to affect great contempt for every kind of regularity, to live, or pretend to live, in a ſtate of continual diſſipation, without regard to the return of thoſe ſeaſons which have been generally allotted to particular purpoſes, without ſleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the reſt of mankind. To recover theſe unhappy wretches from a condition ſo deplorable as to ſuppreſs indignation, and yet ſo contemptible as ſcarce to excite pity, it is here recorded that the life of *Swift* was in the higheſt degree uniform and regular, his hours of walking and reading, of exerciſe and amuſement, never varied; and that he might keep the revolution of his employments with greater exactneſs, his watch was almoſt conſtantly either in his hand or on the table before him.

As his abhorrence of hypocriſy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind ſecured him againſt envy; envy ſeems to be a deſire of equality gratified by degrading others; as emulation is a deſire of equality gratified by advancing ourſelves. It does not appear that *Swift*, upon a ſuppoſition that he had no ſuperior, was without emulation, but by his ready aſſiſtance to advance the reputation and circumſtances of others, he appears to have been free from envy.

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and aſſiduity, and would chearfully ſpend much time in correcting and improving any literary compoſition that had the leaſt appearance of ingenuity; nor was this kindneſs confined to thoſe whoſe parts could never come in competition with his own, he ſtarted many hints to Mr. Gay which he purſued with great ſucceſs, and he recommended

mended *Congreve*, *Addiſon*, *Parnel*, and many others, to thoſe whoſe favour was moſt likely to render them conſpicuous.

Among his ſingularities were his reſolution never to wear ſpectacles, and his obſtinate perſeverance in the uſe of too much exerciſe. His want of ſpectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate exerciſe waſted his fleſh and produced a poorneſs in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and phyſicians, Dr. *Helſham* and Dr. *Grattan*, and as afterwards appeared by experiment, for, when he was reduced to a ſtate of idiotiſm and ceaſed from walking, he recovered his fleſh in a ſhort time.

He was cleanly even to ſuperſtition, his nails were always pared to the quick to prevent the leaſt gathering of dirt under them, and he never dreſſed without a baſon of water by him, with which he carefully cleanſed his feet. In his perſon he was robuſt and maſculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was ſharp and high-toned, eſpecially when he read prayers, but not effeminate, and there was a natural ſeverity in his aſpect, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, nor his utmoſt gaiety relax.

Crery, 78.

His manner was without ceremony, but not ruſtic, for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeneſs and complaiſance which he practiſed in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and the reſpect, that was due to him by theſe rules, he took care to exact without the leaſt abatement.

D. S. 360, 365.

It will readily be admitted that every man has ſome appetite, affection, or diſpoſition, which either in kind or in degree is irregular, and which it is the province of reaſon to order and reſtrain. As it will always happen that in ſome inſtances paſſion will predominate and reaſon in others, it follows that there muſt be ſome diſſimi-

diſſimilitude in every character, from which *Swift's* could not therefore be exempt; but upon the whole it will be found uncommonly ſteady and uniform, though ſome, to ſcreen their own ſcattered and inconſiſtent repreſentations of it from cenſure, have pretended that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally temperate and chaſte, it was therefore eaſy for him to be frugal; but he was alſo naturally high-ſpirited, and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not ſtrange his frugality ſhould verge towards exceſs. However, as he acted upon principles, not only of general virtue, but of the nobleſt moral ſyſtem of *Chriſtianity*, he did not deliver himſelf up to natural propenſities, when they were contrary to his duty, and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his ſucceſſors to inrich himſelf. The ſame ſpirit which ſecured his integrity by diſdaining the meanneſs of a lye, produced that dread of hypocriſy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil; and the ſame want of natural tenderneſs which made him appear obdurate and auſtere, transferred the diſtribution of his liberality from inſtinct to religion, and made that, which in others is an exerciſe of ſelf-love, in him an act of obedience to God.

Such was Dr. *Jonathan Swift*, whoſe writings either ſtimulate mankind to ſuſtain their dignity as rational and moral beings, by ſhewing how low they ſtand in mere animal nature, or fright them from indecency by holding up its picture before them in its native deformity: and whoſe life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a ſcale of infelicity gradually aſcending till pain and anguiſh deſtroyed the faculties.

culties by which they were felt; while he was viewed at a diſtance with envy, he became a burden to himſelf; he was forſaken by his friends, and his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach: his life therefore does not afford leſs inſtruction than his writings, ſince to the wiſe it may teach humility, and to the ſimple content.

VERSES, &c. referred to from the LIFE of Dr. SWIFT.

STELLA *to Dr.* SWIFT *on his birth-day, November* 30, 1721.

The Dean declared that theſe verſes had undergone no correction. [D. S. *p.* 81.

ST. PATRICK's dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forſook by her admiring train
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirti'th year of life
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
STELLA to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burthen to mankind
With half *her courſe of years* behind.

You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures cou'd my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of CHLOE at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
'Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While STELLA holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone*, *then die to-morrow*.

An elegy upon *Demar* the miſer, was a ſubject ſtarted and partly executed in company conſiſting of *Swift* and *Stella* and a few friends; every one threw in a hint, and *Stella*'s was the following.

But as he weighed his gold, grim death in ſpite
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light:
And when he ſaw his darling money fail,
Blew his laſt breath, to ſink the lighter ſcale.

Addreſs

Addreſs of the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

WE the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin*, and the neighbourhood of the ſame, having been inform'd, by univerſal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatned and ſworn before many hundred people, as well perſons of quality as others, that he reſolves upon the firſt opportunity, by the help of ſeveral ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of St. *Patrick's* our neighbour, benefactor, and head of the liberty of St. *Patrick's*, upon a frivolous unproved ſuſpicion, of the ſaid Dean's having written ſome lines in verſe reflecting on the ſaid man:

Therefore we the ſaid inhabitants of the ſaid liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and reſpect to the ſaid Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath ſo many obligations, as well as we of the liberty, do unanimouſly declare, that we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the ſaid Dean againſt the ſaid man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow; if he or any of them preſume to come into the ſaid liberty with any wicked malicious intent againſt the houſe, or family, or perſon, or goods of the ſaid Dean. To which we have chearfully, ſincerely, and heartily, ſet our hands.

The Dean being in bed, very much indiſpoſed, and not able to receive the ſaid perſons, dictated the following anſwer.

Gentlemen,

I receive with great thankfulneſs theſe many kind expreſſions of your concern for my ſafety, as well as your declared reſolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow) againſt all murderers

derers and ruffians, who ſhall attempt to enter into the liberty with any bloody or wicked deſigns, upon my life, my limbs, my houſe, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God, and whether it may be cut off by treachery or open violence, or by the common way of other men; as long as it continues I ſhall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have ſhewn, beyond my expectation, and almoſt exceeding my wiſhes. The inhabitants of the liberty as well as thoſe of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which I am confident will never diminiſh during my life. I am chiefly ſorry that by two cruel diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs, which have purſued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much leſs to return my moſt ſincere acknowledgments, which in juſtice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bleſs you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.

A

TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the

UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

MANKIND.

Diu multumque deſideratum.

To which is added,

An Account of a Battle between the Antient and Modern Books in St. *James*'s Library.

Baſyma cacabaſa eanaa, irraumiſta diarbada caëota baſobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib.* 1. *C.* 18.

——*Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Muſæ. Lucret.

With the Author's Apology;

And Explanatory Notes, by *W. Wotton*, B. D. and others.

LONDON:
Printed for CHARLES BATHURST, at the *Croſs-Keys* in *Fleet-Street*.
M DCC LIV.

THE AUTHOR's

APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the trouble of this apology; for it is manifeſt by the reception the following diſcourſe hath met with, that thoſe, who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taſte: yet there have been two or three treatiſes written expreſly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one ſyllable having been ever publiſhed in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late diſcourſe between a *Deiſt* and a *Socinian*.

Therefore, ſince the book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our language, and our taſte admit no great alterations, I am content to convey ſome apology along with it.

The greateſt part of that book was finiſhed about thirteen years ſince, 1696, which is eight years before it was publiſh-

ed. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading freſh in his head. By the aſſiſtance of ſome thinking, and much converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of as many real prejudices as he could; I ſay real ones, becauſe, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights ſome men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and groſs corruptions in religion and learning might furniſh matter for a ſatyr, that would be uſeful and diverting. He reſolved to proceed in a manner, that ſhould be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs repetitions upon every ſubject. The abuſes in religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the diſcourſe: thoſe in learning he choſe to introduce by way of digreſſions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not ſuit with maturer years, or graver characters,

characters, and which he could have eaſily corrected with a very few blots, had he been maſter of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the ſour, the envious, the ſtupid, and the taſteleſs, which he mentions with diſdain. He acknowledges there are ſeveral youthful ſallies, which from the grave and the wiſe may deſerve a rebuke. But he deſires to be anſwerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of thoſe, who have neither candor to ſuppoſe good meanings, nor palate to diſtinguiſh true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why ſhould any clergyman of our church be angry to ſee the follies of fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition expoſed, though in the moſt ridiculous manner; ſince that is perhaps the moſt probable way to cure them, or at leaſt to hinder them from farther ſpreading? Beſides, though it was not

intended for their peruſal, it rallies nothing but what they preach againſt. It contains nothing to provoke them by the leaſt ſcurrility upon their perſons or their functions. It celebrates the church of *England* as the moſt perfect of all others in diſcipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's reſentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on: *nondum tibi defuit hoſtis*; I mean thoſe heavy, illiterate ſcriblers, proſtitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the ſhame of good ſenſe as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the ſtrength of bold, falſe, impious aſſertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the prieſthood, and openly intended againſt all religion; in ſhort, full of ſuch principles as are kindly received, becauſe they are levelled to remove thoſe terrors, that religion tells men will be the conſequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this diſcourſe, though ſome of them are pleaſed ſo freely to cenſure it. And I wiſh, there

there were no other inſtance of what I have too frequently obſerved, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in diſtinguiſhing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from ſome, whom out of reſpect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by ſome of thoſe authors above deſcribed, whoſe errors, ignorance, dulneſs, and villany he thinks he could have detected and expoſed in ſuch a manner, that the perſons, who are moſt conceived to be infected by them, would ſoon lay them aſide and be aſhamed: but he has now given over thoſe thoughts; ſince the *weightieſt* men ‡ in the *weightieſt* ſtations are pleaſed to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at thoſe corruptions in religion, which they themſelves muſt diſapprove, than to endeavour pulling up thoſe very foundations, wherein all chriſtians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any

‡ Alluding to Dr. *Sharp* the archbiſhop of *York*'s repreſentation of the author.

perſon ſhould offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this diſcourſe, who hath all along concealed himſelf from moſt of his neareſt friends: yet ſeveral have gone a farther ſtep, and pronounced another book * to have been the work of the ſame hand with this: which the author directly affirms to be a thorough miſtake; he having yet never ſo much as read that diſcourſe: a plain inſtance how little truth there often is in general ſurmiſes, or in conjectures drawn from a ſimilitude of ſtyle, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expoſe the abuſes in law, or in phyſic, he believes the learned profeſſors in either faculty would have been ſo far from reſenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains, eſpecially if he had made an honourable reſervation for the true practice of either ſcience: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and, they tell us truth: yet ſurely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the triteſt maxim in the world, that, religion being

* Letter of enthuſiaſm, ſuppoſed to have been written by Col. *Hunter*: ſee *Swift*'s letter to him, in the laſt of theſe volumes.

the

the beſt of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worſt.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe paſſages in this diſcourſe, which appear moſt liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author perſonates the ſtyle and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one inſtance; it is in the 61ſt *page. Dryden, L' Eſtrange*, and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here levelled at, who having ſpent their lives in faction, and apoſtacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be ſufferers for loyalty and religion. So *Dryden* tells us in one of his prefaces of his merits and ſufferings, thanks God that he *poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience*; in other places he talks at the ſame rate; and *L'Eſtrange* often uſes the like ſtyle; and I believe, the reader may find more perſons to give that paſſage an application: but this is enough to direct thoſe, who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other paſſages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill mean-

ings;

ings; as if they glanced at ſome tenets in religion. In anſwer to all which, the author ſolemnly proteſts, he is intirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his ſcheme or deſign, the abuſes he notes being ſuch as all Church-of-*England* men agree in; nor was it proper for his ſubject to meddle with other points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the reformation.

To inſtance only in that paſſage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuſcript there was a deſcription of a fourth, which thoſe, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having ſomething in it of ſatyr, that I ſuppoſe they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number *three*, from whence ſome have endeavoured to ſqueeſe out a dangerous meaning, that

that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half ſpoiled by changing the numbers; that of *four* being much more cabaliſtic, and therefore better expoſing the pretended virtue of numbers, a ſuperſtition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be obſerved is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the men of taſte will obſerve and diſtinguiſh, and which will render ſome objections, that have been made, very weak and inſignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the ſatisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unneceſſary to take any notice of ſuch treatiſes as have been written againſt the enſuing diſcourſe, which are already ſunk into waſte paper and oblivion, after the uſual fate of common anſwerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a ſummer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. *Eachard* writ his book about the contempt of the

clergy,

clergy, numbers of thoſe anſwerers immediately ſtarted up, whoſe memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown, that he were ever anſwered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a fooliſh piece; ſo we ſtill read *Marvel*'s anſwer to *Parker* † with pleaſure, though the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago; ſo the Earl of *Orrery*'s remarks will be read with delight, when the diſſertation he expoſes will neither be ſought nor found ‡: but theſe are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of loſing their time in ſuch an undertaking, if they did but conſider, that to anſwer a book effectually, requires more pains and ſkill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author aſſures thoſe gentlemen, who

† *Parker*, afterwards biſhop of *Oxford*, wrote many treatiſes againſt the diſſenters, with inſolence and contempt, ſays *Burnet*, that enraged them beyond meaſure; for which he was chaſtiſed by *Andrew Marvel*, under ſecretary to *Milton*, in a little book called the Rehearſal tranſproſed.

‡ *Boyle*'s remarks upon *Bentley*'s diſſertation on the epiſtles of *Phalaris*, ſee page 155. 243.

have

have given themſelves that trouble with him, that his diſcourſe is the product of the ſtudy, the obſervation, and the invention of ſeveral years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and, if his papers had not been a long time out of his poſſeſſion, they muſt have ſtill undergone more ſevere corrections: and, do they think ſuch a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that diſcharge them? He hath ſeen the productions but of two anſwerers, one of which at firſt appeared as from an unknown hand, but ſince avowed by a perſon, * who upon ſome occaſions hath diſcovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occaſion ſhould put him under a neceſſity of being ſo haſty in his productions, which otherwiſe might often be entertaining. But there were other reaſons obvious enough for his miſcarriage in this; he writ againſt the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongeſt at-

* Suppoſed to be Doctor *William King*, the civilian, author of an account of *Denmark*, a diſſertation on ſamplars and other pieces of burleſque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery in imitation of *Horace*'s art of poetry, &c.

tempts

tempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour a work, which had coſt ſo much time, and met with ſo much ſucceſs in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his *ſubject* I have now forgot, having juſt looked it over, when it firſt came out, as others did, merely for the ſake of the ‡ title.

The other anſwer is from a perſon of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation; † in the latter of which he hath generally ſucceeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiſs to draw in readers to his pamphlet, ſeveral having appeared deſirous, that there might be ſome explication of the more difficult paſſages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, becauſe it is agreed on all hands, that the author had

‡ This we cannot recover at preſent, it being ſo abſolutely forgotten, the oldeſt booksellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† *Wotton*'s defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning: from the annotation are ſelected the notes ſigned *W. Wotton*; thus *Wotton* appears buſied to illuſtrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a ſatire pointed againſt himſelf: as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increaſe the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

given

given him ſufficient provocation. The great objection is againſt his manner of treating it, very unſuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this anſwerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen againſt a certain great man then alive, and univerſally reverenced for every good quality that could poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt accompliſhed perſon; it was obſerved, how he was pleaſed, and affected to have that noble writer called his adverſary; and it was a point of ſatyr well directed; for I have been told, Sir *William Temple* was ſufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeneſs were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the conſequences they apprehended from ſuch an example; and it grew *Porſenna*'s caſe; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In ſhort, things were ripe for a general inſurrection, till my lord *Orrery* had a little laid the ſpirit, and ſettled the ferment. But, his lordſhip being principally engaged with another antagoniſt *, it was

* *Bentley*, concerning *Phalaris* and *Æſop*.

thought

thought neceſſary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this oppoſer ſhould receive a reprimand, which partly occaſioned that diſcourſe of the Battle of the Books, and the author was farther at the pains to inſert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This anſwerer has been pleaſed to find fault with about a dozen paſſages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by aſſuring the reader, that, for the greater part the reflecter is intirely miſtaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is ſure) into that of any reader of taſte and candor; he allows two or three at moſt, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he deſires to plead the excuſe offered already, of his youth, and frankneſs of ſpeech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were publiſhed.

But this anſwerer inſiſts, and ſays, what he chiefly diſlikes, is the *deſign*; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a perſon in *England* who can

can underſtand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing elſe, but to expoſe the abuſes and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what *deſign* this reflecter was ſerving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was intirely his own: ſurely this muſt have had ſome allay of perſonal animoſity at leaſt mixt with the *deſign* of ſerving the public by ſo uſeful a diſcovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who inſiſts upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one ſingle hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticiſms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never diſputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this anſwerer produces three inſtances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places*. The firſt is, that the names of *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack* are borrowed from a letter of the late ‡ Duke of *Buckingham*. Whatever wit

‡ *Villers.*

is contained in thoſe three names, the author is content to give it up, and deſires his readers will ſubtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the ſame time proteſting ſolemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this paſſage of the anſwerer: ſo that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they ſhould happen to be the ſame; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of *Jack* being not quite ſo obvious as the other two. The ſecond inſtance to ſhew *the author's wit is not his own*, is *Peter's Banter* (as he calls it in his *Alſatia* phraſe) upon tranſubſtantiation, which is taken from the ſame duke's conference with an *iriſh* prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. This the author confeſſes to have ſeen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was publiſhed. Nay, the anſwerer overthrows this himſelf; for he allows the *tale* was written in 1697; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was neceſſary, that corruption ſhould have ſome allegory as well as the reſt; and the

the author invented the propereſt he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commoneſt reader will find, there is not the leaſt reſemblance between the two ſtories. The third inſtance is in theſe words; *I have been aſſured, that the battle in St.* James's *library is*, mutatis mutandis, *taken out of a* french *book, entituled*, Combat des livres, *if I miſremember not.* In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable: *I have been aſſured*; and, *if I miſremember not.* I deſire firſt to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſhood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The author is as much in the dark about this, as the anſwerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a

paultry, imitating pedant, and the anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two writers of different times and countries to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake in the title; but let the anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe.

So that if ever any *deſign* was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three inſtances, two of them mere trifles, and all three

three manifeſtly falſe. If this be the way theſe gentlemen deal with the world in thoſe criticiſms, where we have not leiſure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious, how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let thoſe, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his buſineſs, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a tub*, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of ſome ſervice to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up ſome difficult paſſages; but, it is the frequent error of thoſe men (otherwiſe very commendable for their labours) to make excurſions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of *Minellius*, or *Farnaby* ‡ would have

‡ Low commentators, who wrote notes upon claſſick authors for the uſe of ſchoolboys.

fallen in with his genius, and might have been ſerviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abſtruſer parts of that diſcourſe; but *Optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull, unwieldy, ill-ſhaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horſe, not conſidering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the ſake of ſuperior beings, and that he has neither the ſhape, mettle, nor ſpeed of that noble animal he would affect to perſonate.

It is another pattern of this anſwerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the ſuſpicion upon ſome-body, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is abſolutely miſtaken in all his conjectures; and ſurely conjectures are, at beſt, too light a pretence to allow a man to aſſign a name in public. He condemns a book, and conſequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant, yet at the ſame time fixes, in print, what he thinks a diſadvantageous character upon thoſe who never deſerved it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind

of

of revenge to go to cuffs in broad day with the firſt he meets, and lay the laſt night's injury at his door. And thus much for this *diſcreet*, *candid*, *pious*, and *ingenious* anſwerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a ſtory not proper to be told, and of very little uſe, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publiſhers were well aware of, having put it into the bookſeller's preface, that they *apprehended a ſurreptitious copy, which was to be altered*, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the ſurreptitious copy was rather that, which was printed; and they made all the haſte they could, which indeed was needleſs, the author not being at all prepared: but he has been told, the bookſeller was in much pain, having given a good ſum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not ſo many chaſms as appear in the

book; and why ſome of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been truſted to him, he would have made ſeveral corrections of paſſages, againſt which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewiſe have altered a few of thoſe, that ſeem with any reaſon to be excepted againſt; but, to deal freely, the greateſt number he ſhould have left untouched, as never ſuſpecting it poſſible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author obſerves, at the end of the book there is a diſcourſe, called, *a fragment*; which he more wondered to ſee in print, than all the reſt; having been a moſt imperfect ſketch, with the addition of a few looſe hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had deſigned a diſcourſe on ſomewhat the ſame ſubject; he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a ſufficient ſurprize to ſee it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and ſcheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger diſcourſe; and he was ſorry to obſerve the materials ſo foolithly employed.

There is one farther objection made by thoſe

thoſe who have anſwered this book, as well as by ſome others, that *Peter* is frequently made to repeat oaths and curſes. Every reader obſerves, it was neceſſary to know that *Peter* did ſwear and curſe. The oaths are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodeſt ſpeech. A man may laugh at the popiſh folly of curſing people to hell, and imagine them ſwearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of theſe the author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious reader will find, that the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſatyr, in his book, are levelled againſt the modern cuſtom of employing wit upon thoſe topics, of which there is a remarkable inſtance in the 156, 157th *pages*, as well as in ſeveral others, though perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a manner, excuſable only for the reaſons already alledged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookſeller for the author's altering thoſe paſſages, which he thought might require

it:

it: but it ſeems the bookſeller will not hear of any ſuch thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the ſale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful gift of human nature, ſo humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the compoſition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of thoſe who have no ſhare or taſte of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners lay themſelves bare to the laſhes of both, think the blow is weak, becauſe they are inſenſible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the bullies in *White-Friers*, then fell among the footmen, and at laſt retired to the pedants, by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I ſhould apply it to Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s mathematics: but, if this *bantering*, as they call it, be ſo deſpiſeable a thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual itch towards

wards it themſelves? to inſtance only in the anſwerer already mentioned: it is grievous to ſee him in ſome of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggiſh, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*; and, in his anſwer to this diſcourſe he ſays, *it is all a farce and a ladle*; with other paſſages equally ſhining. One may ſay of theſe *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a ſhame; and they cannot take wiſer counſel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.

To conclude; with thoſe allowances above required this book ſhould be read: after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taſte; and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his accounts, when he ſays they have been all of his ſide, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name, wherein the world, with all its wiſe conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumſtance is no diſagreeable amuſement either to the public or himſelf.

The

The author is informed, that the book-ſeller has prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen to write ſome explanatory notes; for the goodneſs of which he is not to anſwer, having never ſeen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleaſure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a proſtitute book-ſeller hath publiſhed a fooliſh paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a tub, with ſome account of the author*; and with an inſolence, which I ſuppoſe is puniſhable by law, hath preſumed to aſſign certain names. It will be enough for the author to aſſure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther aſſerts, that the whole work is intirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will eaſily diſcover: the gentleman,

man, who gave the copy to the book-ſeller, being a friend of the author, and uſing no other liberties, beſides that of expunging certain paſſages, where now the chaſms appear under the name of *deſiderata*. But, if any perſon will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him ſtep forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookſeller ſhall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant ſhall from hence-forward be acknowledged the undiſputed author.

Treatiſes

Treatiſes written by the ſame author, moſt of them mentioned in the following diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A Character of the preſent ſet of *wits* in this iſland.

A panegyrical eſſay upon the number THREE.

A diſſertation upon the principal productions of *Grub-ſtreet.*

Lectures upon a diſſection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical diſcourſe upon zeal, *hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically* conſidered.

A general hiſtory of *ears.*

A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A deſcription of the kingdom of *abſurdities.*

A voyage into *England*, by a perſon of quality in *terra auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the original.

A critical eſſay upon the art of *canting*, philoſophically, phyſically, and muſically conſidered.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

LORD SOMMERS.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addreſs'd to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a perſon beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent writers; and being wholly free from that ſlavery, which bookſellers uſually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wiſe piece of preſumption to inſcribe theſe papers to your lordſhip, and to implore your lordſhip's protection of them. God and your lordſhip know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a ſtranger to the matter; and though every body elſe

ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the ſale of the book, at all the worſe, upon that ſcore. Your lordſhip's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I deſire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the ſole privilege of dedicating to your lordſhip.

I ſhould now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordſhip a liſt of your own virtues, and at the ſame time be very unwilling to offend your modeſty; but chiefly, I ſhould celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and ſmall fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myſelf. And I was juſt going on, in the uſual method, to peruſe a hundred or two of dedications, and tranſcribe an abſtract to be applied to your lordſhip; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the covers of theſe papers, I caſually obſerved written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain ſome important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ underſtood *Latin*;

Latin; (though I have them often in pay to tranſlate out of that language) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the curate of our pariſh, who engliſhed it thus, *Let it be given to the worthieſt:* and his comment was, that the author meant his works ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wiſdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my ſhop) in an alley hard by, ſhewed him the tranſlation, and deſired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorr'd; but, by the deſcription he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and, at the ſame time, he very kindly offer'd his own aſſiſtance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himſelf. I deſired him however to give a ſecond gueſs; why then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to ſeveral other wits of my acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and wearineſs to my perſon from a prodigious number of dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all in the ſame

juſtice, and politeneſs, and candor, and evenneſs of temper in all ſcenes of life; of that great diſcernment in diſcovering, and readineſs in favouring deſerving men; with forty other common topics: I confeſs, I have neither conſcience, nor countenance to do it. Becauſe, there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which ſome circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the ſtage of the world; and thoſe few, which, for want of occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your *friends*, your * *enemies* have at length brought to light.

It is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright example of your lordſhip's virtues ſhould be loſt to after-ages, both for their ſake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the hiſtory of a *late* † *reign*; and that is another reaſon, why I would forbear to

* In 1701 lord *Sommers* was impeached by the commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reaſons, delay'd coming to a trial, and the lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. *William*'s; whoſe memory he defended in the H. of Lords againſt ſome invidious reflexions of the E. of *Nottingham*.

make

make a recital of them here; becauſe I have been told by wiſe men, that, as dedications have run for ſome years paſt, a good hiſtorian will not be apt to have recourſe thither in ſearch of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far upon the praiſe of our patrons *liberality*, to ſpend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your lordſhip's, than by giving you ſo ample an occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though perhaps I ſhall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordſhip upon that ſcore, who having been formerly uſed to tedious harangues *, and ſometimes to as little purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially, when it is offered by one, who is with all reſpect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt faithful ſervant,

The Bookſeller.

* Sir *John Sommers* was attorney general; then made lord keeper of the ſeals in 1692, and lord high chancellor and baron of *Eveſham* in *April* 1697.

TO THE READER.

IT is now * ſix years ſince theſe papers came firſt to my hand, which ſeems to have been about a twelve-month after they were written: for, the author tells us in his preface to the firſt treatiſe, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697, and in ſeveral paſſages of that diſcourſe, as well as the ſecond, it appears, they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of ſatisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is loſt, having lent it to a perſon, ſince dead, and being never in poſſeſſion of it after: ſo that, whether the work received his laſt hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a ſecret.

If I ſhould go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became maſter of theſe papers, it would in this unbelieving age paſs for little more than the cant, or jar-

* The Tale of a Tub was firſt publiſhed in 1704.

gon

on of the trade. I therefore gladly ſpare oth him and myſelf ſo unneceſſary a trou-le. There yet remains a difficult queſ-ion, why I publiſhed them no ſooner. I orbore upon two accounts: firſt, becauſe thought I had better work upon my ands; and ſecondly, becauſe I was not vithout ſome hope of hearing from the uthor, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelli-gence of a ſurreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new poliſhed and refined, or as our preſent writers expreſs themſelves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done, with great feli-city, to *Don Quixote*, *Boccalini*, *la Bruyere*, and other authors. However, I thought t fairer dealing to offer the whole work in ts naturals. If any gentleman will pleaſe o furniſh me with a key, in order to ex-plain the more difficult parts, I ſhall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itſelf.

† See the Apology.

THE

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I HERE preſent *your highneſs* with the fruits of a very few leiſure hours, ſtolen from the ſhort intervals of a world of buſineſs, and of an employment quite alien from ſuch amuſements as this: the poor production of that refuſe of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a

The citation out of *Iræneus* in the *title-page*, which ſeems to be all *Gibberiſh*, is a form of initiation uſed antiently by the *Marcoſian* heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the uſual ſtyle of decried writers to appeal to Poſterity, who is here repreſented as a prince in his nonage, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by perſonating other writers, who ſometimes offer ſuch reaſons and excuſes for publiſhing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be aſhamed of.

tedious

tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reaſons, it cannot chuſe extreamly to deſerve ſuch a patronage as that of *your highneſs*, whoſe numberleſs virtues, in ſo few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although *your highneſs* is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the univerſal learned world already reſolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the loweſt and moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion; fate having decreed you ſole arbiter of the productions of human wit in this polite and moſt accompliſhed age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any judge of a genius leſs unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent ſuch glorious trials, the *perſon*, it ſeems, to whoſe care the education of *your highneſs* is committed, has reſolved (as I am told) to keep you in almoſt an univerſal ignorance of our ſtudies, which it is your inherent birthright to inſpect.

It is amazing to me, that this *perſon* ſhould have aſſurance in the face of the ſun to go about perſuading *your highneſs*, that

that our age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any ſubject. I know very well, that when *your highneſs* ſhall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this *inſolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, deſigns to reduce them to a number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my ſpleen for the honour and intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing body, as well as of myſelf, for whom I know by long experience, he has profeſſed, and ſtill continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that, when *your highneſs* will one day peruſe what I am now writing, you may be ready to expoſtulate with your *governor* upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to ſhew you ſome of our productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his deſigns) by aſking *your highneſs*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pre-

tend

tend it a demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found: not to be found! who has miſlaid them? are they ſunk in the abyſs of things? it is certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to depreſs them to the center. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by *purges*, or martyred by *pipes?* who adminiſtred them to the poſteriors of——? But that it may no longer be a doubt with *your highneſs*, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin; I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible *ſcythe*, which your *governor* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his *nails* and *teeth*: conſider his baneful, abominable *breath*, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance. Oh! that *your highneſs*

meſs would one day reſolve to diſarm this uſurping * *maitre du palais*, of his furious engines, and bring your empire † *hors de page*.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral methods of tyranny and deſtruction, which your *governor* is pleaſed to practiſe upon this occaſion. His inveterate malice is ſuch to the writings of our age, that of ſeveral thouſands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the ſun there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants, many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learnt their *mother tongue* to beg for pity. Some he ſtifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: ſome he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to *Moloch*, and the reſt, tainted by his breath, die of a languiſhing conſumption.

* *Comptroller.* The kingdom of *France* had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was adminiſtered by the *mayor de palais*, till *Charles Martel* the laſt mayor put his maſter to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.

† *Out of guardianſhip.*

But

But the concern I have moſt at heart, is for our corporation of *poets*, from whom I am preparing a petition to *your highneſs*, to be ſubſcribed with the names of one hundred thirty-ſix of the firſt rate, but whoſe immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earneſt appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to ſhew for a ſupport to his pretenſions. The *never-dying* works of theſe illuſtrious perſons your *governor*, ſir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and *your highneſs* is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one ſingle poet.

We confeſs *immortality* to be a great and powerful goddeſs; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our ſacrifices, if *your highneſs*'s *governor*, who has uſurped the *prieſthood*, muſt by an unparallel'd ambition and avarice wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, ſeems to be an aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſometime think-

ing,

ing, the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable demonſtration. It is true indeed, that altho' their numbers be vaſt, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the ſcene, that they eſcape our memory, and elude our ſight. When I firſt thought of this addreſs, I had prepared a copious liſt of *titles* to preſent *your highneſs*, as an undiſputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were poſted freſh upon all gates and corners of ſtreets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their places: I enquired after them among readers and bookſellers, but I enquired in vain, the *memorial of them was loſt among men, their place was no more to be found:* and I was laughed to ſcorn for a *clown* and a *pedant*, without all taſte and refinement, little verſed in the courſe of *preſent* affairs, and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to *your highneſs*, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a taſk too ſlippery for my ſlender abilities.

If I ſhould venture in a windy day to affirm to *your highneſs*, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon* in the form of a *bear*, another in the *zenith* with the head of an *aſs*, a third to the weſtward with claws like a *dragon*; and *your highneſs* ſhould in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and poſition, new ones would ariſe, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was groſly miſtaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your *governor* perhaps may ſtill inſiſt, and put the queſtion: What is then become of thoſe immenſe bales of paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch numbers of books? can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden, as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an objection? it ill befits the diſtance between *your highneſs* and me, to ſend you for ocular conviction to a *jakes*, or an *oven*; to the windows of a *bawdy-houſe*, or to a ſordid *lanthern*. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but

but there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to *your highneſs* in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to ſay is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for your peruſal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a ſpecimen of our learning, our politeneſs, and our wit. I do therefore affirm upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whoſe tranſlation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent ſearch were made, for aught I know, is yet to be ſeen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has cauſed many reams of verſe to be publiſhed, whereof both himſelf and his bookſeller (if lawfully required) can ſtill produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleaſed to make ſuch a ſecret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vaſt comprehenſion, an univerſal genius, and moſt profound learning. There are alſo

one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, moſt profound critics. There is a perſon ſtyled Dr. *Bentley*, who has written near a thouſand pages of immenſe erudition, *giving a full and true account* of a certain *ſquabble* of wonderful importance between himſelf and a bookſeller *: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man raillies with a better grace, and in more ſprightly turns. Farther I avow to *your highneſs*, that with theſe eyes I have beheld the perſon of *William Wotton*, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable volume againſt a *friend of your governor* † (from whom alas he muſt therefore look for little favour) in a moſt gentlemanly ſtile, adorned with the utmoſt politeneſs and civility; replete with diſcoveries equally valuable for their novelty and uſe; and embelliſhed with *traits* of wit ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementionʼd *friend*.

Why ſhould I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with

* *Bentley* in his controverſy with lord *Orrery* upon the genuineneſs of *Phalaris*'s epiſtles has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookſeller about the loan and reſtitution of a MS.

† Sir *William Temple*.

the

the juſt elogies of my contemporary brethren? I ſhall bequeath this piece of juſtice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the preſent ſet of *wits* in our nation: their perſons I ſhall deſcribe particularly and at length, their genius and underſtandings in *mignature.*

In the mean time, I do here make bold to preſent *your highneſs* with a faithful abſtract drawn from the univerſal body of all arts and ſciences, intended wholly for your ſervice and inſtruction: nor do I doubt in the leaſt, but *your highneſs* will peruſe it as carefully, and make as conſiderable improvements, as *other* young *princes* have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their ſtudies *.

That *your highneſs* may advance in wiſdom and virtue, as well as years, and at laſt out-ſhine all your royal anceſtors, ſhall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highneſs's

Moſt devoted, &c.

Decemb. 1697.

* There were innumerable books printed for the uſe of the *Dauphine* of *France.*

THE

PREFACE.

THE wits of the preſent age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems, the grandees of *church* and *ſtate* begin to fall under horrible apprehenſions, leſt theſe gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick holes in the weak ſides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force, and edge of thoſe formidable enquirers, from canvaſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome time as well as coſt to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly encreaſing by new levies of wits all appointed (as there is reaſon to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offenſive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent expedient be thought on, 'till

the main deſign can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee ſome days ago this important diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined obſerver: that ſeamen have a cuſtom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amuſement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ſhip. This parable was immediately mythologiſed: the *whale* was interpreted to be *Hobbes*'s *Leviathan*, which toſſes and plays with all ſchemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the *leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are ſaid to borrow their weapons. The *ſhip* in danger is eaſily underſtood to be its old antitype the *commonwealth*. But how to analyſe the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty: when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preſerved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent theſe *leviathans* from toſſing and ſporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itſelf is too apt to *fluctuate*, they ſhould be diverted from that game

game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the ſole deſign in publiſhing the following treatiſe, which I hope will ſerve for an *interim* of ſome months to employ thoſe unquiet ſpirits, 'till the perfecting of that great work; into the ſecret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous reader ſhould have ſome little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand ſeven hundred forty and three perſons: which by modeſt computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral ſchools of this academy, and there purſue thoſe ſtudies to which their genius moſt inclines them. The undertaker himſelf will publiſh his propoſals with all convenient ſpeed, to which I ſhall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the principal ſchools: there is, firſt, a large *pæderaſtic* ſchool, with *French* and *Italian* maſters. There is, alſo,

the

the *ſpelling* ſchool, *a very ſpacious building*: the ſchool of *looking-glaſſes*: the ſchool of *ſwearing*: the ſchool of *critics*: the ſchool of *ſalivation*: the ſchool of *hobby-horſes*: the ſchool of *poetry*: * the ſchool of *tops*: the ſchool of *ſpleen*: the ſchool of *gaming*: with many others, too tedious to recount. No perſon to be admitted member into any of theſe ſchools without an atteſtation under two ſufficient perſons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But, to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatiſe. Not ſo my more ſucceſsful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a preface or dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing ſtroke to ſurpriſe the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to

* This I think the author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame nature with the *ſchool* of *hobby-horſes*, if one may venture to cenſure one, who is ſo ſevere a cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little diſtinction.

enſue.

ſuſe. Such was that of a moſt ingenious poet, who, ſolliciting his brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*: this was * *inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio.* When I went through that neceſſary and noble † courſe of ſtudy, I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious touches, which I ſhall not injure the authors by tranſplanting: becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage. Some things are extreamly witty *to-day*, or *faſting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *ſpoke by Mr.* Whatd'y'call'm, or *in a ſummer's morning*: any of the which, by the ſmalleſt tranſpoſal or miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being loſt. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumſtances of time, place, and perſon. Such a jeſt there is,

* *Hor.* Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

that

that will not paſs out of *Covent-Garden*; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at *Hyde-Park* corner. Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me to conſider, that all the towardly paſſages I ſhall deliver in the following treatiſe, will grow quite out of date and reliſh with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent ſcene, yet I muſt needs ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe, I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at expence to furniſh wit for ſucceeding ages, when the former have made no ſort of proviſion for ours: wherein I ſpeak the ſentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extreamly ſollicitous, that every accompliſhed perſon, who has got into the taſte of wit calculated for this preſent month of *Auguſt*, 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very *bottom* of all the *ſublime* throughout this treatiſe; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader deſires to have a thorough comprehenſion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himſelf into the circumſtances and poſtures of

of life, that the writer was in upon every important paſſage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and ſtrict correſpondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to aſſiſt the diligent reader in ſo delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the ſhrewdeſt pieces of this treatiſe were conceived in bed, in a garret: at other times, for a reaſon beſt known to myſelf, I thought fit to ſharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long courſe of phyſic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid peruſer to go along with me in a great many bright paſſages, unleſs, upon the ſeveral difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe directions. And this I lay down as my principal *poſtulatum*.

Becauſe I have profeſſed to be a moſt devoted ſervant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend ſome curious *wit* may object againſt me, for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to the

the cuſtom, againſt the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers moſt reaſonably complain. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of theſe I have preſerved a few examples, and ſhall ſet them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus;

For a man to ſet up for a writer, when the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

The tax upon paper does not leſſen the number of ſcriblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another;

When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the liſts, &c.

Another;

To obſerve what traſh the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

Another;

Sir, *It is meerly in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who upon a leſs conſideration would be of a party with ſuch a rabble of ſcriblers,* &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence againſt this objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuiſance to our nation, having ſtrenuouſly maintained the contrary in ſeveral parts of the following diſcourſe. Secondly, I do not well underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite prefaces to be not only from the ſame hand, but from thoſe, who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral productions. Upon which, I ſhall tell the reader a ſhort tale:

A mountebank, in *Leiceſter-Fields*, had drawn a huge aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unwieldy fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? pray, good people, give way a little. Bleſs me! what a devil has raked this rabble together: z——ds, what ſqueezing is this!

honeſt friend, remove your elbow. At laſt a *weaver*, that ſtood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you *(ſaid he)* for an overgrown ſloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcaſs than any five here? is not the place as free for us as for you? bring your own guts to a reaſonable compaſs, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reaſon to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or ſentence is printed in a different character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary either of *wit* or *ſublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf, upon ſome occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no excuſe, if a multitude of great examples be

be allowed ſufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that *praiſe* was originally a penſion paid by the world; but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-ſimple*; ſince which time, the right of preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this reaſon it is, that, when an author makes his own elogy, he uſes a certain form to declare and inſiſt upon his title, which is commonly in theſe or the like words, *I ſpeak without vanity*; which I think plainly ſhews it to be a matter of right and juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatiſe the form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the trouble of repeating it on ſo many occaſions.

It is a great eaſe to my conſcience, that I have written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſcourſe without one grain of ſatyr intermixed; which is the ſole point, wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have obſerved ſome ſatyriſts to uſe the public much at the rate, that

pedants do a naughty boy ready horſed for diſcipline: firſt, expoſtulate the caſe, then plead the neceſſity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a laſh. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, theſe gentlemen might very well ſpare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a member as the *world's poſteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Beſides, moſt of our late ſatyriſts ſeem to lie under a ſort of miſtake; that, becauſe *nettles* have the prerogative to ſting, therefore all *other weeds* muſt do ſo too. I make not this compariſon out of the leaſt deſign to detract from theſe worthy writers: for it is well known among *mythologiſts*, that *weeds* have the preheminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the firſt *monarch* of this iſland, whoſe taſte and judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the *roſes* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thiſtles* in their ſtead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reaſon it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the ſaty-

rical

rical itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flouriſh and abound: may it ſurvive and neglect the ſcorn of the world, with as much eaſe and contempt, as the world is inſenſible to the laſhes of it. May their own dulneſs, or that of their party, be no diſcouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with *razors*, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe they are employ'd on, as when they have *loſt their edge*. Beſides, thoſe, whoſe teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reaſon I muſt needs bear a true honour to this large eminent ſect of our *Britiſh* writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offenſive to their ears, ſince it has the advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, nature herſelf has taken order, that fame and honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better penny-worth by ſatyr, than by any other

productions of the brain, the world being ſooneſt provoked to *praiſe* by *laſhes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty topics without the ſmalleſt tincture of any thing new, not only to the torment and nauſeating of the *chriſtian* reader, but, if not ſuddenly prevented, to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent diſeaſe, the lethargy, in this iſland: whereas there is very little ſatyr, which has not ſomething in it untouched before. The defects of the former are uſually imputed to the want of invention among thoſe, who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injuſtice, the ſolution being eaſy and natural: for, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long ſince exhauſted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the ſame, whereas diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new and daily additions; ſo, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his ſollies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly

hourly to the heap. Now the utmoſt a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a liſt of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt liberality to his hero or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phraſe 'till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all * *pork*, with a little variety of ſauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhauſted, terms of art muſt be ſo too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of ſatyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient reaſon, why the latter will be always better received than the firſt. For, this being beſtowed only upon one, or a few perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe envy, and conſequently ill words from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the bleſſing: but ſatyr, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any, ſince every individual perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular part of the burthen

* *Plutarch.*

upon the ſhoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the difference between *Athens* and *England* with reſpect to the point before us. In the † *Attic* commonwealth it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expoſe upon the ſtage, by name, any perſon they pleaſed, though of the greateſt figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demoſthenes*: but, on the other ſide, the leaſt reflecting word let fall againſt the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however conſiderable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in *England* it is juſt the reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt *rhetoric* againſt mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, " *That all are gone aſtray*; *that* " *there is none that doth good, no not one*; " *that we live in the very dregs of time*; " *that knavery and atheiſm are epidemic* " *as the pox*; *that honeſty is fled with* Aſ-

† Vid. *Xen.*

" træa;"

"_ træa;" with any other common places, *equally* new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the * *ſplendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and uſeful truths. Nay farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in *Covent-Garden* againſt foppery and fornication, and *ſomething elſe:* againſt pride, and diſſimulation, and bribery, at *White-Hall:* you may expoſe rapine and injuſtice in the *inns* of *court* chapel: and in a *city* pulpit, be as fierce as you pleaſe againſt avarice, hypocriſy, and extortion. 'Tis but a *ball* bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the company. But, on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the nature of things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle hint in public, how *ſuch a one* ſtarved half the fleet, and half poiſoned the reſt: how *ſuch a one*, from a true principle of *love* and *honour*, pays no debts but for *wenches* and *play:* how *ſuch a one* has got a clap,

* *Hor. Spleen.*

A

TALE of a TUB.

SECT. I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb, with indefatigable pains, 'till he has exalted himſelf to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all aſſemblies, though you wedge them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *bell*;

* —— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.

To this end the philoſopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain *edi-*

* But to return, and view the cheerful ſkies;
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.

fices

fices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation theſe kind of ſtructures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in, not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he was ſuſpended in a baſket to help contemplation; I think, with due ſubmiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two inconveniences. *Firſt*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *ſight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from inclemencies of air, eſpecially in theſe north-weſt regions.

Therefore, towards the juſt performance of this great work there remain but three methods, that I can think on; whereof the wiſdom of our anceſtors being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the uſe of thoſe orators, who deſire to talk much without interruption. Theſe are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *ſtage-itinerant*. For, as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the ſame matter, and deſigned for the ſame uſe, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth,

fourth, by reaſon of its level or inferior ſituation expoſing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itſelf, though raiſed to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates inſiſt on. For, if they pleaſe to look into the original deſign of its erection, and the circumſtances or adjuncts ſubſervient to that deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent practice exactly correſpondent to the primitive inſtitution, and both to anſwer the etymology of the name, which in the *Phœnician* tongue is a word of great ſignification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of ſleep*; but in common acceptation, *a ſeat well bolſtered and cuſhioned, for the repoſe of old and gouty limbs: ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilſt others *ſlept*, ſo now they may *ſleep* as long, whilſt others *talk.*

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the liſt of oratorial machines, it were ſufficient, that the admiſſion of them would overthrow

overthrow a number, which I was reſolved to eſtabliſh, whatever argument it might coſt me; in imitation of that prudent method obſerved by many other philoſophers and great clerks, whoſe chief art in diviſion has been to grow fond of ſome proper myſtical number, which their imaginations have rendered ſacred, to a degree, that they force common reaſon to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjuſting every *genus* and *ſpecies* within that compaſs, by coupling ſome againſt their wills, and baniſhing others at any rate. Now, among all the reſt, the profound number THREE is that, which hath moſt employed my ſublimeſt ſpeculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the preſs, and will be publiſhed next term, a panegyrical eſſay of mine upon this number, wherein I have by moſt convincing proofs not only reduced the *ſenſes* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the firſt of theſe oratorial machines in place, as well as dignity, is the *pulpit.*

pulpit. Of *pulpits* there are in this iſland ſeveral ſorts; but I eſteem only that made of timber from the *ſylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of ſound, and for other reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in ſhape and ſize I take to conſiſt in being extreamly narrow, with litle ornament, and beſt of all without a cover (for, by antient rule it ought to be the only uncovered *veſſel* in every aſſembly, where it is rightfully uſed) by which means, from its near reſemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need ſay nothing: it is obſerved by foreigners themſelves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and underſtanding of this machine. The aſcending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their ſpeeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt treaſury of our *Britiſh* eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and book-

bookſeller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he ſhortly deſigns to publiſh in twelve volumes in folio, illuſtrated with copper-plates. A work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a hand.

The laſt engine of orators is the * *ſtage itinerant*, erected with much ſagacity, † *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis & quadriviis.* It is the great ſeminary of the two former, and its orators are ſometimes preferred to the one, and ſometimes to the other, in proportion to their deſervings, there being a ſtrict and perpetual intercourſe between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifeſt, that for obtaining attention in public there is of neceſſity required a *ſuperior poſition of place.* But, although this point be generrlly granted, yet the cauſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural ſolution of this *phænomenon.* The deepeſt account, and the moſt fairly

* Is the *mountebank's ſtage*, whoſe orators the author determines either to the *gallows* or a *conventicle.*

† In the open air, and in ſtreets where the greateſt reſort is.

digeſted

digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the ſyſtem of * *Epicurus*, continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by words; which are alſo bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep *impreſſions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient force.

† *Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,*
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere ſenſus. Lucr. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture from a common obſervation; that in the ſeveral aſſemblies of theſe orators, nature itſelf hath inſtructed the hearers to ſtand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicu-

* *Lucret.* Lib. 2.

† 'Tis certain then, that *voice* that thus can wound,
Is all *material*; *body* every *ſound*.

lar line from the zenith to the center of the earth. In which poſition, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a ſhare, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our modern theatres. For, firſt, the pit is ſunk below the ſtage with due regard to the inſtitution above-deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter ſhall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which ſtand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; becauſe, that large portion of wit, laid out in raiſing pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid underſtandings of the inhabitants. Bombaſtry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all, and

and would be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foreſight contrived for them a fourth place, called *the twelve-penny-gallery*, and there planted a ſuitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their paſſage.

Now this phyſico-logical ſcheme of oratorial receptacles or machines contains a great myſtery, being a type, a ſign, an emblem, a ſhadow, a ſymbol, bearing analogy to the ſpacious commonwealth of writers, and to thoſe methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern ſaints* in *Great-Britain*, as they have ſpiritualiſed and refined them from the droſs and groſſneſs of *ſenſe* and *human reaſon*. The matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten wood; and that upon two conſiderations; becauſe it is the quality of rotten wood to give *light* in the dark: and ſecondly, becauſe its cavities are full of worms; which is a * type with a pair of

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.

handles, having a reſpect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate ſymbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*, to both of which ſo noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. † Of *faction*, becauſe *

* * * * *
* * * * * * *Hiatus in MS.*
* * * * *
* * * * * *

Of *poetry*, becauſe its orators do *perorare* with a ſong; and becauſe climbing up by ſlow degrees, fate is ſure to turn them off before they can reach within many ſteps of the top: and becauſe it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the *ſtage itinerant* are couched thoſe productions deſigned for the pleaſure and delight of mortal man; ſuch as, *fix-penny-worth of wit*, *Weſtminſter drolleries*, *delightful tales*, *compleat jeſters*, and the

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuſcript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot ſay any thing worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the ſubject, or when it is a matter of little moment, or perhaps to amuſe his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, laſtly, with ſome ſatyrical intention.

like;

like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in theſe latter ages ſo nobly triumphed over *time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hourglaſs, blunted his ſcythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his ſhoes. It is under this claſs, I have preſumed to liſt my preſent treatiſe, being juſt come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illuſtrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-ſtreet* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* ſtart-up ſocieties to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed poſt in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean; nor has the world been ſo negligent a looker-on, as not to obſerve the continual efforts made by the ſocieties of *Greſham* * and of † *Will*'s to edify a name

* *Greſham* college was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to *Crane-Court* in *Fleet-Street*.

† *Will*'s *coffee-houſe* in *Co-*

name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderneſs as well as of juſtice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themſelves, to ſay nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are ſeminaries not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the liſts with united forces, and challenge us to a compariſon of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *preſident*, I humbly offer two anſwers: firſt, we ſay, the propoſal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a * *ſmaller* affair, including an impoſſibility in the practice; for, where can they find ſcales of *capacity* enough for the firſt, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for the ſecond. Secondly, we are ready to accept the chal-

vent-Garden was formerly the place where the poets uſually met, which, though it be yet freſh in memory, in ſome years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

* *Viz.* About moving the earth.

lenge;

lenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial judgment it ſhould be left to decide, which ſociety each book, treatiſe or pamphlet do moſt properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent: for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of ſome thouſands, which in all common juſtice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination ſhould be remitted to the authors themſelves; when our adverſaries by briguing and caballing have cauſed ſo univerſal a defection from us, that the greateſt part of our ſociety hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own us.

This is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a ſubject; becauſe we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controverſy, whoſe continuance may be ſo fatal to the intereſts of us all, deſiring much rather that things

be amicably compoſed; and we ſhall ſo far advance on our ſide, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their *huſks* and their *harlots*; which, I think, from the * preſent courſe of their ſtudies they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and like an indulgent parent continue to them our affection and our bleſſing.

But the greateſt maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our ſociety have formerly received (next to the tranſitory ſtate of all ſublunary things) hath been a ſuperficial vein among many readers of the preſent age, who will by no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the ſurface and the rind of things; whereas, *wiſdom* is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the pains to dig out: it is a *cheeſe*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer coat; and whereof to a judicious palate the *maggots* are the beſt: it is a *ſack-poſſet*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter.

* Virtuoſo experiments, and modern comedies.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom is a *hen*, whoſe *cackling* we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an *egg*: but, then laſtly, it is a *nut*, which, unleſs you chuſe with judgment, may coſt you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In conſequence of theſe momentous truths, the *grubæan* ſages have always choſen to convey their precepts and their arts ſhut up within the vehicles of types and fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe vehicles, after the uſual fate of coaches over finely painted and gilt; that the tranſitory gazers have ſo dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider the perſon or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs reluctancy, becauſe it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *Æſop*, *Socrates*, and other of our predeceſſors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourſelves, may any longer ſuffer by ſuch miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends,

friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious diſſertation upon the prime productions of our ſociety, which, beſides their beautiful externals for the gratification of ſuperficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the moſt finiſhed and refined ſyſtems of all ſciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwiſting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or diſplay by inciſion.

This great work was entered upon ſome years ago by one of our moſt eminent members: he began with the hiſtory of †*Reynard* the *fox*, but neither lived to publiſh his eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an attempt, which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the diſcovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerſally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will diſpute that famous treatiſe to be a compleat body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypſe* of all ſtate *arcana*. But the progreſs I have made is much greater,

† The author ſeems here to be miſtaken, for I have ſeen a *Latin* edition of *Reynard* the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the reſt, it has been thought by many people to contain ſome ſatyrical deſign in it.

having

having already finiſhed my annotations upon ſeveral dozens; from ſome of which, I ſhall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the concluſion, at which I aim.

The firſt piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whoſe author was a *Pythagorean* philoſopher. This dark treatiſe contains the whole ſcheme of the *Metempſychoſis*, deducing the progreſs of the ſoul through all her ſtages.

The next is Dr. *Fauſtus*, penned by *Artephius*, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*; he publiſhed it in the * nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida:* and the marriage between *Fauſtus* and *Helen* does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female dragon.*

Whittington and his cat is the work of that myſterious *rabbi*, *Jehuda Hannaſi*, containing a defence of the † *gemara* of the *Jeruſalem miſna*, and its juſt preference to that

* The chymiſts ſay of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thouſand years, and then died voluntarily.

† The *gemara* is the deciſion, explanation, or interpretation of the *Jewiſh* rabbis: and the *miſna* is properly the code or body of the *Jewiſh* civil or common law.

of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The *hind and panther*. This is the maſter-piece of a famous * writer now living, intended for a compleat abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchool-men from *Scotus* to *Bellarmin*.

Tommy Pots. Another piece ſuppoſed by the ſame hand, by way of ſupplement to the former.

The *wiſe men of* Goatham, *cum appendice*. This is a treatiſe of immenſe erudition, being the great original and fountain of thoſe arguments, bandied about both in *France* and *England*, for a juſt defence of the *moderns* learning and wit againſt the preſumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *antients*. This unknown author hath ſo exhauſted the ſubject, that a penetrating reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that diſpute to be little more than repetition. † An abſtract of this treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed by a *worthy member* of our ſociety.

Theſe notices may ſerve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taſte, of what

* *Viz.* In the year 1698.

† This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr. *Wotton*'s diſcourſe of ancient and modern learning.

the

the whole work is likely to produce; where-in I have now altogether circumſcribed my thoughts and my ſtudies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employed the * poor remains of an unfortunate life. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the ſervice of the ſtate, in *pro's* and *con's* upon *popiſh plots*, and † *meal tubs*, and *excluſion bills*, *and paſſive obedience*, and *addreſſes of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conſcience*, and *letters to a friend*: from an underſtanding and a conſcience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the oppoſite factions; and from a body ſpent with poxes ill cured, by truſting to bawds and ſurgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were profeſſed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my noſe and ſhins. Four-ſcore and eleven pamphlets have I written

* Here the author ſeems to perſonate *L'Eſtrange*, *Dryden*, and ſome others, who, after having paſt their lives in vices, faction and falſhood, have the impudence to talk of merit and innocence and ſufferings.

† In king *Charles* the Second's time, there was an account of a *preſbyterian* plot, found in a tub, which then made much noiſe.

under

under three reigns, and for the ſervice of ſix and thirty factions. But, finding the ſtate has no farther occaſion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into ſpeculations more becoming a philoſopher; having, to my unſpeakable comfort, paſſed a long life with a conſcience void of offence.

But to return. I am aſſured from the reader's candor, that the brief ſpecimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our ſociety's productions from an aſperſion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther uſe or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their ſtyle; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt adverſaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical part, I have throughout this treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much thought and application of mind ſo ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common converſations of court and town,

is

is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* ſociety.

I confeſs to have been ſomewhat liberal in the buſineſs of * titles, having obſerved the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it ſeems not unreaſonable, that books, the children of the brain, ſhould have the honour to be chriſtened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a multiplicity of † *god-fathers*; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general imitation, when ſuch an authority ſerves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an example: but it ſeems, there is an unhappy expence uſually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which

* The title-page in the original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral titles, which the author here ſpeaks of.

† See *Virgil* tranſlated, *&c.* he dedicated the different parts of *Virgil* to different patrons.

was

was clearly out of my head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to ſplit my treatiſe into forty ſections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to ſtand, they all made it a matter of conſcience, and ſent me their excuſes.

SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three * ſons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldeſt. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, ſpoke thus:

Sons; *becauſe I have purchaſed no eſtate, nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good legacies to bequeath you; and at laſt, with much care as well as expence, have provided each of you* (here they are)

* By theſe three ſons, *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, *Popery*, the *Church of England*, and our *Proteſtant Diſſenters* are deſigned. *W. Wotton.*

a new

a new * *coat. Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the ſame proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themſelves, ſo as to be always fit. Here; let me ſee them on you before I die. So; very well; pray children wear them clean, and bruſh them often. You will find in my* † *will* (here it is) *full inſtructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you muſt be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every tranſgreſſion or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will intirely depend. I have alſo commanded in my will, that you ſhould live together in one houſe like brethren and friends, for then you will be ſure to thrive, and not otherwiſe.*

Here the ſtory ſays, this good father

* By his coats, which he gave his ſons, the garment of the *Iſraelites*. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with ſubmiſſion) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of *chriſtianity*, by the wiſdom of the divine founder fitted to all times, places, and circumſtances. *Lambin.*

† The new teſtament.

died, and the three ſons went all together to ſeek their fortunes.

I ſhall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the firſt ſeven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully obſerved their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through ſeveral countries, encountered a reaſonable quantity of giants, and ſlew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themſelves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but eſpecially three, who about that time were in chief reputation: the * ducheſs *d' Argent*, *madame de Grands Titres*, and the counteſs *d' Orgueil*. On their firſt appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and ſoon with great ſagacity gueſſing out the reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ and raillied, and

* Their miſtreſſes are the *ducheſs d' Argent*, *mademoiſelle de Grands Titres*, and the *counteſs d' Orgueil*, i. e. *coveteouſneſs*, *ambition*, and *pride*; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed againſt, as the firſt corruptions of chriſtianity. *W. Wotton.*

rhymed,

rhymed, and ſung, and ſaid, and ſaid nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and ſlept, and ſwore, and took ſnuff: they went to new plays on the firſt night, haunted the *chocolate* houſes, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney coachmen, ran in debt with ſhopkeepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bayliffs, kicked fidlers down ſtairs, eat at *Locket*'s, loitered at *Will*'s: they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there: dined with lords they never ſaw: whiſpered a ducheſs, and ſpoke never a word: expoſed the ſcrawls of their laundreſs for billetdoux of quality: came ever juſt from court, and were never ſeen in it: attended the levee *ſub dio*: got a liſt of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe committies of ſenators, who are ſilent in the *houſe*, and loud in the *coffee houſe*, where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompaſſed with a ring of diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other

qualifications of the like ſtamp, too tedious to recount, and by conſequence were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the town: but all would not ſuffice, and the ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I muſt, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourſe to ſome points of weight, which the authors of that age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

For, * about this time it happened a ſect aroſe, whoſe tenets obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good faſhion. They worſhipped a ſort of † *idol*, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the higheſt parts of the houſe, on an altar erected about three foot: he was ſhewn in the poſture of a *Perſian* emperor, ſitting on a *ſuperficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *gooſe* for his enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned

* This is an occaſional ſatyr upon dreſs and faſhion in order to introduce what follows.

† By this *idol* is meant taylor.

men

men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left-hand, beneath the altar, *hell* ſeemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating; to prevent which, certain of his prieſts hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed maſs, or ſubſtance, and ſometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was alſo held a ſubaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whoſe ſhrine was ſacrificed that creature, whoſe hourly food is human gore, and who is in ſo great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the * *Ægyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of theſe animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every day to appeaſe the hunger of that conſuming deity. The chief *idol* was alſo worſhipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*, whether as the god of ſeamen, or on account of certain other myſtical attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

The worſhippers of this deity had alſo

* The *Ægyptians* worſhipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, ſtyled here creatures that feed on human gore.

a ſyſtem of their belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the univerſe to be a large *ſuit of cloaths*, which *inveſts* every thing: that the earth is *inveſted* by the air; the air is *inveſted* by the ſtars; and the ſtars are *inveſted* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and faſhionable *dreſs*. What is that which ſome call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *ſea*, but a waiſtcoat of water-tabby? proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* nature hath been to trim up the *vegetable* beaux: obſerve how ſparkiſh a periwig adorns the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white ſatin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himſelf but a * *micro-coat*, or rather a compleat ſuit of cloaths with all its trimmings? as to his body there can be no diſpute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furniſhing

* Alluding to the word as man hath been called by *microcoſm*, or a little world, philoſophers.

out

out an exact dreſs: to inſtance no more; is not religion a *cloak*, honeſty a *pair of ſhoes* worn out in the dirt, ſelf-love a *ſurtout*, vanity a *ſhirt*, and conſcience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?

Theſe *poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due courſe of reaſoning, that thoſe beings, which the world calls improperly *ſuits of cloaths*, are in reality the moſt refined ſpecies of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inſeparable proprieties? in ſhort we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the ſtreets, fill up *parliament*——, *coffee*——, *play*——, *bawdy-houſes?* It is true indeed, that theſe animals, which are vulgarly called *ſuits of cloaths*, or *dreſſes*, do according to certain compoſitions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain,

and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horſe, it is called a *lord-mayor*: if certain ermins and furrs be placed in a certain poſition, we ſtyle them a *judge*; and ſo an apt conjunction of lawn and black ſattin we intitle a *biſhop*.

Others of theſe profeſſors, though agreeing in the main ſyſtem, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *dreſſes*, the *natural* and *celeſtial ſuit*, which were the body and the ſoul: that the ſoul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former of daily creation and circumfuſion; this laſt they proved by *ſcripture*, becauſe, *in them we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewiſe by philoſophy, becauſe they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the body to be only a ſenſeleſs unſavoury carcaſs. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward dreſs muſt needs be the ſoul.

To this ſyſtem of religion, were tagged ſeveral

ſeveral ſubaltern * doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: *embroidery*, was *ſheer wit*; *gold fringe*, was *agreeable converſation*; *gold lace*, was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig*, was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder*, was very good *raillery*: all which required abundance of *fineſſe* and *delicateſſe* to manage with advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and faſhions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of antient authors this ſhort ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity, which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very

* The firſt part of the *Tale* is the hiſtory of *Peter*; thereby *popery* is expoſed: every body knows the *papiſts* have made great additions to chriſtianity, that indeed is the great exception which the *church of England* makes againſt them; accordingly *Peter* begins his pranks with adding a *ſhoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton.*

His deſcription of the cloth, of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may ſeem to import: "*The coats their father had* "*left them, were of very good* "*cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly* "*ſown, you would ſwear they* "*were all of a piece; but at* "*the ſame time very plain,* "*with little or no ornament.*" This is the diſtinguiſhing character of the chriſtian religion: *chriſtiana religio abſoluta & ſimplex*, was *Ammianus Marcellinus*'s deſcription of it, who was himſelf a heathen. *W. Wotton.*

different

different from any other ſyſtems either *antient* or *modern*. And it was not meerly to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that, knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in an age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events, which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous reader to peruſe with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving theſe broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my ſtory, and proceed.

Theſe opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very preciſe, and it was the

the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats one thread without a poſitive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them, were, 'tis true, of very good cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but at the ſame time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great * *ſhoulder-knots* came up: ſtrait all the world was *ſhoulder-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the *quota* of *ſhoulder-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no ſoul*; *where is his ſhoulder-knot?* Our three brethren ſoon diſcovered their want by ſad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *play-houſe*, the door-keeper ſhewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, ſays a waterman, *I am firſt ſculler*. If they ſtepped to the *roſe* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we ſell no*

* By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of pageantry, and unneceſſary ornaments in the church, ſuch as were neither for convenience nor edification, as a *ſhoulder-knot*, in which there is neither ſymmetry nor uſe.

ale.

ale. If they went to viſit a lady, a foot-man met them at the door, with *pray ſend up your meſſage.* In this unhapy caſe they went immediately to conſult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the *ſhoulder-knot:* what ſhould they do? what temper ſhould they find? obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet *ſhoulder-knots* appeared extremely requiſite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book learned* than the other two, ſaid, he had found an expedient. *It is true,* ſaid he, *there is nothing here in this will,* totidem verbis, *making mention of* ſhoulder-knots: *but I dare conjecture, we may find them* incluſivè, *or,* totidem ſyllabis. This diſtinction was immediately approved by all; and ſo they fell again to examine; but their evil ſtar had ſo directed the matter, that the firſt ſyllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which diſappointment he, who found the former evaſion, took heart, and ſaid, *Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them* totidem verbis, *nor* totidem ſyllabis, *I dare engage we ſhall make them out* tertio modo,

[redacted]

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J. L. Müller inv: del et Sc.

modo, *or* totidem literis. This diſcovery was alſo highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the ſcrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the ſame planet, enemy to their repoſe, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the diſtinguiſhing brother, for whom we ſhall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in antient manuſcripts. *Calendæ* hath in ‡ Q. V. C. been ſometimes written with a K, but erroneouſly; for in the beſt copies it has been ever ſpelt with a C. And by conſequence it was a groſs miſtake in our language to ſpell knot with a K; but that from henceforward, he would take care it ſhould be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vaniſhed; *ſhoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the beſt.

‡ Quibuſdam veteribus codicibus. Some ancient manuſcripts.

But,

But, as human happineſs is of a very ſhort duration, ſo in thoſe days were human faſhions, upon which it intirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their time, and we muſt now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came juſt from *Paris* with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-faſhion of that *month*. In two days all mankind appeared cloſed up in bars of * *gold-lace*: whoever durſt peep abroad without his compliment of *gold-lace*, was as ſcandalous as a — and as ill received among the women: what ſhould our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had ſufficiently ſtrained a point already in the affair of *ſhoulder-knots*: upon recourſe to the will, nothing appeared there, but *altum ſilentium*. That of the *ſhoulder-knots* was a looſe, flying, circumſtantial point; but this of *gold-lace* ſeemed too conſiderable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a poſitive precept. But

* I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting ſcripture.

about

about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforeſaid, had read *Ariſtotelis dialectica*, and eſpecially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itſelf; like commentators on the *revelations*, who proceed prophets without underſtanding a ſyllable of the text. *Brothers*, ſaid he, *you are to be informed, that of wills* duo ſunt genera, * *nuncupatory and ſcriptory*; *that in the ſcriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace*, conceditur: *but*, ſi idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. *For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow ſay, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man ſay, that he heard my father ſay, that he would adviſe his ſons to get* gold-lace *on their coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure money to buy it.* † *By G— that is very true*, cries the other; *I re-*

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the ſcripture, or rather greater.

† When the papiſts cannot find any thing which they want in Scripture, they go to *oral tradition*: Thus *Peter* is introduced diſſatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occaſion for in the *will*; when neither the conſtituent ſyllables, nor much leſs the whole word, were there *in terminis*. *W. Wotton.*

member

member it perfectly well, ſaid the third. And ſo without more ado they got the largeſt *gold-lace* in the pariſh, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up *all in faſhion* a pretty ſort of † *flame-coloured ſatin* for linings; and the *mercer* brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: *An pleaſe your worſhips*, ſaid he, *my lord C—, and ſir* J. W. *had linings out of this very piece laſt night; it takes wonderfully, and I ſhall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cuſhion, by to morrow morning at ten a clock.* Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, becauſe the preſent caſe alſo required a poſitive precept, the lining being held by

* This is purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to ſhew how ſcripture was perverted to prove it, which was done, by giving equal authority with the *canon* to *apocrypha*, called here a *codicil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of theſe changes in the brother's dreſſes, refers to ſome particular error in the *church of Rome*, though it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of *flame-coloured ſattin*, is manifeſtly intended *purgatory*; by *gold-lace* may perhaps be underſtood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the *ſhoulder-knots* and *ſilver fringe* are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me; but the *Indian* figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the *Romiſh* churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin *Mary*, and our Saviour as a child.

orthodox

orthodox writers to be of the eſſence of the coat. After long ſearch they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a ſhort advice of their father in the will * to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to ſleep. This, though a good deal for the purpoſe, and helping very far towards ſelf-conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of force to eſtabliſh a command; (being reſolved to avoid farther ſcruple, as well as future occaſion for ſcandal,) ſays he that was the ſcholar, *I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the reſt. Now, I have been conſidering of this ſame will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of ſuch a codicil: I will therefore faſten one in its proper place very dextrouſly; I have had it by me ſome time; it was written by a dog-keeper of † my grand father's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured ſatin.*

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguiſh their luſts.

† I believe this refers to that part of the *apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his *dog*.

The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment ſcrowl was tagged on according to art in the form of a *codicil annexed*, and the *ſatin* bought and worn.

Next winter a *player*, hired for the purpoſe by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy all covered with * *ſilver fringe*, and according to the laudable cuſtom gave riſe to that faſhion. Upon which the brothers conſulting their father's will, to their great aſtoniſhment found theſe words; item, *I charge and command my ſaid three ſons to wear no ſort of* ſilver fringe *upon or about their ſaid coats*, &c. with a penalty, in caſe of diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome pauſe the brother ſo often mentioned for his erudition, who was well ſkilled in criticiſms, had found in a certain author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does alſo ſignify a *broom-ſtick* †:

* This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

† The next ſubject of our author's wit, is the gloſſes and interpretations of ſcripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt authentic books of the *church of Rome*. *W. Wotton.*

and

and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers diſliked, becauſe of that epithet *ſilver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of ſpeech be reaſonably applied to a *broom-ſtick*: but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was underſtood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* ſenſe. However, he objected again, why their father ſhould forbid them to wear a *broom-ſtick* on their coats, a caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a *myſtery*, which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be over-curiouſly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And in ſhort, their father's authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful diſpenſation for wearing their full proportion of *ſilver fringe*.

A while after was revived an old faſhion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with * *Indian figures* of men, women, and

* The images of ſaints, the bleſſed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the *church of Rome* give him but too fair a handle, *the brothers remembered*, &c. The allegory here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

children. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this faſhion; that he made ſeveral paragraphs on purpoſe, importing his utter deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting curſe to his ſons, whenever they ſhould wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the faſhion than any body elſe in the town. But they ſolved the matter by ſaying, that theſe figures were not at all the *ſame* with thoſe, that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Beſides, they did not wear them in the ſenſe, as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable cuſtom, and of great uſe to the public. That theſe rigorous clauſes in the will did therefore require ſome *allowance*, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*.

But faſhions perpetually altering in that age, the ſcholaſtic brother grew weary of ſearching farther evaſions, and ſolving everlaſting contradictions. Reſolved therefore at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world; they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimouſly to lock

* lock up their father's will in a *ſtrong box*, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy*, I have forgotten which, and trouble themſelves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In conſequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, moſt of them *tagged with ſilver:* upon which, the ſcholar pronounced † *ex cathedra*, that *points* were abſolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the faſhion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauſes for public emolument, though not dedu-

* The papiſts formerly forbad the people the uſe of ſcripture in a vulgar tongue, *Peter* therefore *locks up his father's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of* Greece *or* Italy: theſe countries are named, becauſe the *New Teſtament* is written in *Greek*; and the *vulgar Latin*, which is the authentic edition of the *bible* in the church of *Rome*, is in the language of old *Italy*. *W. Wotton.*

† The *popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their ſanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the *church of Rome*, that are not mentioned in ſcripture, and are unknown to the primitive church: *Peter*, accordingly, pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with ſilver were abſolutely* jure paterno; and ſo they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton.*

cible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or elſe *multa abſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for *canonical*, and therefore on the following *Sunday* they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother ſo often mentioned was reckoned the beſt ſcholar in all that, or the next ſtreet to it; inſomuch as, having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a † *certain lord*, to receive him into his houſe, and to teach his children. A while after the *lord* died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that houſe to himſelf, and his heirs: upon which he took poſſeſſion, turned the young ſquires out, and received his brothers in their ſtead *.

† This was *Conſtantine the Great*, from whom the *popes* pretend a donation of St. *Peter*'s patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

* *Ibid.* The biſhops of *Rome* enjoyed their privileges in *Rome* at firſt by the favour of emperors, whom at laſt they ſhut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Conſtantine the Great*, the better to juſtify what they did. In imitation of this, *Peter, having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord*, &c. *W. Wotton.*

SECT.

SECT. III.

A digreſſion concerning critics.

ALTOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illuſtrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my memory led me into an error, from which I muſt extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal ſubject. I confeſs with ſhame, it was an unpardonable omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due diſcourſes, expoſtulatory, ſupplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords* the *critics*. Towards ſome atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort account of themſelves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the antient and preſent ſtate thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day ſo frequent in all converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three very different ſpecies of mortal men, according as I have read in *antient books and pamphlets*. For firſt by this term was underſtood ſuch perſons as invented or drew up rules for themſelves and the world, by obſerving which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, form his taſte to a true reliſh of the *ſublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of ſtile from the corruption that apes it: in their common peruſal of books, ſingling out the errors and defects, the nauſeous, the fulſome, the dull and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through *Edinborough* ſtreets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and ſpy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to obſerve the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimenſions, much leſs to be paddling in, or taſting it; but only with a deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have

have underſtood the appellation of *critic* in a literal ſenſe; that one principal part of his office was to praiſe and acquit; and that a *critic*, who ſets up to read only for an occaſion of cenſure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a *judge*, who ſhould take up a reſolution to hang all men, that came before him upon a tryal.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant, the reſtorers of antient learning from the worms, and graves, and duſt of manuſcripts.

Now the races of thoſe two have been for ſome ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them would not be at all to my purpoſe.

The third, and nobleſt ſort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whoſe original is the moſt antient of all. Every *true critic* is a hero born, deſcending in a direct line from a celeſtial ſtem by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat *Bentley*, and *Rymer*, and *Wotton*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

And theſe are the *critics*, from whom

the

the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origine in heaven, among thoſe of *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Perſeus*, and other great deſervers of mankind. But heroic virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe antient heroes, famous for their combating ſo many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own perſons a greater nuiſance to mankind, than any of thoſe monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all *other* vermin were deſtroyed, ſhould in conſcience have concluded with the ſame juſtice upon themſelves. *Hercules* moſt generouſly did, and hath upon that ſcore procured to himſelf more temples and votaries, than the beſt of his fellows. For theſe reaſons, I ſuppoſe, it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his taſk aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to ratſbane, or hemp, or from ſome convenient

nient *altitude*; and that no man's pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a character ſhould by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly deſcent of *criticiſm*, and the cloſe analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is eaſy to aſſign the proper employment of a *true antient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vaſt world of writings; to purſue and hunt thoſe monſtrous faults, bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like *Cacus* from his den; to multiply them like *Hydra's* heads; and rake them together like *Augeas's* dung: or elſe drive away a ſort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverſe inclination to plunder the beſt branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like thoſe *ſtymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

Theſe reaſonings will furniſh us with an adequate definition of a true *critic*; that, he is *diſcoverer and collector of writers faults*; which may be farther put beyond diſpute by the following demonſtration: that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient ſect has honoured the world, ſhall immediately

mediately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether converſant, and taken up with the faults and blemiſhes and overſights, and miſtakes of other writers; and, let the ſubject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are ſo intirely poſſeſſed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quinteſſence of what is bad does of neceſſity diſtil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing elſe but an *abſtract* of the *criticiſms* themſelves have made.

Having thus briefly conſidered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of thoſe, who argue from the ſilence and pretermiſſion of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticiſm*, as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and conſequently, that the *critics* of *Great-Britain* and *France* have no title to an original ſo antient and illuſtrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the

contrary,

contrary, that the antient writers have particularly deſcribed both the perſon and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the ſilence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confeſs to have for a long time born a part in this general error; from which I ſhould never have acquitted myſelf, but through the aſſiſtance of our noble *moderns*; whoſe moſt edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country: theſe have with unwearied pains made many uſeful ſearches into the weak ſides of the *antients*, and given us a comprehenſive liſt of them. * Beſides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very fineſt things delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the nobleſt diſcoveries thoſe *antients* ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending genius of the preſent age. Which clearly ſhews, how little merit thoſe *antients* can juſtly pretend to;

* See *Wotton* of antient and modern learning.

and

and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappineſs of converſing too little with *preſent things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compaſs of human nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe *antients*, highly ſenſible of their many imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured from ſome paſſages in their works to obviate, ſoften, or divert the cenſorious reader, by *ſatyr*, or *panegyric* upon the *critics*, in imitation of their *maſters*, the *moderns*. Now, in the *common-places* of † both theſe, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long courſe of uſeful ſtudy in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either by a diligent peruſal of the moſt antient writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt times. Here I found to my great ſurprize, that although they all entered, upon occaſion, into particular deſcriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abun-

† Satyr, and panegyric upon critics.

dance

dance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I ſuppoſe, gave ground to ſuperficial readers for urging the ſilence of authors againſt the antiquity of the *true critic*, though the *types* are ſo appoſite, and the applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taſte* could overlook them. I ſhall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this queſtion beyond diſpute.

It well deſerves conſidering, that theſe *antient writers*, in treating ænigmatically upon the ſubject, have generally fixed upon the very *ſame hieroglyph*, varying only the ſtory, according to their affections, or their wit. For firſt; *Pauſanias* is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was intirely owing to the inſtitution of *critics*; and, that he can poſſibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifeſt enough from the following deſcription. He ſays, *they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the ſuperfluities, and excreſcencies of books; which the learned at length obſerving, took*

warning

warning of their own accord to lop the *luxuriant*, the *rotten*, the *dead*, the *ſapleſs*, and the *overgrown branches from their works*. But now, all this he cunningly ſhades under the following allegory; *that the* * Nauplians *in* Argos *learned the art of pruning their vines by obſerving, that, when an* ASS *had browſed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.* But † *Herodotus*, holding the very ſame *hieroglyph*, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis*. He hath been ſo bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the weſtern part of* Libya *there were* ASSES *with* horns: upon which relation ‡ *Cteſias* yet refines, mentioning the very ſame animal about *India*, adding, *that whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* gall, *theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that part, that their fleſh was not to be eaten, becauſe of its extreme* bitterneſs.

Now, the reaſon why thoſe antient writers treated this ſubject only by types

* Lib. ——
† Lib. 4.
‡ *Vide* excerpta ex eo apud *Photium*.

and

and figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open attacks againſt a party ſo potent and terrible, as the *critics* of thoſe ages were; whoſe very voice was ſo dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the ſound; for ſo *Herodotus* tells us expreſly in another * place, how *a vaſt army of* Scythians *was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an* ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of *Britain* have been derived to us from thoſe our *Scythian* anceſtors. In ſhort, this dread was ſo univerſal, that in proceſs of time thoſe authors, who had a mind to publiſh their ſentiments more freely, in deſcribing the *true critics* of their ſeveral ages were forced to leave off the uſe of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*, and invented other terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical: ſo † *Diodorus*, ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther, than to ſay, that *in the mountains of* Helicon, *there*

* Lib. 4. † Lib.

grows a certain weed, *which bears a flower of ſo damned a ſcent, as to poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell it.* *Lucretius* gives exactly the ſame relation;

* *Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
Floris odore hominem tetro conſueta necare. Lib. 6.

But *Cteſias*, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; he had been uſed with much ſeverity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt, one deep mark of his vengeance againſt the whole tribe. His meaning is ſo near the ſurface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe, who deny the antiquity of *true critics*. For, pretending to make a deſcription of many ſtrange animals about *India*, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable words: *amongſt the reſt*, ſays he, *there is a* ſerpent *that wants* teeth, *and conſequently cannot bite*; *but if its* vomit, *to which it is much ad-*

* Near *Helicon*, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill.

dicted,

diſtilled, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenneſs or corruption enſues: theſe ſerpents *are generally found among the mountains, where* jewels *grow, and they frequently emit a* poiſonous juice; *whereof whoever drinks, that perſon's* brains *fly out of his noſtrils.*

There was alſo among the *antients* a ſort of *critics*, not diſtinguiſhed in *ſpecie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who ſeem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* ſcholars; yet, becauſe of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a ſect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger ſtudents was to attend conſtantly at theatres, and learn to ſpy out the *worſt parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleſhed at theſe ſmaller ſports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been obſerved, both among antients and moderns, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his

nature; that a *grey critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *hemp*, which ſome naturaliſts inform us is bad for *ſuffocations*, though taken but in the ſeed. I eſteem the invention, or at leaſt the refinement of *prologues* to have been owing to theſe younger proficients, of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *Malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the inſtitution of the *true critics* was of abſolute neceſſity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions ſeem to be divided, like *Themiſtocles* and his company; one man can *fiddle*, and another can make *a ſmall town a great city*; and he, that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtleſs given the firſt birth to the nation of *critics*, and withal, an occaſion for their ſecret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a ſort of mechanic, ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *taylor*; and that there is much analogy between the

the utenſils and abilities of both: that the *taylor's bell* is the type of a *critic*'s *common-place-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *gooſe*: that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man: that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to thoſe invidious reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſhood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the *critic*'s company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a leſs purchaſe would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticiſm*, and deſcribed the primitive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its antient

ſelf. * A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been intirely loſt, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, ſay of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning*. This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe, and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the *mirrors* of the antients were made of *braſs* and *fine mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*, and conſequently muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For, *braſs* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt *reflections* from its own *ſuperficies* without any aſſiſtance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or eaſily reducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three maxims, which may ſerve both as characteriſtics to

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide *Bentley's* diſſertation, &c.

diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be alſo of admirable uſe to thoſe worthy ſpirits, who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an art.

The firſt is, that *criticiſm*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very *firſt* reſult of the *critic*'s mind: as fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the mark, if they ſtay for a ſecond.

Secondly, the *true critics* are known by their talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt writers, to which they are carried meerly by inſtinct, as a rat to the beſt cheeſe, or a waſp to the faireſt fruit. So, when the *king* is on horſeback, he is ſure to be the *dirtieſt* perſon of the company; and they that make their court beſt, are ſuch as *beſpatter* him moſt.

Laſtly, a *true critic* in the peruſal of a book is like a *dog* at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what gueſts *fling away*, and conſequently is apt to *ſnarl* moſt, when there are the feweſt *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of addreſs to my patrons, the *true modern critics*, and may very well atone for my paſt ſilence, as well as that which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender uſage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now with much pains and ſtudy conducted the reader to a period, where he muſt expect to hear of great revolutions. For no ſooner had our *learned brother*, ſo often mentioned, got a warm houſe of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inſomuch that, unleſs the gentle reader out of his great candour will pleaſe a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his

his part, his dreſs, and his mien being ſo much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and conſequently his father's ſole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER; and then he muſt be ſtyled *father Peter*; and ſometimes, *my lord* PETER. To ſupport this grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to; after much thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn *projector* and *virtuoſo*, wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous diſcoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at preſent in the world, are owing intirely to *lord* PETER's invention. I will deduce the beſt account I have been able to collect of the chief amongſt them, without conſidering much the order they came out in; becauſe, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour

of

of collecting, the faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great uſefulneſs of the matter to the public, will amply deſerve that juſtice) that the worthy members of the ſeveral *academies* abroad, eſpecially thoſe of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept theſe humble offers for the advancement of univerſal knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt reverend fathers the *Eaſtern* miſſionaries, that I have, purely for their ſakes, made uſe of ſuch words and phraſes, as will beſt admit an eaſy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, eſpecially the *Chineſe*. And ſo I proceed with great content of mind upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The firſt undertaking of lord *Peter* was to purchaſe a * large continent, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *terra auſtralis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the diſcoverers themſelves (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into ſeveral can-

* That is Purgatory.

tons

tons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord *Peter* ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſtomers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the ſame ſucceſs.

The ſecond project I ſhall mention, was his † ſovereign remedy for the *worms*, eſpecially thoſe in the *ſpleen*. ‡ The patient was to eat nothing after ſupper for three nights: as ſoon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one ſide, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he muſt alſo duly confine his two eyes to the ſame object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifeſt occaſion. Theſe preſcriptions diligently obſerved, the *worms* would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a ‖ *whiſpering-office* for the public good and

† *Penance* and *abſolution* are plaid upon under the notion of a *ſovereign remedy for the worms*, eſpecially in the ſpleen, which by obſerving *Peter's* preſcription would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain, &c. *W. Wotton.*

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of *Rome*, which may be made as eaſy to the ſinner as he pleaſes, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

‖ By his *whiſpering-office*, for

and eaſe of all ſuch as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic; as midwives, ſmall politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in deſpair, bawds, privy-counſellors, pages, paraſites and buffoons: in ſhort, of all ſuch as are in danger of burſting with too much *wind*. An *aſs*'s head was placed ſo conveniently, that the party affected might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply cloſe for a certain ſpace, and by a ſugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord *Peter*'s was an * *office of inſurance* for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, ſhadows,———— and rivers: that theſe, nor any of theſe, ſhall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly ſocieties* may plainly find themſelves to be only tranſcribers from this ori-

for the relief of eves-droppers, phyſicians, bawds, and privy-counſellors, he ridicules auricular confeſſion; and the prieſt who takes it, is deſcribed by the aſs's head. *W. Wotton.*

* This I take to be the office of *indulgences*, the groſs abuſes whereof firſt gave occaſion for the reformation.

ginal;

ginal; though the one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord PETER was alſo held the original author of † *puppets* and *raree-ſhows*; the great uſefulneſs whereof being ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another diſcovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal ‡ *pickle*. For having remarked how your ‖ common *pickle*, in uſe among houſewives, was of no farther benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kinds of vegetables; *Peter*, with great coſt as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. Now, this *pickle* to the taſte, the ſmell, and the ſight appeared exactly the ſame, with what is in common ſervice for beef,

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous proceſſions, *&c.* among the papiſts.

‡ Holy water, he calls an *univerſal pickle*, to preſerve houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. *W. Wotton.*

‖ This is eaſily underſtood to be holy water, compoſed of the ſame ingredients with many other pickles.

and

and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great ſucceſs but for its many ſovereign virtues was a quite different thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain quantity of his * *powder pimperlimpimp*, after which it never failed of ſucceſs. The operation was performed by ‡ *ſpargefaction* in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all ſpiders, rats and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he ſhould be exempt from mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all *Peter's* rarities, he moſt valued a certain ſet of † *bulls*, whoſe race was

* And becauſe holy water differs only in conſecration from comm water, there- he tells that his pickle t p of *pimperlim-* virtues, it d rs not in ſight r m the common uch preſerve beef, and butter, and herrings. *W. Wotton.*

‡ *Sprinkling.*

† The papal *bulls* are ridiculed by name, ſo that here we are at no loſs for the author's meaning. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the *pope's*

was by great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe, that guarded the *golden-fleece*. Though ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept intirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of *Colchis* are recorded to have *brazen feet*; but whether it happened by ill paſture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from ſtolen intrigues; whether a weakneſs in their progenitors had impaired the ſeminal virtue, or by a decline neceſſary through a long courſe of time, the originals of nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful ages of the world; whatever was the cauſe, it is certain, that lord *Peter*'s *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the ruſt of time in the metal of their feet, which was now ſunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring*, peculiar to their lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that

pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all ſigned with lead and the ſeal of the fiſherman, and therefore ſaid to have *leaden feet* and *fiſhes tails*.

faculty

faculty of breathing out *fire* from their noſtrils; which notwithſtanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their uſual courſe of diet, which was of * *ſquibs* and *crackers*. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely diſtinguiſhed them from the *bulls* of *Jaſon*, and which I have not met together in the deſcription of any other monſter, beſide that in *Horace:*

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

For theſe had *fiſhes tails*, yet upon occaſion could *out-fly* any bird in the air. *Peter* put theſe *bulls* upon ſeveral employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a *roaring* to fright † *naughty boys*, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the

* Theſe are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to thoſe princes who offend him.

† That is, k who incurred his diſple: re.

cautious

cautious reader may think much to beleive it. An *appetitus ſenſibilis* deriving itſelf through the whole family from their noble anceſtors, guardians of the *golden-fleece*, they continued ſo extremely fond of *gold*, that if *Peter* ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar*, and *ſpit*, and *belch*, and *piſs*, and *fart*, and *ſnivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In ſhort, whether by ſecret connivance, or encouragement from their maſter, or out of their own liquoriſh affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a ſort of ſturdy, ſwaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miſcarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day uſually call ſprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at laſt ſo very troubleſome to the neighbourhood, that ſome gentlemen of the *north-weſt* got a parcel of right *Engliſh bull-dogs*, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I muſt needs mention one more of *lord Peter*'s projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of *Newgate* was condemned to be hanged, *Peter* would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up, and ſend, *his lordſhip* would return a † piece of paper in this form.

TO all mayors, ſheriffs, jaylors, conſtables, bayliffs, bangmen, &c. *Whereas we are informed, that* A. B. *remains in the hands of you, or ſome of you, under the ſentence of death. We will and command you upon ſight hereof to let the ſaid priſoner depart to his own habitation, whether he ſtands condemned for murder, ſodomy, rape, ſacrilege, inceſt, treaſon, blaſphemy,* &c. *for which this ſhall be your ſufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn*

† This is a copy of a general pardon, ſigned *ſervus ſervorum.*

Ibid. Abſolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apoſtolicæ*, are jeſted upon in emperor *Peter*'s letter. *W. Wotton.*

you

you and yours to all eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel.

Your moſt humble
man's man,
emperor PETER.

The wretches, truſting to this, loſt their lives and money too.

I deſire of thoſe, whom the *learned* among poſterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatiſe, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form raſh and haſty concluſions, eſpecially in ſome myſterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity ſake, which in the operation muſt be divided. And I am certain, that future ſons of art will return large thanks to my memory for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related

much the ſmalleſt number; my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time lord *Peter* was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at laſt it *ſhook* itſelf, and began to *turn round* for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects and knavery, poor *Peter* was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride, he would call himſelf * *God Almighty*, and ſometimes *monarch of the univerſe*. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old † *high-crowned hats*, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of ‡ *keys* at his girdle, and an *angling-rod* in his

* The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of *Chriſt*, but by ſeveral divines is called *God upon earth*, and other blaſphemous *titles* are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are aſſumed by the pope in conſequence of what

his hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of ſalutation, *Peter* with much grace, like a well educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his * *foot*; and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever ſince been called a *ſalute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his firſt † *boutade* was to kick both their ‡ *wives* one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their ſtead, gave orders to pick up the firſt three ſtrollers could be met with in the ſtreets. A while after he nailed up the

what our Lord ſaid to *Peter*. *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*

Ibid. The pope's univerſal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fiſher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

* Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiſs his ſlipper eſcape reflection. *Wotton.*

† This word properly ſignifies a ſudden jerk, or laſh of an horſe, when you do not expect it.

‡ The *celibacy of the* Romiſh *clergy* is ſtruck at in *Peter's* beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. *W. Wotton.*

cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers ‖ a drop of *drink* to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, *Peter* obſerved him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praiſes of his ſirloin of beef. *Beef*, ſaid the ſage magiſtrate, *is the king of meat*; *beef comprehends in it the quinteſſence of partridge, and quail, and veniſon, and pheaſant, and plum-pudding, and cuſtard.* When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into uſe, and apply the precept, in default of a ſirloin, to his brown loaf: *Bread*, ſays he, *dear brothers, is the ſtaff of life*; *in which bread is contained*, incluſivè, *the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, partridge, plum-pudding, and cuſtard: and to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whoſe crudities are alſo corrected by yeaſt or barm, through which means it becomes a wholeſome fermented liquor, diffuſed through the* maſs *of the bread.* Upon the ſtrength of theſe

‖ The pope's refuſing the cup to the laity, perſuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and intire body of *Chriſt*.

concluſions,

concluſions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf ſerved up in all the formality of a city feaſt. *Come brothers*, ſaid *Peter*, *fall to, and ſpare not; here is excellent good* * *mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.* At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good ſlices of a loaf, and preſents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into *lord Peter*'s conceit, began with very civil language to examine the myſtery. *My lord*, ſaid he, *I doubt, with great ſubmiſſion, there may be ſome miſtake. What*, ſays *Peter*, *you are pleaſant; come then, let us bear this jeſt your head is ſo big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unleſs I am very much deceived, your lordſhip was pleaſed a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it with all my heart. How*, ſaid *Peter*, appearing in great ſurprize, *I do not comprehend this at all.*—— Upon which, the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright; *My*

* *Tranſubſtantiation. Peter* turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the popiſh doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls *palming his damned cruſts upon the brothers for mutton.* W. Wotton.

lord, ſaid he, *my brother I ſuppoſe is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordſhip hath promiſed us to dinner. Pray*, ſaid *Peter*, *take me along with you; either you are both mad, or diſpoſed to be merrier than I approve of; if* you *there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I ſhould take that to be the choice bit of the whole ſhoulder. What then, my lord*, replied the firſt, *it ſeems this is a ſhoulder of mutton all this while. Pray, ſir*, ſays *Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you pleaſe, for I am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent:* but the other could not forbear, being over provoked at the affected ſerioufneſs of *Peter*'s countenance: *By G—, my lord*, ſaid he, *I can only ſay, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a cruſt of bread.* Upon which the ſecond put in his word: *I never ſaw a piece of mutton in my life ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen*, cries *Peter* in a rage, *to convince you, what a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will ſe but this plain argument; by G—, it is*

true,

true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall *market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwiſe.* Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their miſtake as haſtily as they could. *Why, truly,* ſaid the firſt, *upon more mature conſideration—Ay,* ſays the other interrupting him, *now I have thought better on the thing, your lordſhip ſeems to have a great deal of reaſon. Very well,* ſaid *Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glaſs of claret; here's to you both with all my heart.* The two brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his lordſhip. *That you ſhall,* ſaid *Peter; I am not a perſon to refuſe you any thing that is reaſonable; wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glaſs a piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned* vintners *brewings.* Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful, for it would do them

no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient period at *lord Peter* and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new diſpute, but let him carry the point as he pleaſed: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expoſtulate further would only ſerve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have choſen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumſtances, becauſe it gave a principal occaſion to that great and famous * *rupture*, which happened about the ſame time among theſe brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I ſhall treat at large in another ſection.

However it is certain, that *lord Peter* even in his lucid intervals was very lewdly given in his common converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himſelf once to be in an error. Beſides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lyes* upon all occaſions;

* By this *rupture* is meant the reformation.

and

and not only ſwearing to the truth, but curſing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt ſcruple of believing him. One time he ſwore he had a ‡ *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thouſand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour. Another time he was telling of an old * *ſign-poſt*, that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build ſixteen large men of war. Talking one day of *Chineſe* waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over mountains: *Z——ds*, ſaid *Peter*, *where's the wonder of that? by G—, I ſaw a* † *large houſe*

‡ The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin *Mary's milk* amongſt the papiſts, under the allegory of a *cow*, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thouſand churches. *W. Wotton.*

* By this *ſign-poſt* is meant the *croſs* of our bleſſed Saviour; and, if all the wood, that is ſhewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would ſufficiently juſtify this ſarcaſm.

† The chapel of *Loretto*. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of *Rome* intended by theſe things to gull ſilly, ſuperſtitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in ſlavery, our anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that yoke. The church of *Rome* therefore ought to be expoſed, and he deſerves well of mankind that does expoſe it. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. The chapel of *Loretto*, which travelled from the *Holy Land* to *Italy*.

of

of lime and ſtone travel over ſea and land, granting that it ſtopped ſometimes to bait, above two thouſand German *leagues.* And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and at every word; *by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the D—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me.*

In ſhort, *Peter* grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to ſay, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him; but firſt, they humbly deſired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Inſtead of granting this requeſt, he called them *damned ſons of whores, rogues, traytors*, and the reſt of the vile names he could muſter up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngſters watched their opportunity, made a ſhift to come at the *will*, * and took a *copia vera*, by which they preſently ſaw how groſly they had been abuſed; their father

* Tranſlated the ſcriptures into the vulgar tongues.

having

having left them equal heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got ſhould lie in common among them all. Purſuant to which their next enterprize was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good † *drink* to ſpirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the *will* they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance; upon which their next ‡ work was to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſollicitor from *Newgate*, deſiring *lord Peter* would pleaſe to procure a *pardon* for a *thief*, that was to be *hanged* to morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to ſeek pardons from a fellow, who deſerved to be hanged much better than his client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago, adviſing the ſollicitor to put his friend upon obtaining ‖ *a pardon from the king*. In the

† Adminiſtered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of prieſts.

‖ Directed penitents not to truſt to pardons and abſolutions procured for money, but ſent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remiſſion is to be obtained.

midſt

midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes *Peter* with a file of * dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilities and curſes not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly † kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.

A digreſſion in the modern kind.

WE, whom the world is pleaſed to honour with the title of *modern authors*, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great deſign of an everlaſting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general good of mankind. This, *O univerſe*, is the adventurous attempt of me thy ſecretary;

* By *Peter's* dragoons is meant the civil power, which thoſe princes, who were bigotted to the *Romiſh* ſuperſtition, employed againſt the reformers.

† The pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the church.

——*Quem*

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ller inv. del. et Sc:

——*Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

To this end I have ſome time ſince, with a world of pains and art, diſſected the carcaſs of *human nature*, and read many uſeful lectures upon the ſeveral parts both *containing* and *contained*; 'till at laſt it *ſmelt* ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due ſymmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a compleat anatomy thereof to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But not to digreſs farther in the midſt of a digreſſion, as I have known ſome authors incloſe digreſſions in one another, like a neſt of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important diſcovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *inſtruction* and *diverſion*. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral readings (which perhaps the world may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any friend to ſteal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers

mirers to be very importunate) that, as mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *inſtructed*; his epidemical diſeaſes being *faſtidioſity*, *amorphy*, and *oſcitation*; whereas in the preſent univerſal empire of wit and learning, there ſeems but little matter left for *inſtruction*. However, in compliance with a leſſon of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatiſe have ſkilfully kneaded up both together with a *layer* of *utile*, and a *layer* of *dulce*.

When I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious *moderns* have eclipſed the weak glimmering lights of the *antients*, and turned them out of the road of all faſhionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice * town-wits of moſt refined accompliſhments are in grave diſpute, whether there have been ever any *antients* or no: in which point we are like to receive wonderful ſatisfaction from the moſt uſeful labours

* The learned perſon, here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many ancient writers, that, until he is pleaſed to ſtop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any antients in the world.

and

and lucubrations of that worthy *modern*, Dr. *Bentley:* I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an univerſal ſyſtem, in a ſmall portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practiſed in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an enterprize was thought on ſome time ago by a great philoſopher of * *O. Brazile.* The method he propoſed, was, by a certain curious *receipt*, a *noſtrum*, which after his untimely death I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, preſent them with it, not doubting, it may one day encourage ſome worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and ſciences whatſoever, and in what language you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil in balneo mariæ, *infuſing* quinteſſence of poppy Q. S. *together with three pints of* lethe, *to be had from the a-*

* This is an imaginary iſland, of kin to that, which is called the *Painters wives iſland*, placed in ſome unknown part of the ocean, meerly at the fancy of the map-maker.

pothecaries. You cleanſe away carefully the ſordes *and* caput mortuum, *letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preſerve only the firſt running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glaſs vial* hermetically *ſealed for one and twenty days. Then you begin your catholick treatiſe, taking every morning faſting, firſt ſhaking the vial, three drops of this* elixir, *ſnuffing it ſtrongly up your noſe. It will dilate itſelf about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of* abſtracts, ſummaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilegia's, *and the like, all diſpoſed into great order, and reducible upon paper.*

I muſt needs own, it was by the aſſiſtance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an attempt, never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwiſe a perſon not without ſome abilities, and *for an antient*, of a tolerable genius, I have

I have diſcovered many groſs errors, which are not to be forgiven his very aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are aſſured, he deſigned his work for a † compleat body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a *cabaliſt* as his diſciples would repreſent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or ‡ *Anthropoſophia Theomagica*. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *ſphæra pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit ſo ſevere a cenſure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem*. His failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral parts of the *mechanics*. For, having read his writings with the utmoſt application uſual among *modern*

† Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus eſt. *Xenoph. in conviv.*

‡ A treatiſe written about fifty years ago, by a *Welſh* gentleman of *Cambridge*, his name, as I remember, was *Vaughan*, as appears by the anſwer to it written by the learned Dr. *Henry More*; it is a piece of the moſt unintelligible fuſtian, that perhaps was ever publiſhed in any language.

wits, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt direction about the ſtructure of that uſeful inſtrument, a *ſave-all*. For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have ſtill behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with; I mean, ‖ his groſs ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as diſcipline of the church of *England*. A defect indeed for which both he and all the antients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. *Wotton*, batchelor of divinity, in his incomparable treatiſe of *antient and modern learning*; a book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great uſefulneſs of his ſublime diſcoveries upon the ſubject of *flies* and *ſpittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his ſtyle. And I cannot forbear doing that author the juſtice of my public acknowledgments, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of

‖ Mr. *Wotton* (to whom our author never gives any quarter) in his compariſon of *antient* and *modern* learning numbers divinity, law, *&c.* among thoſe parts of knowledge, wherein we excel the antients.

his

his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatiſe.

But, beſides theſe omiſſions in *Homer* already mentioned, the curious reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received ſuch wonderful acquirements ſince his age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in modern diſcoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compaſs*, of *gun-powder*, and the *circulation of the blood*: but, I challenge any of his admirers to ſhew me, in all his writings, a compleat account of the *ſpleen*; does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the art of *political wagering*? What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long diſſertation upon *tea*? And as to his method of *ſalivation without mercury*, ſo much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to ſupply ſuch momentous de-

fects, that I have been prevailed on after long ſollicitation to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the judicious reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of uſe upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all, that human imagination can *riſe* or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the peruſal of the learned certain diſcoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention, among a great many more, *my new help for ſmatterers*, or the *art of being deep-learned, and ſhallow-read. A curious invention about mouſe-traps. An univerſal rule of reaſon, or every man his own carver*; together with a moſt uſeful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the ſeveral parts of this diſcourſe.

I hold myſelf obliged to give as much light as is poſſible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing, becauſe it is become the faſhion and humour moſt applauded among the firſt authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform

form the ignorance of courteous readers. Beſides there have been ſeveral famous pieces lately publiſhed, both in verſe and proſe; wherein, if the writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *ſublime*, and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this occaſion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which uſually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *laſt writer*; I claim an abſolute authority in right, as the *freſheſt modern*, which gives me a deſpotic power over all authors before me. In the ſtrength of which title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious cuſtom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiſcretion in *monſter-mongers*, and other *retailers of ſtrange ſights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn

after the life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath: this hath ſaved me many a three-pence; for my curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator with his laſt *moving* and *ſtanding* piece of rhetoric; *Sir, upon my word, we are juſt going to begin.* Such is exactly the fate at this time of *prefaces, epiſtles, advertiſements, introductions, prolegomena's, apparatus's, to the readers.* This expedient was admirable at firſt; our great *Dryden* has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible ſucceſs. He hath often ſaid to me in confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo; however, I much fear, his inſtructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiſer in certain points, where he never intended they ſhould; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy ſcorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages

pages of *preface* and *dedication* (which is the uſual *modern* ſtint) as if it were ſo much *Latin*. Though it muſt be alſo allowed on the other hand, that a very conſiderable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits* by reading nothing elſe. Into which two factions, I think, all preſent readers may juſtly be divided. Now for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former ſort; and therefore having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and diſplay the bright parts of my diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the body of the work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable addition to the bulk of the volume, *a circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a ſkilful writer.*

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an eſtabliſhed cuſtom of our neweſt authors, by *a long digreſſion unſought for*, and *an univerſal cenſure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light with much pains and dexterity my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great juſtice to myſelf and candour to them, I now happily reſume my ſubject, to the infinite ſatisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left *lord Peter* in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever diſcarded from his houſe, and reſigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are circumſtances, that render them proper ſubjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; ſcenes of miſery ever affording the faireſt harveſt for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is obſerved to adhere cloſe in proſperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop ſuddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, juſt on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghil, from thence by gradual ſteps raiſes him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as thanks for his pains: in imitation of which example I have placed *lord Peter* in a noble houſe, given him a title to wear, and money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him

him for ſome time; returning where common charity directs me, to the aſſiſtance of his two brothers at their loweſt ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my character of an hiſtorian to follow the truth ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, ſo nearly united in fortune and intereſt, took a lodging together; where, at their firſt leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs misfortunes and vexations of their life paſt, and could not tell on the ſudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm reſolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future meaſures to the ſtricteſt obedience preſcribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the peruſal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doc-

trine

trine with the practice, there was never ſeen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright tranſgreſſions of every point. Upon which they both reſolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to ſtop the haſty reader, ever impatient to ſee the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two brothers began to be diſtinguiſhed at this time by certain names. One of them deſired to be called * MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of † JACK. Theſe two had lived in much friendſhip and agreement under the tyranny of their brother *Peter*, as it is the talent of fellow-ſufferers to do; men in misfortune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the ſame: but when they came forward into the world, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the

* Martin Luther. † John Calvin.

preſent

preſent poſture of their affairs gave them ſudden opportunity to diſcover.

But, here the ſevere reader may juſtly tax me as a writer of ſhort memory, a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of neceſſity, be a little ſubject. Becauſe, *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things paſt, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illuſtrious age have no manner of occaſion, who deal intirely with *invention*, and ſtrike all things out of themſelves, or at leaſt by colliſion from each other: upon which account we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great forgetfulneſs, as an argument unanſwerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago of a fancy *lord Peter* took, and infuſed into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in faſhion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the moſt antic, you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be

ſeen:

ſeen: but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points* (I mean, only thoſe * *tagged with ſilver*, for the reſt fell off.) Now this material circumſtance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are juſt going to reform their veſtures into the primitive ſtate, preſcribed by their father's *will*.

They both unanimouſly entered upon this great work, looking ſometimes on their coats, and ſometimes on the *will*. *Martin* laid the firſt hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a ſecond pull, ſtripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: he knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the firſt heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the work; having already narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging

* Points tagged with ſilver, are thoſe doctrines that prote the greatneſs and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the body of popery.

rent

P. 192.

Müller inv. del. et Sc.

rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with ſilver* (as we have obſerved before) the judicious workman had with much ſagacity double ſown to preſerve them from *falling*. Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the ſtitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered *Indian* figures of men, women, and children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: theſe with much dexterity and application were after a while quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt courſe was to let it remain, reſolving in no caſe whatſoever, that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould ſuffer injury; which he thought the beſt method

for ſerving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the neareſt account I have been able to collect of *Martin*'s proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother *Jack*, whoſe adventures will be ſo extraordinary, as to furniſh a great part in the remainder of this diſcourſe, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different ſpirit. For the memory of *lord Peter*'s injuries produced a degree of hatred and ſpight, which had a much greater ſhare of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands, ſince theſe appeared at beſt only ſecondary and ſubſervient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a ſhift to find a very plauſible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the moſt ſignificant word, that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* diſcourſe upon that ſubject; wherein I have deduced a *hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logical* account of *zeal*, ſhewing how it firſt proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from

from thence in a hot ſummer ripened into a *tangible ſubſtance.* This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I deſign very ſhortly to publiſh by the *modern* way of *ſubſcription*, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all poſſible encouragement; having had already ſuch a taſte of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother *Jack*, brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon *Peter*'s tyranny, and farther provoked by the deſpondency of *Martin*, prefaced his reſolutions to this purpoſe. *What*, ſaid he, *a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned cruſts upon us for mutton; and, at laſt, kicked us out of doors; muſt we be in his faſhions, with a pox! a raſcal, beſides, that all the ſtreet cries out againſt.* Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf, as high as poſſible, and by conſequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he ſet about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more diſpatch than *Martin* had done

in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to underſtand, that *zeal* is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a *tearing*; and *Jack*, who doated on that quality in himſelf, allowed it at this time its full ſwing. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too haſtily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happieſt in *taking up a ſtitch*, he knew no better way, than to dearn it again with *packthread* and a *ſkewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery:* for, being clumſy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of ſtitches that required the niceſt hand, and ſedateſt conſtitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiouſly thus continued his career; *Ah, good brother* Martin, ſaid he, *do as I do, for the love of God; ſtrip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue* Peter *as it is poſſible; I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the leaſt mark*

mark about me, that might give occaſion to the neighbours of ſuſpecting, that I was related to ſuch a raſcal. But *Martin*, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and ſedate, *begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get ſuch another:* deſired him *to conſider, that it was not their buſineſs to form their actions by any reflection upon* Peter, *but by obſerving the rules preſcribed in their father's* will. *That he ſhould remember,* Peter *was ſtill their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they ſhould, by all means, avoid ſuch a thought, as that of taking meaſures for good and evil from no other rule, than of oppoſition to him.* That *it was true, the teſtament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their* coats; *yet was it no leſs penal and ſtrict in preſcribing agreement, and friendſhip, and affection between them. And therefore, if ſtraining a point were at all diſpenſable, it would certainly be ſo, rather to the advance of unity, than increaſe of contradiction.*

MARTIN had ſtill proceeded as grave-

ly as he began; and doubtleſs would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repoſe both of body and mind*, the true ultimate end of *ethics*; but *Jack* was already gone a flight-ſhot beyond his patience. And, as in ſcholaſtic diſputes nothing ſerves to rouſe the ſpleen of him that *oppoſes* ſo much, as a kind of pedantic affected calmneſs in the *reſpondent*; diſputants being for the moſt part like unequal ſcales, where the *gravity* of one ſide advances the *lightneſs* of the other, and cauſes it to fly up, and kick the beam: ſo it happened here, that the *weight* of *Martin*'s argument exalted *Jack*'s *levity*, and made him fly out and ſpurn againſt his brother's moderation. In ſhort, *Martin*'s *patience* put *Jack* in a *rage*; but that, which moſt afflicted him, was, to obſerve his brother's coat ſo well reduced into the ſtate of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his ſhirt; or thoſe places, which had eſcaped his cruel clutches, were ſtill in *Peter*'s livery. So that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half rifled by *bullies*; or like a freſh tenant

of

of *Newgate*, when he has refuſed the payment of *garniſh*; or like a diſcovered *ſhoplifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange-women* *; or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of theſe, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents*, and *fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to ſee his coat in the condition of *Martin*'s, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin* in the ſame predicament with his. However, ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole buſineſs another turn, and to dreſs up neceſſity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox*'s arguments, † as he could muſter up, for bringing *Martin* to *reaſon*, as he called it; or, as

* The galleries over the piazzas in the *Royal Exchange* were formerly filled with ſhops, kept chiefly by women; the ſame uſe was made of a building called the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*; this edifice has been pulled down; the ſhopkeepers have removed from the *Royal Exchange* into *Cornhill*, and the adjacent ſtreets; and there are now no remains of *Exchange women*, but in *Exeter 'change*, and they are no longer deemed the firſt miniſters of faſhion.

† The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and loſt his tail, uſed many arguments to perſuade the reſt to cut off theirs; that the ſingularity of his deformity might not expoſe him to deriſion.

he meant it, into his own ragged, bob-tailed condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a million of ſcurrilities againſt his brother to run mad with ſpleen, and ſpight, and contradiction. To be ſhort, here began a mortal breach between theſe two. *Jack* went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a ſhort time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddeſt whimſies, that ever a ſick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the ſtreets began to ſalute him with ſeveral names. Sometimes they would call him * *Jack the bald*; ſometimes, † *Jack with a lantern*; ſometimes, ‡ *Dutch Jack*; ſometimes, ‖ *French Hugh*; ſometimes, § *Tom the Beggar*; and ſometimes, †‡ *Knocking Jack of the north*. And it was under one,

* That is, *Calvin*, from *calvus*, bald.

† All thoſe who pretend to inward light.

‡ *Jack* of *Leyden*, who gave riſe to the *Anabaptiſts*.

‖ The *Hugonots*.

§ The *Gueuſes*, by which name ſome proteſtants in *Flanders* were called.

†‡ *John Knox*, the reformer of *Scotland*.

or

or ſome, or all of theſe appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given riſe to the moſt illuſtrious and epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, who, with honourable commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whoſe original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

——*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

SECT. VII.

A digreſſion in praiſe of digreſſions.

I Have ſometimes *heard* of an *iliad* in a *nut-ſhell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener *ſeen a nut-ſhell* in an *iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received moſt wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmoſt enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to

the great *modern* improvement of *digreſſions*: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to thoſe of dyet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taſte, are dreſſed up in various compounds conſiſting in *ſoups* and *olio's*, *fricaſſées* and *ragouſts*.

It is true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill bred people, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite innovations; and as to the ſimilitude from dyet, they allow the parallel, but are ſo bold to pronounce the example itſelf a corruption and degeneracy of taſte. They tell us, that the faſhion of jumbling fifty things together in a diſh was at firſt introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy conſtitution*: and to ſee a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *gooſe*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a ſign he wants a ſtomach and digeſtion for more ſubſtantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *digreſſions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *ſtate*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands* of its own, and often either

either *ſubdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the moſt *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious cenſors, it is manifeſt, the ſociety of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable number, if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the caſe the ſame among us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when learning was in its *cradle* to be reared and fed, and cloathed by *invention*; it would be an eaſy taſk to fill up volumes upon particular occaſions, without farther expatiating from the ſubjects than by moderate excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main deſign. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itſelf by the product of the ſoil it is on; till, proviſions being ſpent, they are ſent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down,

down, become barren and dry, affording no ſuſtenance but clouds of duſt.

The whole courſe of things being thus intirely changed between *us* and the *antients*, and the *moderns* wiſely ſenſible of it; we of this age have diſcovered a ſhorter, and more prudent method, to become *ſcholars* and *wits* without the fatigue of *reading* or of *thinking*. The moſt accompliſhed way of uſing books at preſent is twofold: either firſt, to ſerve them as ſome men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough inſight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fiſhes* by the *tail*. For, to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate* requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haſte and little ceremony are content to get in by the *back-door*. For, the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus phyſicians diſcover the ſtate of the whole body by conſulting only what comes

comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the *poſteriors* of a book, as boys do ſparrows with flinging *ſalt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the ſciences found, like *Hercules*'s oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old ſciences* unravelled like *old ſtockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Beſides all this, the army of the ſciences hath been of late, with a world of martial diſcipline, drawn into its *cloſe order*, ſo that a view, or a muſter may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great bleſſing we are wholly indebted to *ſyſtems* and *abſtracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent uſurers, ſpent their ſweat for the eaſe of us their children. For *labour* is the ſeed of *idleneſs*, and it is the peculiar happineſs of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now the method of growing wiſe, learned, and *ſublime*, having become ſo regular an affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its forms; the number of writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to

a pitch

a pitch that has made it of abſolute neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this preſent a ſufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furniſh and adorn any one particular ſubject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very ſkilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonſtration of it from rules of *arithmetic*.

This perhaps may be objected againſt by thoſe, who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow, that any *ſpecies* of it can be exhauſted. For anſwer to which, let us examine the nobleſt branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent age, and which of all others hath born the moſt, and the faireſt fruit. For though ſome remains of it were left us by the *antients*, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated or compiled into ſyſtems for *modern* uſe. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it hath, in ſome ſort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the ſame hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among

among the *modern* wits, of deducing ſimilitudes, alluſions, and applications, very ſurpriſing, agreeable, and appoſite, from the *pudenda* of either ſex, together with *their proper uſes.* And truly, having obſerved how little invention bears any vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe *channels*, I have ſometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that antient * typical deſcription of the *Indian* pygmies; *whoſe ſtature did not exceed above two foot; ſed quorum pudenda craſſa, et ad talos uſque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared; and although this *vein* hath bled ſo freely, and all endeavours have been uſed in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the *Scythians*, † *who had a cuſtom, and an inſtrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk:* yet I am under an apprehenſion, it

* *Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.*

† *Herodot.* L. 4.

is near growing dry, and paſt all recovery; and that either ſome new *fonde* of wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe, that we muſt e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occaſions.

This will ſtand as an inconteſtable argument, that our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a conſtant ſupply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt recourſe muſt be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *quotations* muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little conſulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons* carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by ſome called the *ſieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which *paſſed through*, or what *ſtaid behind*.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing

managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For, what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full; and if you will bate him but the circumſtances of *method*, and *ſtyle*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely figure on a bookſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library: but, when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order *to aſcend the ſky*.

Without theſe allowances, how is it poſſible, we *modern* wits ſhould ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, liſted under ſo many thouſand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as inſtruction, and

we

we ourſelves buried beyond redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed oblivion?

From ſuch elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can out-vie all its brethren in the *guild*. A happineſs derived to us with a great many others from our *Scythian* anceſtors; among whom the number of *pens* was ſo infinite, that the * *Grecian* eloquence had no other way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, *that in the regions, far to the* north, *it was hardly poſſible for a man to travel, the very air was ſo replete with* feathers.

The neceſſity of this digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the length; and I have choſen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return with great alacrity to purſue a more important concern.

* *Herodot.* L. 4.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned * *Æoliſts* maintain the original cauſe of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath, which had kindled, and blew *up* the flame of nature, ſhould one day blow it *out*:

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* underſtand by their *anima mundi*; that is to ſay, the *ſpirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world; for, examine the whole ſyſtem by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For whether you pleaſe to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *ſpiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all theſe but ſeveral appellations for *wind*, which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into

* All pretenders to inſpiration whatſoever.

which they all reſolve upon their corruption? farther, what is life itſelf, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our noſtrils? whence it is very juſtly obſerved by naturaliſts, that *wind* ſtill continues of great emolument in *certain myſteries* not to be named, giving occaſion for thoſe happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of antient records, I find the *compaſs* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that ſince *wind* had the maſter-ſhare, as well as operation in every compound, by conſequence thoſe beings muſt be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in higheſt perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct *anima's* or *winds*, to which the

the ſage *Æoliſts*, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal neceſſity, as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occaſion to that renownd *cabaliſt*, † *Bumbaſtus*, of placing the body of man in due poſition to the four *cardinal* points.

In conſequence of this, their next principle was, that *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quinteſſence* is of a catholic uſe upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and ſciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a buſhel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon theſe reaſons, and others of equal weight, the wiſe *Æoliſts* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the nobleſt act of a rational creature. To cul-

† This is one of the names of *Paracelſus*; he was called *Chriſtophorus Theophraſtus Paracelſus Bumbaſtus.*

tivate which art, and render it more ſerviceable to mankind, they made uſe of ſeveral methods. At certain ſeaſons of the year, you might behold the prieſts among them in vaſt numbers with their ‖ *mouths gaping wide enough againſt a ſtorm.* At other times were to be ſeen ſeveral hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the ſhape and ſize of a *tun*; and for that reaſon, with great propriety of ſpeech, did uſually call their bodies, their *veſſels*. When by theſe and the like performances they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and diſembogue, for the public good, a plentiful ſhare of their acquirements into their diſciples chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame principle. Becauſe, firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſſed, that learning *puffeth men up:* and ſecondly, they proved it by the fol-

‖ This is meant of thoſe ſeditious preachers, who blow up the ſeeds of rebellion, &c.

lowing

lowing ſyllogiſm; *words are but wind*; *and learning is nothing but words*; ergo, *learning is nothing but wind.* For this reaſon the philoſophers among them did in their ſchools deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by *eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteriſtic, by which their chief ſages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain poſition of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the ſpirit agitated the inward maſs. For after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours iſſuing forth, having firſt by their turbulence and convulſions within cauſed an earthquake in man's little world, diſtorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo.* At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for ſacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite conſolation by their meager devotees. And, to render theſe yet more compleat, becauſe the breath of man's life is in his noſtrils, therefore the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening *belches* were very

wiſely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they paſſed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worſhipped, as the ſpirits that pervade and enliven the univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all *inſpiration* can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the chief of theſe, to whom they performed the adoration of * *latria*, was the *almighty North*; an antient deity, whom the inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece* had likewiſe in the higheſt reverence: † *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet ſuppoſed by the profounder *Æoliſts* to poſſeſs one peculiar habitation, or (to ſpeak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain region, well known to the antient *Greeks*, by them called, Σκοτία, or the *land of darkneſs*. And although many controverſies have ariſen upon that matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination* the moſt refined *Æoliſts* have

* *Latria* is that worſhip which is paid only to the ſupreme Deity.

† *Pauſan.* L. 8.

bor-

borrowed their original; from whence in every age the zealous among their prieſthood have brought over their choiceſt *inſpiration*, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain *bladders*, and diſploding it among the ſectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gaſp and pant after it.

Now, their myſteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoſo's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preſerving *winds* in caſks or barrels, which was of great aſſiſtance upon long ſea voyages; and the loſs of ſo uſeful an art at preſent is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by * *Pancirollus*. It was an invention aſcribed to *Æolus* himſelf, from whom this ſect is denominated, and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preſerved great numbers of thoſe *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, firſt beating out the top; into this

* An author who writ *De Artibus perditis*, &c. of arts loſt, and of arts invented.

barrel, upon ſolemn days, the prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the methods already deſcribed, a ſecret funnel is alſo conveyed from his poſteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new ſupplies of inſpiration from a *northern* chink or crany. Whereupon, you behold him ſwell immediately to the ſhape and ſize of his *veſſel*. In this poſture he diſembogues whole tempeſts upon his auditory, as the ſpirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, iſſuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And, the *wind* in breaking forth † deals with his face as it does with that of the ſea, firſt *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and, at laſt, *burſting it into a foam*. It is in this guiſe, the ſacred *Æoliſt* delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting diſciples; of whom, ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praiſes of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft breezes of their deities appeaſed.

† This is an exact deſcription of the changes made in the face by enthuſiaſtic preachers. It

It is from this cuſtom of the prieſts, that ſome authors maintain theſe *Æoliſts* to have been very antient in the world. Becauſe the delivery of their myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other antient oracles, whoſe inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous *effluviums* of *wind*, delivered with the ſame pain to the prieſt, and much about the *ſame* influence on the people. It is true indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whoſe organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the admiſſion of thoſe oracular *guſts*, as entering and paſſing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and cauſing alſo a pruriency by the way, ſuch as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a ſpiritual extaſy. And, to ſtrengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther inſiſted, that this cuſtom of * *female* prieſts is kept up ſtill in certain refined colleges of our *modern Æoliſts*, who are agreed to receive their inſpiration derived through the receptacle aforeſaid, like their anceſtors, the *ſibyls*.

* Quakers, who ſuffer their women to preach and pray.

And,

And, whereas the mind of man, when he gives the ſpur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extreams of high and low, of good and evil; his firſt flight of fancy commonly tranſports him to ideas of what is moſt perfect, finiſhed, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own reach and ſight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of heighth and depth border upon each other; with the ſame courſe and wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt bottom of things; like one who travels the *eaſt* into the *weſt*; or like a ſtrait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether, a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furniſhing every bright idea with its reverſe; or, whether reaſon, reflecting upon the ſum of things, can like the ſun ſerve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by neceſſity under ſhade and darkneſs; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is higheſt and beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradiſe, to the ground: or whether, after all

all theſe *metaphyſical* conjectures, I have not intirely miſſed the true reaſon; the propoſition however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much circumſtance, is altogether true; that, as the moſt uncivilized parts of mankind have ſome way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or ſupreme power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghaſtly notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding ſeems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whoſe imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame rate, as with thoſe, whoſe bodies are ſo; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal proſpect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the uſual method of mankind to ſingle out ſome being, either in act, or in viſion, which was in moſt antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus alſo the ſect of *Æoliſts* poſſeſſed themſelves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and

the

the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe was the * *camelion*, ſworn foe to *inſpiration*, who in ſcorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the ſmalleſt blaſt by *eructation*. The other was a huge terrible monſter, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four ſtrong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterouſly turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with intereſt.

Thus furniſhed, and ſet out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned ſect of *Æoliſts*, which makes at this day ſo illuſtrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of *Laplanders* are, beyond all doubt, a moſt authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injuſtice, here omit to make honourable mention; ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied in point of intereſt, as well as inclinations, with their brother *Æoliſts* among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholeſale from the *ſame*

* I do not well underſtand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monſter, mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the *French* name for a windmill.

mer-

merchants, but alſo to retail them after the *ſame* rate and method, and to cuſtomers much alike.

Now, whether the ſyſtem here delivered was wholly compiled by *Jack*; or, as ſome writers believe, rather copied from the original at *Delphos*, with certain additions and emendations, ſuited to the times and circumſtances; I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it at leaſt a new turn, and formed it into the ſame dreſs and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long ſought after this opportunity of doing juſtice to a ſociety of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whoſe opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented, and traduced, by the malice or ignorance of their adverſaries. For, I think it one of the greateſt, and beſt of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their trueſt and faireſt light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beſide the conſcience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

A digreſſion concerning the original, the uſe, and improvement of madneſs *in a commonwealth.*

NOR ſhall it any ways detract from the juſt reputation of this famous ſect, that its riſe and inſtitution are owing to ſuch an author, as I have deſcribed *Jack* to be; a perſon whoſe intellectuals were overturned, and his brain ſhaken out of its natural poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a diſtemper, and call by the name of *madneſs* or *phrenzy*. For, if we take a ſurvey of the greateſt actions, that have been performed in the world under the influence of ſingle men; which are, *the eſtabliſhment of new empires by conqueſt*; *the advance and progreſs of new ſchemes in philoſophy*; *and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions*; we ſhall find the authors of them all to have been perſons, whoſe natural reaſon had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of ſome certain temper, together with the particular influence

fluence of air and climate. Beſides, there is ſomething individual in human minds, that eaſily kindles at the accidental approach and colliſion of certain circumſtances, which, though of paultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt emergencies of life. For, great turns are not always given by ſtrong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper ſeaſons; and it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For, the *upper region* of man is furniſhed like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from cauſes of the wideſt difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame ſubſtance and effect. Miſts ariſe from the earth, ſteams from dunghils, exhalations from the ſea, and ſmoke from fire; yet all clouds are the ſame in compoſition, as well as conſequences; and the fumes iſſuing from a jakes will furniſh as comely and uſeful a vapour, as incenſe from an altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is over-caſt and diſturbed, ſo human

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underſtanding, ſeated in the brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by vapours, aſcending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although theſe vapours (as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various original, as thoſe of the ſkies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, meerly according to the ſoil. I will produce two inſtances to prove and explain, what I am now advancing.

* A certain great prince raiſed a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treaſures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the leaſt part of his deſign to his greateſt miniſters, or his neareſt favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the ſtorm would burſt; the ſmall politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a ſcheme for univerſal monarchy; others, after much inſight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *pope*, and ſetting up the *reform-*

* This was *Harry the Great* of *France.*

ed

ed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper ſagacity, ſent him into *Aſia* to ſubdue the *Turk*, and recover *Paleſtine*. In the midſt of all theſe projects and preparations, a certain * *ſtate-ſurgeon*, gathering the nature of the diſeaſe by theſe ſymptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its riſe, which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze, what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring could put into motion ſo wonderful an engine. It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an abſent *female*, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and before emiſſion ſhe was removed into an enemy's country. What ſhould an unhappy prince do in ſuch tickliſh circumſtances as theſe? he tried in

* *Ravillac*, who ſtabbed *Henry the Great* in his coach.

vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*; for,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire.
Lucr.

Having to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *ſemen*, raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to choler, turned head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the brain: the very ſame principle, that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories.

——Teterrima belli
Cauſa——

The other * inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere in a very antient author of a mighty king, who, for the ſpace of above thirty years, amuſed himſelf to take,

* This is meant of the preſent *French* king, *Lewis* XIV.

and

and loſe towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre ſubject and ſtranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philoſophers of each country were in grave diſpute upon cauſes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original ſolution of this *phænomenon*. At laſt, the *vapour* or *ſpirit*, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, ſeized upon that region of the human body ſo renowned for furniſhing the † *zibeta occidentalis*, and gathering there into a tumor, left the reſt of the world for that time in peace. Of ſuch mighty conſequence it is, where thoſe exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame ſpirits, which in their ſuperior progreſs would conquer a kingdom, deſcending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fiſtula*.

† *Paracelſus*, who was ſo famous for chymiſtry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which, when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *weſtern civet*, the back parts of man (acording to his diviſion mentioned by the author, *page* 163.) being the *weſt*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new ſchemes in philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find, from what faculty of the ſoul the diſpoſition ariſes in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new ſyſtems, with ſuch an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known: from what ſeeds this diſpoſition ſprings, and to what quality of human nature theſe grand innovators have been indebted for their number of diſciples. Becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of the chief among them, both *antient* and *modern*, were uſually miſtaken by their adverſaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been perſons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common courſe of their words and actions by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reaſon; agreeing for the moſt part in their ſeveral models with their preſent undoubted ſucceſſors in the *academy* of *modern Bedlam* (whoſe merits and principles I ſhall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelſus*, *Des Cartes*, and others;

thers; who, if they were now in the world, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their followers, would, in this our undiſtinguiſhing age, incur manifeſt danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *ſtraw*. For, what man in the natural ſtate, or courſe of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the ſame length, and breadth, and heighth of his own? yet, this is the firſt humble and civil deſign of all innovators in the empire of reaſon. *Epicurus* modeſtly hoped, that one time or other a certain fortuitous concourſe of all men's opinions, after perpetual juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the ſquare, would by certain *clinamina* unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as theſe did in the originals of all things. *Carteſius* reckoned to ſee, before he died, the ſentiments of all philoſophers, like ſo many leſſer ſtars in his *romantic* ſyſtem, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch imaginations as theſe in particular men, without

recourſe to my *phænomenon* of *vapours*, aſcending from the lower faculties to overſhadow the brain, and there diſtilling into conceptions, for which the narrowneſs of our mother tongue has not yet aſſigned any other name, beſides that of *madneſs* or *phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great preſcribers do ever fail providing themſelves and their notions with a number of implicite diſciples. And, I think, the reaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned: for, there is a peculiar *ſtring* in the harmony of human underſtanding, which in ſeveral individuals is exactly of the ſame tuning. This if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame pitch, they will, by a ſecret neceſſary ſympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ſame time. And, in this one circumſtance lies all the ſkill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the ſtring among thoſe, who are either above or below your own heighth, inſtead of ſubſcribing to your doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad,

mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the niceſt conduct to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble talent with reſpect to the differences of perſons and of times. *Cicero* underſtood this very well, when writing to a friend in *England*, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen* (who, it ſeems, in thoſe days were as errant raſcals as they are now) has theſe remarkable words: * *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere.* For, to ſpeak a bold truth, it is a fatal miſcarriage ſo ill to order affairs, as to paſs for a *fool* in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philoſopher*. Which I deſire *ſome certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal miſtake of that worthy gentleman, my moſt ingenious friend, Mr. *Wotton:* a perſon, in appearance, ordained for great deſigns, as well as performances; whether you will conſider his *notions* or his *looks*, ſurely no man ever advanced into the public with

* Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.

fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had thoſe happy talents, miſapplied to vain philoſophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *viſions*, where *diſtortion* of mind and countenance are of ſuch ſovereign uſe; the baſe detracting world would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky ſhake; which even his brother *moderniſts* themſelves, like ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Laſtly, whoſoever pleaſes to look into the fountains of *enthuſiaſm*, from whence in all ages have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening ſtreams, will find the ſpring head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current: of ſuch great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madneſs*, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of thoſe two great bleſſings, *conqueſts* and *ſyſtems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the ſame belief in things inviſible. Now, the former *poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what

what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it ſtrikes and ſpreads over the underſtanding, or upon what *ſpecies* of brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the ſeveral reaſons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of ſo vaſt a difference from the ſame *vapour*, as to be the ſole point of individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and Monſieur *Des Cartes*. The preſent argument is the moſt abſtracted, that ever I engaged in; it ſtrains my faculties to their higheſt ſtretch: and I deſire the reader to attend with utmoſt perpenſity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

† There is in mankind, a certain *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * *

Hic multa * * * *

deſiderantur. * * * *

* * * And this I take to be a clear ſolution of the matter.

† Here is another defect in the manuſcript; but I think the author did wiſely, and that the matter, which thus ſtrained his faculties, was not worth a ſolution; and it were well if all metaphyſical cobweb problems were no otherwiſe anſwered.

Having

Having therefore ſo narrowly paſſed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am ſure, agree with me in the concluſion; that if the *moderns* mean by *madneſs* only a diſturbance or tranſpoſition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* iſſuing up from the lower faculties; then has this *madneſs* been the parent of all thoſe mighty revolutions, that have happened in *empire*, in *philoſophy*, and in *religion*. For, the brain, in its natural poſition and ſtate of ſerenity, diſpoſeth its owner to paſs his life in the common forms without any thoughts of ſubduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reaſons*, or his *viſions*; and the more he ſhapes his underſtanding by the pattern of human learning, the leſs he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *aſtride* on his reaſon; when imagination is at cuffs with the ſenſes; and common underſtanding, as well as common ſenſe, is kicked out of doors; the firſt proſelyte he makes, is himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed,

compaſſed, the difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong deluſion always operating from *without*, as vigorouſly as from *within*. For cant and viſion are to the ear and the eye the ſame, that tickling is to the touch. Thoſe entertainments and pleaſures we moſt value in life, are ſuch as *dupe* and play the wag with the ſenſes. For, if we take an examination of what is generally underſtood by *happineſs*, as it has reſpect either to the underſtanding or the ſenſes, we ſhall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this ſhort definition: that, *it is a perpetual poſſeſſion of being well deceived.* And firſt, with relation to the mind or underſtanding, it is manifeſt, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reaſon is juſt at our elbow, becauſe imagination can build nobler ſcenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furniſh. Nor is mankind ſo much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we conſider that the debate merely lies between *things paſt*, and *things conceived*: and ſo the queſtion is only this; whether things,

that

that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be ſaid to *exiſt*, as thoſe that are ſeated in the *memory*; which may be juſtly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, ſince this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happineſs, and examine it with reference to the ſenſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all objects accoſt us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *deluſion!* how ſhrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glaſs of nature! ſo that if it were not for the aſſiſtance of artificial *mediums*, falſe lights, refracted angles, varniſh and tinſel; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the world, as I have a certain reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wiſdom the art of expoſing weak ſides, and publiſhing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of *unmaſking*, which, I think,

think, has never been allowed fair uſage, either in the *world*, or the *play-houſe*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful poſſeſſion of the mind, than curioſity; ſo far preferable is that wiſdom, which converſes about the ſurface, to that pretended philoſophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two ſenſes, to which all objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the ſight and the touch; theſe never examine farther than the colour, the ſhape, the ſize, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reaſon officiouſly with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite through. Now I take all this to be the laſt degree of perverting nature; one of whoſe eternal laws it is, to put her beſt furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the charges of all ſuch expenſive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader,

windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed the two principal branches of *madneſs*, and which ſome philoſophers, not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtaken to be different in their cauſes, overhaſtily aſſigning the firſt to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of ſkill and addreſs is to furniſh employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjuſt the ſeaſon of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chuſing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the ſaver of his country; another atchieves the ſame enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madneſs* fixed as a reproach upon his memory; upon ſo nice a diſtinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder *Brutus* only perſonated the *fool* and *mad-man* for the good of the public;

public; but this was nothing elſe, than a redundancy of the ſame *vapour* long miſapplied, called by the *Latins*, * *Ingenium par negotiis*; or, to tranſlate it as nearly as I can, a ſort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the buſineſs of the ſtate.

Upon all which, and many other reaſons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir *Edward Seymour*, Sir *Chriſtopher Muſgrave*, Sir *John Bowls*, *John How* Eſq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commiſſioners to inſpect into *Bedlam*, and the parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to *ſend for perſons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every ſtudent and profeſſor; to obſerve with utmoſt exactneſs their ſeveral diſpoſitions and behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable inſtruments

* Tacit.

Müller inv. del. & Sc.

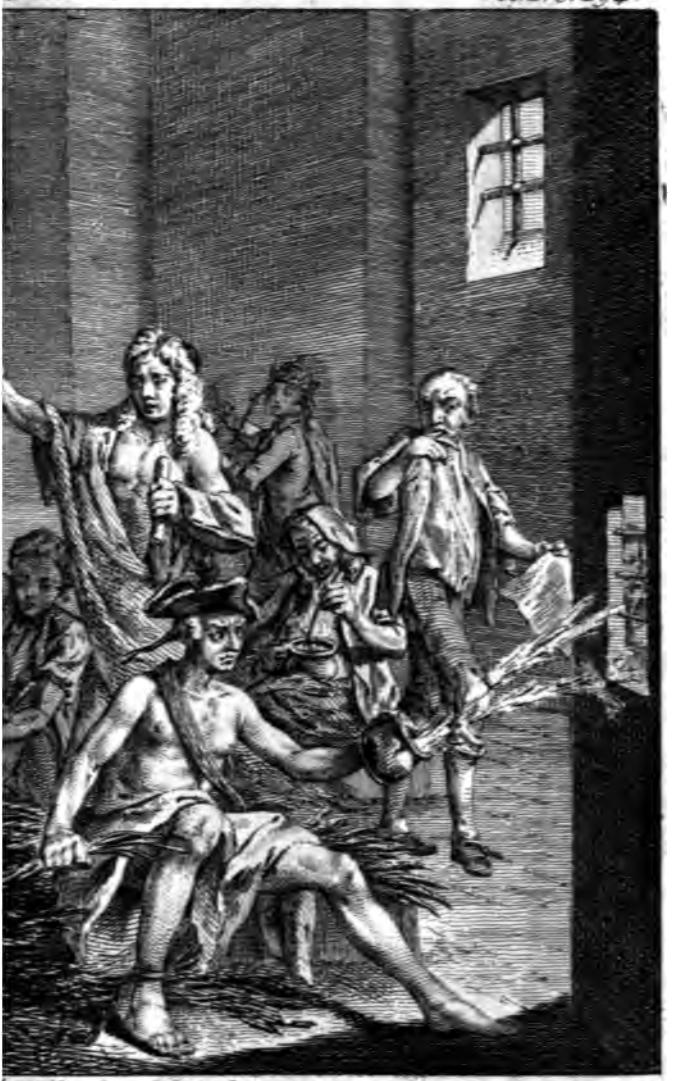
for the ſeveral offices in a ſtate, ‡ * * * * * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in ſuch methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And, I hope the gentle reader will give ſome allowance to my great ſolicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high eſteem I have born that honourable ſociety, whereof I had ſome time the happineſs to be an unworthy member.

Is any ſtudent tearing his ſtraw in piecemeal, ſwearing and blaſpheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piſſpot in the ſpectator's faces? let the right worſhipful the *commiſſioners of inſpection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and ſend him into *Flanders* among the *reſt*. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling in a ſound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here miſlaid! let him be furniſhed immediately with a green bag and papers, and * *three pence* in his pocket, and away with him to *Weſtminſter-Hall*. You will find a third gravely taking the dimenſions of his kennel; a perſon of

‡ *Eccleſiaſtical.*

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to *Weſtminſter.*

foreſight



Muller inv. del. et Sc.

foreſight and inſight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like *Moſes*, *ecce* * *cornuta erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the *whore of Babylon*; bars up the wooden window of his cell conſtantly at eight a-clock: dreams of *fire*, and *ſhop-lifters*, and *court-cuſtomers*, and *privileged places.* Now, what a figure would all theſe acquirements amount to, if the owner were ſent into the *city* among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep converſation with himſelf, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with buſineſs and deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great ſaver of time, ſomewhat thick of hearing, very ſhort of ſight, but more of memory: a man ever in haſte, a great hatcher and breeder of buſineſs, and excellent at the famous art of *whiſpering nothing*: a huge idolater of monoſyllables and procraſtination; ſo

* *Cornutus* is either horned or ſhining, and by this term *Moſes* is deſcribed in the vulgar *Latin* of the bible.

ready to *give* his word to every body, that he never *keeps* it: one that has forgot the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer of the *ſound:* extremely ſubject to the *looſeneſs*, for his *occaſions* are perpetually *calling him away.* If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; *Sir*, ſays he, *give me a penny, and I'll ſing you a ſong: but give me the penny firſt.* (Hence comes the common ſaying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *ſong.*) What a compleat ſyſtem of *court ſkill* is here deſcribed in every branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong application! Accoſt the hole of another kennel (firſt ſtopping your noſe) you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The beſt part of his diet is the reverſion of his own ordure, which, expiring into ſteams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin ſcattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its firſt declination; like other inſects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow

borrow their colour and their ſmell. The ſtudent of this apartment is very ſparing of his words, but ſomewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the ſociety of *Warwick-lane* ſhould have no more concern for the recovery of ſo uſeful a member, who, if one may judge from theſe appearances, would become the greateſt ornament to that illuſtrious body? Another ſtudent ſtruts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half ſqueeſing out his eyes, and very graciouſly holds you out his hand to kiſs. The *keeper* deſires you not to be afraid of this profeſſor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the *orator* of the place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn perſon is a *taylor* run mad with pride. This conſiderable ſtudent is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at preſent I ſhall not farther enlarge.----‡ *Hark*

‡ I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chaſm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

in your ear ----- I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his addreſs, his motions, and his airs would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I ſhall not deſcend ſo minutely, as to inſiſt upon the vaſt number of *beaux*, *fidlers*, *poets*, and *politicians*, that the world might recover by ſuch a reformation: but what is more material, beſides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth by ſo large an acquiſition of perſons to employ, whoſe talents and acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their ſeveral kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt from what I have already ſhewn, and ſhall inforce by this one plain inſtance; that, even I myſelf, the author of theſe momentous truths, am a perſon, whoſe imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his *reaſon*, which I have obſerved from long experience to be a very light rider, and eaſily ſhaken off; upon which account,

my

my friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn promiſe to vent my ſpeculations in this, or the like manner, for the univerſal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that *modern* charity and tenderneſs uſually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A FURTHER DIGRESSION *.

IT is an unanſwerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have paſſed of late years between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly † pop out a *play*, *a pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applauſe they have given it, which the lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received.

* This ſection has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till Section XI. and this being only a further digreſſion, no apology can be thought neceſſary for making the title correſpond with the contents.

† This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the prefaces to moſt plays, poems, &c.

In due deference to ſo laudable a cuſtom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his majeſty*, and both houſes of *parliament*; to the *lords* of the king's moſt honourable privy-council; to the reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land: but in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffee-houſe*, and *Greſham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moor-fields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Guild-hall:* in ſhort, to all inhabitants and retainers whatſoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and univerſal acceptance of this divine treatiſe. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmoſt of my poor capacity, ſhall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am alſo happy, that fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an age for the mutual felicity of *bookſellers* and *authors*, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this day the two only ſatisfied parties in *England*. Aſk an *author* how his laſt piece hath ſucceeded: *why, truly, he thanks his ſtars, the world has been*

been very favourable, and he has not the leaſt reaſon to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at bits and ſtarts, when he could ſteal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt to the bookſeller. There you go as a cuſtomer, and make the ſame queſtion: *he bleſſes his God the* thing *takes wonderfully, he is juſt printing the ſecond edition, and has but three left in his ſhop.* You beat down the price: *Sir, we ſhall not differ*; and, in hopes of your cuſtom another time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; *and, pray ſend as many of your acquaintance as you will, I ſhall upon your account furniſh them all at the ſame rate.*

Now, it is not well enough conſidered, to what accidents and occaſions the world is indebted for the greateſt part of thoſe noble writings, which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a *rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the ſpleen, a courſe of phyſic, a ſleepy ſunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purſe, a factious head, a hot ſun, coſtive diet,*

want of books, and a juſt contempt of learning: but for theſe events, I ſay, and ſome others too long to recite (eſpecially a *prudent neglect of taking brimſtone inwardly*) I doubt, the number of *authors*, and of *writings*, would dwindle away to a degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this opinion hear the words of the famous *Troglodyte* philoſopher: *It is certain* (ſaid he) *ſome grains of folly are of courſe annexed as part of the compoſition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them* inlaid *or* emboſſed: *and we need not go very far to ſeek how that is uſually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lighteſt will be ever at the top.*

There is in this famous iſland of *Britain* a certain paultry *ſcribler*, very voluminous, whoſe character the reader cannot wholly be a ſtranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *ſecond parts*, and uſually paſſes under the name of *the author of the firſt.* I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my pen, this nimble *operator* will have ſtolen it, and treat me

as

as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. *Blackmore*, *Leſtrange*, and many others, who ſhall here be nameleſs; I therefore fly for juſtice and relief into the hands of that great *rectifier of ſaddles* *, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. *Bentley*, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his moſt *modern* conſideration: and if it ſhould ſo happen, that the *furniture of an aſs*, in the ſhape of a *ſecond part*, muſt for my ſins be clapped by a miſtake upon my back, that he will immediately pleaſe, in the preſence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own houſe*, till the *true beaſt* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my reſolutions are to circumſcribe within this diſcourſe the whole ſtock of matter, I have been ſo many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the univerſal benefit of mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the number of my

* Alluding to the trite phraſe, *place the ſadd'e on the right horſe.*

gueſts, they ſhall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the *leavings* in the cupboard. What the *gueſts* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the * *dogs* under the table may gnaw the *bones*. This I underſtand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's ſtomach by inviting them again to morrow to a ſcurvy meal of *ſcraps*.

If the reader fairly conſiders the ſtrength of what I have advanced in the foregoing ſection, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding part of this miraculous treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three claſſes, the *ſuperficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *ſuperficial* reader will be ſtrangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breaſt and the lungs, is ſovereign

* By *dogs*, the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himſelf before in his *digreſſion upon critics*. page 103.

againſt

againſt the *ſpleen*, and the moſt innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the diſtinction is extremely nice, will find himſelf diſpoſed to *ſtare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the ſpirits, and wonderfully helps *perſpiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whoſe benefit I wake when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient matter to employ his ſpeculations for the reſt of his life. It were much to be wiſhed, and I do here humbly propoſe for an experiment, that every prince in *chriſtendom* will take ſeven of the *deepeſt ſcholars* in his dominions, and ſhut them up cloſe for *ſeven* years, in *ſeven* chambers, with a command to write *ſeven* ample commentaries on this comprehenſive diſcourſe. I ſhall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their ſeveral conjectures, they will be all, without the leaſt diſtortion, manifeſtly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earneſt requeſt, that ſo uſeful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majeſties pleaſe, with all convenient ſpeed;

becauſe

becauſe I have a ſtrong inclination, before I leave the world, to taſte a bleſſing, which we *myſterious* writers can ſeldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves; whether it is, that *fame*, being a fruit graffed on the body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the *ſtock* is in the earth: or, whether ſhe be a bird of prey, and is lured among the reſt to purſue after the ſcent of a *carcaſs*: or, whether ſhe conceives, her trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe ſtands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a riſing ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *night* being the univerſal mother of things, wiſe philoſophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore, the * *true illuminated* (that is

* A name of the *Roſycrucians*. Theſe were Fanatic alchemiſts, who in ſearch after the great ſecret had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a kind of theological philoſophy, made up of almoſt equal mixtures of pagan platoniſm, Chriſtian quietiſm, and the *Jewiſh* cabbala. *Warburton* on the *Rape of the Lock*.

to

to ſay, the *darkeſt* of all) have met with ſuch numberleſs commentators, whoſe *ſcholaſtic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themſelves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very juſtly be allowed the lawful parents of them †, the words of ſuch writers being like ſeed, which, however ſcattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the ſower.

And therefore in order to promote ſo uſeful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great aſſiſtance to thoſe ſublime ſpirits, who ſhall be appointed to labour in a univerſal comment upon this wonderful diſcourſe. And firſt ‡, I have couched a very profound myſtery in the number of O's multiplied by *ſeven*, and divided by *nine*. Alſo, if a devout brother of the *roſy croſs* will pray fervently for ſixty three mornings, with a lively faith, and then tranſpoſe certain letters and ſyllables according to

† Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the *cabbaliſts* among the *Jews* have done with the *bible*, and pretend to find wonderful myſteries by it.

preſcrip-

preſcription in the ſecond and fifth ſection; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Laſtly, whoever will be at the pains to cultivate the whole number of each letter in this treatiſe, and ſum up the difference exactly between the ſeveral numbers, aſſigning the true natural cauſe for every ſuch difference; the diſcoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he muſt beware of * *Bythus* and *Sigé*, and be ſure not to forget the qualities of *Achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit ſubſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia ſolida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein † *Eugenius Philalethes* hath committed an unpardonable miſtake.

THE

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I conſulted on this point, that theſe two barbarous words, with that of *Achamoth*, and its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from *Irenæus*. This he diſcovered by ſearching that antient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous words, *baſyma cacabaſa*, &c. are really in *Irenæus*, and upon enquiry, it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

† *Vid.* Anima magica abſcondita.

To the abovementioned treatiſe, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abſcondita*, written by the ſame author, *Vaughan*, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*, but in neither of thoſe treatiſes

is

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject, and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way; whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myſelf. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haſte to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my caſe, having never ſo little buſineſs, as when I am there) if his *horſe* be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I adviſe him clearly

is there any mention of *achamoth*, or its qualities, ſo that this is nothing but amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis, &c.* are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from *Irenæus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt road, be it ever ſo dirty: but then ſurely we muſt own ſuch a man to be a ſcurvy companion at beſt; he *ſpatters* himſelf and his fellow-travellers at every ſtep: all their thoughts, and wiſhes, and converſation, turn intirely upon the ſubject of their journey's end; and at every ſplaſh and plunge, and ſtumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the devil.

On the other ſide, when a traveller and his *horſe* are in heart and plight; when his purſe is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the firſt occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful ſcene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe, out of ſtupidity or wearineſs; let them jog on by themſelves and be d——n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through; the men, women and children run out to gaze; a hundred * *noiſy curs* run *barking* after him, of which

* By theſe are meant what the author calls, the *true critics*, 1103.

if

if he honours the boldeſt with a *laſh of his whip*, it is rather out of ſport than revenge: but ſhould ſome *ſourer mongrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *ſalute* on the chaps by an accidental ſtroke from the courſer's heels, nor is any ground loſt by the blow, which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to ſum up the ſingular adventures of my renowned *Jack*; the ſtate of whoſe diſpoſitions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the concluſion of a former ſection. Therefore his next care muſt be from two of the foregoing to extract a ſcheme of notions, that may beſt fit his underſtanding for a true reliſh of what is to enſue.

JACK had not only calculated the firſt revolution of his brain ſo prudently, as to give riſe to that epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulneſs of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their myſteries and their meanings, nor wanted

followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremly careful and exact in recounting ſuch material paſſages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading, and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as notions of that heighth and latitude can be brought within the compaſs of a pen. Nor do I at all queſtion but they will furniſh plenty of noble matter for ſuch, whoſe converting imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all things into types; who can make *ſhadows*, no thanks to the ſun; and then mould them into ſubſtances, no thanks to philoſophy; whoſe peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and myſtery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, engroſſed in form upon a large ſkin of parchment; and reſolving to act the part of a moſt dutiful ſon, he became the fondeſt creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy directions about the management

ment and wearing their coats, with legacies and penalties in caſe of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of myſtery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I will prove this very ſkin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univerſal medicine.* † In conſequence of which raptures, he reſolved to make uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paltry occaſions of life. He had a way of working it into any ſhape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a ſore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his noſe; or, if any thing lay heavy on his ſtomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the powder as would lie on a ſilver penny, they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to theſe refinements, his common talk and conver-

† The author here laſhes thoſe pretenders to purity, who place ſo much merit in uſing ſcripture phraſe on all occaſions.

ſation, * ran wholly in the phraſe of his will, and he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his eloquence within that compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a ſyllable without authority from thence. Once, at a ſtrange houſe, he was ſuddenly taken ſhort upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that ſuddenneſs the occaſion required, an authentic phraſe for demanding the way to the back-ſide, he choſe rather, as the moſt prudent courſe, to incur the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again; becauſe, having conſulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a † paſſage near the bottom (whether foiſted

* The *proteſtant diſſenters* uſe *ſcripture phraſes* in their ſerious diſcourſes and compoſures, more than the *church-of-England men*; accordingly *Jack* is introduced, making his common talk and converſation to run wholly in the phraſe of his WILL. *W. Wotton.*

† I cannot gueſs the author's meaning here, which, I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of importance.

Ibid. *Incurring the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed*, wants no explanation. *He would not make himſelf clean, becauſe having conſulted the will* (*i. e.* the New Teſtament) *he met with a paſſage near the bottom*, i. e. in the 11th verſe of

foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion never to ſay † grace to his meat, nor could all the world perſuade him, as the common phraſe is, to ‡ eat his victuals *like a Chriſtian.*

He bore a ſtrange kind of appetite to ‖ *ſnap-dragon*, and to the livid ſnuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and ſwallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which iſſuing in a glowing ſteam from both his eyes, as well as his noſtrils, and his mouth made his head appear in a dark night like the ſkull of an aſs, wherein a roguiſh boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his majeſty's liege ſubjects.* There-

of the laſt Chapter of the Revelations, "He which is *filthy*, "let him be *filthy* ſtill," *which ſeem'd to forbid it. Whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber*, is added; becauſe this paragraph is wanting in the *Alexandrian* MS. the oldeſt and moſt authentick copy of the New Teſtament.

† The ſlovenly way of receiving the ſacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phraſe to expreſs eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective againſt that indecent manner among ſome people in receiving the ſacrament; ſo in the lines before, which is to be underſtood of the diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the ſacrament.

‖ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthuſiaſts.

fore he made uſe of no other expedient to light himſelf home, but was wont to ſay, that *a wiſe man was his own lantern.*

He would ſhut his eyes as he walked along the ſtreets, and if he happened to bounce his head againſt a poſt, or fall into the kennel, as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that *he ſubmitted with intire reſignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, would be ſure to come off with a ſwinging fall, or a bloody noſe. It was ordained,* ſaid he, *ſome few days before the creation, that my noſe and this very poſt ſhould have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to ſend us both into the world in the ſame age, and to make us country-men, and fellow citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the buſineſs might have been a great deal worſe; for how many a confounded ſlip is daily got by man, with all his foreſight about him? beſides the eyes of the underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of the ſenſes*

are

are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are obſerved to tread their ſteps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than thoſe who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the viſual nerve, which every little accident ſhakes out of order, and a drop, or a film can wholly diſconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies; when they ſcour the ſtreets, expoſing its owner, and itſelf, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have eſcaped, if the vanity of appearing would have ſuffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct *of theſe boaſted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worſe than their* fortune. *It is true, I have broke my noſe againſt this poſt, becauſe fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the preſent age or poſterity to truſt their* noſes *into the keeping of their* eyes, *which may prove the faireſt way of loſing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miſerable guardians are ye of our frail noſes; ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt precipice in view, and*

then

He had a tongue ſo muſculous and ſubtil, that he could twiſt it up into his noſe, and deliver a ſtrange kind of ſpeech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe kingdoms, who began to improve the *Spaniſh* accompliſhment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually expoſed and arrected, he carried his art to ſuch a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the view or the ſound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the ſtinging of the *tarantula*; and would † run dog-mad at the noiſe of *muſic*, eſpecially a *pair of bagpipes*. But he would cure himſelf again by taking two or three turns in *Weſtminſter-hall*, or *Billingſgate*, or in a *boarding-ſchool*, or the *Royal-exchange*, or a *State coffee-houſe*.

He was a perſon that ‡ *feared* no *colours*, but mortally *hated* all, and upon that ac-

† This is to expoſe our diſſenters averſion againſt inſtrumental muſic in churches. *W. Wotton.*

‡ They quarrel at the moſt innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the ſtatues and paintings on all the churches in *England.*

count

count bore a cruel averſion againſt *painters*; inſomuch that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would have his pockets loaden with ſtones to pelt at the *ſigns*.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occaſion to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into water §, though it were in the midſt of the *winter*, but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in.

He was the firſt, that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a ‖ *ſoporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*; it was a compound of *ſulphur*, and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's ſalve*.

He wore a large plaiſter of artificial *cauſtics* on his ſtomach, with the fervour of which he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

‡ He would ſtand in the turning of a

§ Baptiſm of adults by plunging.

‖ Fanatic preaching, compoſed either of hell and damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven, both in ſuch a dirty, nauſeous ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

‡ The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into perſecution, and count vaſt merit upon every little hardſhip they ſuffer.

ſtreet,

ſtreet, and, calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good ſlap in the chaps.* To another, *Honeſt friend, pray favour me with a handſome kick on the arſe: Madam, ſhall I intreat a ſmall box on the ear from your ladyſhip's fair hands? Noble captain lend a reaſonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over theſe poor ſhoulders.* And when he had, by ſuch earneſt ſolicitations, made a ſhift to procure a baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his fancy and his ſides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good. Obſerve this ſtroke,* (ſaid he, ſhewing his bare ſhoulders) *a plaguy* janizary *gave it me this very morning at ſeven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the* great Turk. *Neighbours, mind, this broken head deſerves a plaiſter; had poor* Jack *been tender of his noddle, you would have ſeen the* pope, *and the* french *king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your ware-houſes. Dear* chriſtians, *the* great mogul *was come as far as* Whitechapel, *and you may thank theſe poor ſides, that*

that he hath not (God bleſs us) already ſwallowed up man, woman, and child.

† It was highly worth obſerving, the ſingular effects of that averſion, or antipathy, which *Jack* and his brother *Peter* ſeemed, even to an affectation, to bear againſt each other. *Peter* had lately done *ſome rogueries*, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before night for fear of bayliffs. Their lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occaſions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddeſt unlikely times, and moſt uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be ſure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reaſon of which is eaſy enough to apprehend; for, the phrenzy and the ſpleen of both having the ſame foundation,

† The papiſts and fanatics, though they appear the moſt averſe againſt each other, yet bear a near reſemblance in many things, as hath been obſerved by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our diſſenters and the papiſts, in that which biſhop *Stillingfleet* called, *the fanaticiſm of the church of* Rome, is ludicrouſly deſcribed for ſeveral pages together, by *Jack*'s likeneſs to *Peter*, and their being often miſtaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they leaſt intended it. *W. Wotton.*

we

we may look upon them as two pair of compaſſes, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the ſame center; which, though moving contrary ways at firſt, will be ſure to encounter ſomewhere or other in the circumference. Beſides, it was among the great misfortunes of *Jack* to bear a huge perſonal reſemblance with his brother *Peter*. Their humour and diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe analogy in their ſhape and ſize, and their mien. Inſomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bayliff to ſeize *Jack* by the ſhoulders, and cry, *Mr.* Peter, *you are the king's priſoner*. Or, at other times, for one of *Peter*'s neareſt friends to accoſt *Jack* with open arms, *Dear* Peter, *I am glad to ſee thee*; *pray ſend me one of your beſt medicines for the worms*. This, we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying return of thoſe pains and proceedings, *Jack* had laboured in ſo long; and finding, how directly oppoſite all his endeavours had anſwered to the ſole end and intention, which he had propoſed to himſelf; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head

and

and heart ſo furniſhed as his? however, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the puniſhment; the orient ſun never entered upon his diurnal progreſs without miſſing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to ſtitch up the collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choak him, and ſqueeſed out his eyes at ſuch a rate, as one could ſee nothing but the white. What little was left of the main ſubſtance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours againſt a rough-caſt wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery*; but at the ſame time went on with ſo much violence, that he proceeded a *heathen philoſopher*. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the ſucceſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock reſemblance to finery; there being a ſort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a diſtance, in the dark, or by ſhort-ſighted eyes: ſo, in thoſe junctures, it fared with *Jack* and his tatters, that they offered to the firſt view a ridiculous flaunting, which, aſſiſting the reſemblance in perſon and air, thwarted all his

projects of ſeparation, and left ſo near a ſimilitude between them, as frequently deceived the very diſciples and followers of both. * * * * * * * *

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Deſunt non- * * * * * *

nulla. * * * * * *

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The old *ſclavonian* proverb ſaid well, that *it is with* men, *as with* aſſes; *whoever would keep them faſt, muſt find a very good hold at their ears.* Yet I think, we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good therefore, to read the maxims of our anceſtors with great allowances to times and perſons: for, if we look into primitive records, we ſhall find, that no revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human *ears*. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *artes perditæ:*

ditæ: and how can it be otherwiſe, when in theſe latter centuries the very ſpecies is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our ſkilfuleſt *tenure?* For, if the only ſlitting of one *ear* in a ſtag hath been found ſufficient to propagate the defect through a whole foreſt; why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt conſequences from ſo many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late ſo much expoſed. It is true indeed that, while this *iſland* of ours was under the *dominion of grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeneſs was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of grace in the *inward*. Beſides, it is held by naturaliſts, that if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the *ſuperior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *noſe*, there muſt be a parity alſo in the *inferior:* and therefore in that truly pious age the *males* in every aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in

expoſing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; becauſe * *Hippocrates* tells us, that *when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch:* and the *females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof thoſe who had already *uſed the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable offspring by ſuch a proſpect: others, who ſtood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter ſiſters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protruſions of zeal, or ſpiritual excreſcencies, were ſure to honour every head they ſat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but eſpecially, that of the preacher, whoſe *ears* were uſually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical *paroxyſms* turning ſometimes to *hold forth* the one,

* Lib. de aëre, locis & aquis.

and

and ſometimes to *hold forth* the other: from which cuſtom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their profeſſors, ſtiled by the phraſe of *holding forth.*

Such was the progreſs of the ſaints for advancing the ſize of that member; and it is thought, the ſucceſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in proceſs of time, a † cruel king had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody perſecution againſt all *ears* above a certain ſtandard: upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing ſprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great number ſliced off to the ſtumps. But of this more hereafter in my *general hiſtory of ears*; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the public.

From this brief ſurvey of the falling ſtate of *ears* in the laſt age, and the ſmall care had to advance their antient growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little reaſon we can have to rely upon a hold ſo

† This was king *Charles* the Second, who, at his reſtauration, turned out all the diſſenting teachers that would not conform.

ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and that whoever deſires to catch mankind faſt, muſt have recourſe to ſome other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral *handles*, whereof the ‡ *ſix* ſenſes afford one apiece, beſide a great number that are ſcrewed to the paſſions, and ſome few riveted to the intellect. Among theſe laſt *curioſity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmeſt graſp: *curioſity*, that ſpur in the ſide, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the noſe, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an author ſhould ſeize upon his readers; which as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain; and they become his priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till wearineſs or dulneſs force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatiſe, having hitherto beyond expectation maintained by the aforeſaid *handle* a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that

‡ Including *Scaliger's*.

I am

I am at length compelled to remit my graſp; leaving them in the peruſal of what remains to that natural *oſcitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only aſſure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my papers the remaining part of theſe memoirs; which conſiſted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and ſurpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taſte of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmoſt endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how *Peter* got a *protection* out of the *King's-bench*; and of a ‖ reconcilement between *Jack* and him, upon a deſign they had in a certain *rainy night* to trepan brother

‖ In the reign of king *James* the Second, the preſbyterians by the king's invitation joined with the papiſts, againſt the church of *England*, and addreſſed him for repeal of the penal laws and teſt. The king, by his diſpenſing power, gave liberty of conſcience, which both papiſts and preſbyterians made uſe of; but, upon the revolution, the papiſts being down of courſe, the preſbyterians freely continued their aſſemblies, by virtue of king *James*'s indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by *Jack*'s ſtealing *Peter*'s protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.

Martin into a *ſpunging-houſe*, and there ſtrip him to the ſkin. How *Martin*, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair pair of heels. How a *new warrant* came out againſt *Peter*; upon which, how *Jack* left him in the lurch, *ſtole his protection, and made uſe of it himſelf*. How *Jack*'s tatters came into faſhion in *court* and *city*; how *he* † *got upon a great horſe, and eat* ‡ *cuſtard*. But the particulars of all theſe with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my memory, are loſt beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendſhip that hath paſſed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their healths for an accident paſt remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accompliſhed writer, and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, leaſt of all others to be omitted.

† Sir *Humphrey Edwyn*, a [illegible] formalities to a conventicle, with the enſigns of his office.

‡ Cuſtard is a famous diſh at a lord-mayor's feaſt.

THE

J. L. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING *too long* is a cauſe of abortion as effectual, though not ſo frequent, as *going too ſhort*; and holds true eſpecially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble * *jeſuit*, who firſt adventured to confeſs in print, that books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral ſeaſons, like dreſs, and diet, and diverſions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other *french* modes. I am living faſt to ſee the time, when a *book* that miſſes its tide, ſhall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the ſeaſon. No man hath more nicely obſerved our climate, than the bookſeller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle, what ſubjects will beſt go off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the weather-glaſs is fallen to *much rain*. When he had ſeen this treatiſe, and conſulted his *almanac* upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered

* Pere d'Orleans.

the

the two principal things, which were the *bulk*, and the *ſubject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation, and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, *conſidering my urgent neceſſities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *weſtward*, and ſaid, *I doubt we ſhall have a fit of bad weather*; *however*, *if you could prepare ſome pretty little* banter (but not in verſe) *or a ſmall treatiſe upon the —— it would run like wild-fire. But*, if it hold up, *I have already hired an author to write ſomething againſt Dr.* Bentley, *which I am ſure, will turn to account.* ‡

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that, when a cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits ſhall happen to be that week in vogue; and if *Durfey*'s laſt play ſhould be in courſe

‡ When Dr. *Prideaux* brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Teſtament to the bookſeller, he told him, it was a *dry ſubject*, and the printing could not ſafely be ventured unleſs he could *enliven it with a little humour*.

I had

I had as lieve, he may be the perſon as *Congreve*. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully well acquainted with the preſent reliſh of courteous readers; and have often obſerved with ſingular pleaſure, that a *fly*, driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finiſh his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to ſay upon the ſubject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is reſolved to liſt me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the buſineſs of being *profound*, that it is with *writers*, as with *wells*; a perſon with good eyes may ſee to the bottom of the deepeſt, provided any *water* be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beſides *dryneſs* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it ſhall paſs however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiſer a reaſon than becauſe it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: when the ſubject is utterly exhauſted to let the pen ſtill

move on; by ſome called, the ghoſt of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to ſay the truth, there ſeems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of diſcerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; ſo that I have ſometimes known it to be in writing, as in viſiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole converſation before. The concluſion of a treatiſe reſembles the concluſion of human life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the end of a feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will ſit down after the fulleſt meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *ſleep* out the reſt of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and ſhall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repoſe* of mankind in † times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe. Neither do I think ſuch an employment ſo very alien from the office

† This was written before the peace of *Ryſwick*, which was ſigned in *Sept.* 1697.

of

of a *wit*, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very polite nation in ‡ *Greece*, there were the *ſame* temples built and conſecrated to *ſleep* and the *muſes*, between which two deities they believed the ſtricteſt friendſhip was eſtabliſhed.

I have one concluding favour to requeſt of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this diſcourſe; but give ſome allowance to the author's ſpleen, and ſhort fits or intervals of dulneſs, as well as his own; and lay it ſeriouſly to his conſcience, whether, if he were walking the ſtreets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their eaſe from a window to criticiſe his gait, and ridicule his dreſs at ſuch a juncture.

In my diſpoſure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *maſter*, and to give *method*, and *reaſon*, the office of its *lacqueys*. The cauſe of this diſtribution was, from obſerving it my peculiar caſe to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon

‡ Trezenii, Pauſan. l. 2.

occaſions,

occaſions, where I could be neither *wiſe* nor *ſound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And, I am too much a ſervant of the *modern* way to neglect any ſuch opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have obſerved, that from a laborious collection of ſeven hundred thirty eight *flowers*, and *ſhining hints* of the beſt *modern* authors, digeſted with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common converſation any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of ſucceſs, by being dropped among unſuitable company; and the other coſt me ſo many ſtrains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this diſappointment (to diſcover a ſecret) I muſt own, gave me the firſt hint of ſetting up for an *author*; and I have ſince found among ſome particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the ſame effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be

be wholly neglected or deſpiſed in *diſcourſe*, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome conſideration and eſteem, after its preferment and ſanction in *print*. But now, ſince by the liberty and encouragement of the preſs, I am grown abſolute maſter of the occaſions and opportunities, to expoſe the talents I have acquired; I already diſcover, that the *iſſues* of my *obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore, I ſhall here pauſe a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute neceſſity for us both, to reſume my pen.

FINIS.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT,

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

ANTIENT and the MODERN

BOOKS

IN

ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

THE

BOOKSELLER

TO THE

READER.

THE following diſcourſe, as it is unqueſtionably of the ſame author, ſo it ſeems to have been written about the ſame time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous diſpute was on foot about *antient and modern learning*. The controverſy took its riſe from an eſſay of Sir *William Temple*'s upon that ſubject; which was anſwered by *W. Wotton*, B.D. with an appendix by Dr. *Bentley*, endeavouring to deſtroy the credit of *Æſop* and *Phalaris* for authors, whom Sir *William Temple* had in the eſſay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the honourable *Charles Boyle* (now *Earl of Orrery*) to which Mr. *Boyle* replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor

voluminouſly rejoined. In this diſpute, the town highly reſented to ſee a perſon of Sir *William Temple*'s character and merits roughly uſed by the two reverend gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. *James*'s library, looking upon themſelves as parties principally concerned, took up the controverſy, and came to a deciſive battle; but the manuſcript by the injury of fortune or weather being in ſeveral places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the victory fell.

I muſt warn the reader to beware of applying to perſons, what is here meant only of books in the moſt literal ſenſe. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the perſon of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain ſheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the ſaid poet: and ſo of the reſt.

THE

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATYR is a ſort of *glaſs*, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reaſon for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend miſchief from thoſe underſtandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add ſtrength to the *ſinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax thoſe of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain*, that will endure but one *ſcumming*: let the owner gather it with diſcretion, and manage his little ſtock with huſbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the *laſh* of his

betters; becauſe, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new ſupply. Wit without knowledge being a ſort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a ſkilful hand may be ſoon *whipped* into *froth*; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

Vol. I. Pa 47.

A. J. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

A FULL AND TRUE

ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumſpection into the † *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *war is the child of pride*, and *pride the daughter of riches:* the former of which aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter: for *pride* is nearly related to beggary and want either by father or mother, and ſometimes by both; and, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invaſions uſually travelling from *north* to *ſouth*, that is to ſay, from poverty to plenty. The

† Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de* Mary Clarke; *opt. edit.*—now called *Wing's* ſheet almanack, and printed by *J. Roberts* for the company of *Stationers*.

moſt antient and natural grounds of quarrels are *luſt* and *avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *pride*, are certainly the iſſues of *want*. For, to ſpeak in the phraſe of writers upon politics, we may obſerve in the republic of *dogs*, which in its original ſeems to be an inſtitution of the *many*, that the whole ſtate is ever in the profoundeſt peace after a full meal; and, that civil broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be ſeized on by ſome *leading dog*, who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*, or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The ſame reaſoning alſo holds place among them in thoſe diſſenſions, we behold upon a turgeſcency in any of their females. For, the right of poſſeſſion lying in common (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a property in ſo delicate a caſe) jealouſies and ſuſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole common-wealth of that ſtreet is reduced to a manifeſt *ſtate of war*, of every *citizen* againſt every *citizen*; till ſome one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the prize:

prize: upon which naturally ariſes plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and ſnarling againſt the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of theſe republics engaged in a foreign war either of invaſion or defence, we ſhall find, the ſame reaſoning will ſerve, as to the grounds and occaſions of each; and that *poverty*, or *want*, in ſome degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the caſe) has a great ſhare, as well as *pride*, on the part of the aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this ſcheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual ſtate, or common-wealth of learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt ground of diſagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form juſt concluſions upon the merits of either cauſe. But the iſſue or events of this war are not ſo eaſy to conjecture at: for, the preſent quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretenſions *ſomewhere or other* ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt overtures of accommodation. This quarrel firſt began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dwel-

ler in the neighbourhood, about a ſmall ſpot of ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two tops of the hill *Parnaſſus*; the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been time out of mind in quiet poſſeſſion of certain tenants called the *antients*; and the other was held by the *moderns*. But theſe, diſliking their preſent ſtation, ſent certain ambaſſadors to the *antients*, complaining of a great nuiſance; how the height of that part of *Parnaſſus* quite ſpoiled the proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the *eaſt*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the *antients* would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their effects down to the lower ſummity, which the *moderns* would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their place; or elſe, that the ſaid *antients* will give leave to the *moderns* to come with ſhovels and mattocks, and level the ſaid hill, as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which the *antients* made anſwer; how little they expected ſuch a meſſage as this from a colony, whom they had admitted out of their own free grace to ſo near a neighbourhood.

hood. That, as to their own ſeat, they were *aborigines* of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or ſurrender was a language they did not underſtand. That, if the height of the hill on their ſide ſhortened the proſpect of the *moderns*, it was a diſadvantage they could not help, but deſired them to conſider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenſed by the *ſhade* and *ſhelter* it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the hill was an intire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itſelf. That, they would therefore adviſe the *moderns* rather to raiſe their own ſide of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *antients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *moderns* with much indignation, who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two expedients; and ſo this difference broke out into a long and obſtinate war, maintained on the one part by reſolution, and by the

courage

courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other by the greatneſs of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhauſted, and the virulence of both parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that *ink* is the great miſſive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a ſort of engine, called a *quill*, infinite numbers of theſe are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each ſide, with equal ſkill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer, who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *coperas*, by its bitterneſs and venom to *ſuit* in ſome degree, as well as to *foment*, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Græcians* after an engagment, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to ſet up trophies on both ſides, the beaten party being content to be at the ſame expence to keep itſelf in countenance (a laudable and antient cuſtom, happily revived of late, in the art of war) ſo the *learned*, after a ſharp and bloody

bloody diſpute, do on both ſides hang out their trophies too, which ever comes by the worſt. Theſe throphies have largely inſcribed on them the merits of the cauſe; a full impartial account of ſuch a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party, that ſet them up. They are known to the world under ſeveral names; as, *diſputes*, *arguments*, *rejoinders*, *brief conſiderations*, *anſwers*, *replies*, *remarks*, *reflections*, *objections*, *confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themſelves or their * repreſentatives, for paſſengers to gaze at; from whence the chiefeſt and largeſt are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purpoſely aſſigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controverſy*.

In theſe books is wonderfully inſtilled and preſerved the ſpirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his ſoul tranſmigrates there to inform them. This at leaſt is the more common opinion; but I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cœmeteries; where ſome philoſo-

* Their title-pages.

phers

phers affirm, that a certain ſpirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *duſt*, or to *worms*, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves; ſo, we may ſay, a reſtleſs ſpirit haunts over every *book*, till *duſt* or *worms* have ſeized upon it; which to ſome may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore *books of controverſy*, being of all others haunted by the moſt diſorderly ſpirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was thought prudent by our anceſtors to bind them to the peace with ſtrong iron chains. Of which invention the original occaſion was this: when the works of *Scotus* firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great library and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his maſter *Ariſtotle*; and there both concerted together to ſeize *Plato* by main force, and turn him out from his antient ſtation among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt ſucceeded, and

and the two uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead: but to maintain quiet for the future it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger ſize ſhould be held faſt with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preſerved, if a new ſpecies of controverſial books had not aroſe of late years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant ſpirit from the war above-mentioned between the *learned* about the higher ſummity of *Parnaſſus*.

When theſe books were firſt admitted into the public libraries, I remember, to have ſaid upon occaſion to ſeveral perſons concerned, how I was ſure, they would create broils where-ever they came, unleſs a world of care were taken: and therefore I adviſed, that the champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poiſons, their malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counſellor; for it was nothing elſe but the neglect of this caution, which gave occaſion to the terrible fight, that

that happened on *Friday* laſt between the *antient* and *modern books* in the *king's library*. Now, becauſe the talk of this battle is ſo freſh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town ſo great to be informed in the particulars; I, being poſſeſſed of all qualifications requiſite in an *hiſtorian*, and retained by neither party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent *importunity of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a perſon of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his * *humanity*, had been a fierce champion for the *moderns*; and in an engagement upon *Parnaſſus* had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the *antient* chiefs, who guarded a ſmall paſs on the ſuperior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his center; a quality, to which thoſe of the *modern* party are ex-

* The honourable Mr. *Boyle*, in the preface to his edition of *Phalaris*, ſays, he was refuſed a manuſcript by the library-keeper, *pro ſolita humanitate ſua*.

Ibid. Doctor *Bentley* was then library keeper: the two antients were *Phalaris* and *Æſop*.

treme

treme ſubject; for, being light-headed, they have, in ſpeculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, diſcover a mighty preſſure about their poſteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his deſign, the diſappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *antients*, which he reſolved to gratify by ſhewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt apartments; when at the ſame time whatever *book* had the boldneſs to own itſelf for an advocate of the *antients*, was buried alive in ſome obſcure corner, and threatened upon the leaſt diſpleaſure to be turned out of doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time, there was a ſtrange confuſion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which ſeveral reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned duſt*, which a perverſe wind blew off from a ſhelf of *moderns* into the *keeper*'s eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *ſchoolmen*, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his

ſpleen, and ſome climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library he had quite loſt the ſituation of it out of his head; and therefore in replacing his *books* he was apt to miſtake, and clap *Des Cartes* next to *Ariſtotle*; poor *Plato* had got between *Hobbes* and the *Seven wiſe maſters*, and *Virgil* was hemmed in with *Dryden* on one ſide, and *Withers* on the other.

Mean while thoſe *books*, that were advocates for the *moderns*, choſe out one from among them to make a progreſs through the whole library, examine the number and ſtrength of their party, and concert their affairs. This meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a liſt of their forces in all fifty thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of *light horſe*, *heavy-armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad: their *horſes* large, but extremely out of caſe and heart; however ſome few, by trading among

mong the *antients*, had furniſhed themſelves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *diſcord* grew extremely high, hot words paſſed on both ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary *antient*, ſqueeſed up among a whole ſhelf of *moderns*, offered fairly to diſpute the caſe, and to prove by manifeſt reaſon, that the priority was due to them from long poſſeſſion, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all their great merits toward the *moderns*. But theſe denied the premiſſes, and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the *antients* could pretend to inſiſt upon their antiquity, when it was ſo plain (if they went to that) that the *moderns* were *much* the more † *antient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *antients*, they renounced them all. *It is true*, ſaid they, *we are informed, ſome few of our party have been ſo mean to borrow their ſubſiſtence from you; but the reſt, infinitely the greater number* (*and eſpecially we* French *and* Engliſh) *were ſo far from ſtooping to ſo baſe an example, that there ne-*

† According to the modern paradox.

ver paſſed, till this very hour, ſix words between us. For, our horſes *were of our own breeding, our* arms *of our own forging, and our* cloaths *of our own cutting out and ſewing. Plato* was by chance upon the next ſhelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* ruſty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleaſant way ſwore, *by——, he believed them.*

Now, the *moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation with ſecrecy enough to eſcape the notice of the enemy. For thoſe advocates, who had begun the quarrel by ſetting firſt on foot the diſpute of precedency, talked ſo loud of coming to a battle, that *Temple* happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the *antients*; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive: upon which ſeveral of the *moderns* fled over to their party, and among the reſt, *Temple* himſelf. This *Temple* having been educated and long converſed among the *antients*, was

was of all the *moderns* their greateſt favourite, and became their greateſt champion.

Things were at this criſis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt corner of a large window there dwelt a certain *ſpider*, ſwollen up to the firſt magnitude by the deſtruction of infinite number of *flies*, whoſe ſpoils lay ſcattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of ſome giant. The avenues to his caſtle were guarded with turn-pikes, and paliſadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the *conſtable* himſelf in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to ſally out upon all occaſions of prey or defence. In this manſion he had for ſome time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *perſon* by *ſwallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below: when it was the pleaſure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whoſe curioſity a broken pane in the glaſs had diſcovered itſelf; and in he went; where expatiating a while,

he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *ſpider*'s citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, ſunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his paſſage, and thrice the center ſhook. The *ſpider* within feeling the terrible convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that *nature* was approaching to her final diſſolution; or elſe, that *Beelzebub* with all his legions was come to revenge the death of many thouſands of his ſubjects, whom his enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himſelf of his toils, and poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance was employed in cleanſing his wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *ſpider* was adventured out, when beholding the chaſms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortreſs, he was very near at his wit's end; he ſtormed and ſwore like a mad-man, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his eye upon the *bee*, and wiſely gathering cauſes from events (for they knew each other

other by fight) *a plague ſplit you*, ſaid he, *for a giddy ſon of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d——n'd? do you think I have nothing elſe to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arſe? Good words, friend*, ſaid the bee, (having now pruned himſelf, and being diſpoſed to droll) *I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in ſuch a confounded pickle, ſince I was born. Sirrah*, replied the ſpider, *if it were not for breaking an old cuſtom in our family, never to ſtir abroad againſt an enemy, I ſhould come and teach you better manners. I pray have patience*, ſaid the bee, *or you will ſpend your ſubſtance, and for aught I ſee, you may ſtand in need of it all towards the repair of your houſe. Rogue, rogue*, replied the ſpider, *yet, methinks you ſhould have more reſpect to a perſon, whom all the world allows to be ſo much your betters. By my troth*, ſaid the bee, *the compariſon will amount to a very good jeſt; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reaſons, that all the world is pleaſed to uſe in ſo hopeful a diſpute.* At this the *ſpi-*

der, having ſwelled himſelf into the ſize and poſture of a diſputant, began his argument in the true ſpirit of controverſy, with reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry, to urge *on* his own reaſons without the leaſt regard to the anſwers or objections of his oppoſite; and fully predetermined in his mind againſt all conviction.

Not to diſparage myſelf, ſaid he, *by the compariſon with ſuch a raſcal; what art thou but a vagabond without houſe or home, without ſtock or inheritance? born to no poſſeſſion of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is an univerſal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the ſake of ſtealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domeſtic animal furniſhed with a native ſtock within myſelf. This large caſtle (to ſhew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own perſon.*

I am glad, anſwered the bee, *to hear you grant at leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my wings and my voice; for then, it ſeems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights*

flights and my muſic; and providence would never have beſtowed on me two ſuch gifts without deſigning them for the nobleſt ends. I viſit indeed all the flowers and bloſſoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myſelf, without the leaſt injury to their beauty, their ſmell, or their taſte. Now, for you and your ſkill in architecture and other mathematics I have little to ſay: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope, you will henceforth take warning, and conſider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boaſt indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and ſpinning out all from yourſelf; that is to ſay, if we may judge of the liquor in the veſſel by what iſſues out, you poſſeſs a good plentiful ſtore of dirt and poiſon in your breaſt; and, though I would by no means leſſen or diſparage your genuine ſtock of either, yet, I doubt you are ſomewhat obliged for an increaſe of both to a little foreign aſſiſtance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail

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of acquiſitions by ſweepings exhaled from below; and one inſect furniſhes you with a ſhare of poiſon to deſtroy another. So that in ſhort the queſtion comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an over-weening pride, feeding and engendering on itſelf, turns all into excrement and venom; producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb: or that, which by an univerſal range, with long ſearch, much ſtudy, true judgment, and diſtinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This diſpute was managed with ſuch eagerneſs, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below ſtood ſilent a while, waiting in ſuſpenſe what would be the iſſue; which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at ſo much loſs of time, fled ſtrait away to a bed of roſes, without looking for a reply; and left the *ſpider* like an orator, *collected* in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

It happened upon this emergency, that *Æſop* broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated by a ſtrange effect

effect of the *regent's humanity*, † who had torn off his title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him faſt among a ſhelf of *moderns*. Where ſoon diſcovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand forms. At length in the borrowed ſhape of an *aſs*, the *regent* miſtook him for a *modern*; by which means he had time and opportunity to eſcape to the *antients*, juſt when the *ſpider* and the *bee* were entering into their conteſt; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleaſure; and, when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt key, that in all his life he had never known two caſes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the ſhelves. *The diſputants*, ſaid he, *have admirably managed the diſpute between them, have taken in the full ſtrength of all that is to be ſaid on both ſides, and exhauſted the ſubſtance of every argument* pro *and* con. *It is but to adjuſt the reaſonings of both to the preſent quarrel, then to compare and apply*

† *Bentley*, who denied the antiquity of *Æſop*: ſee note p. 256.

the

the labours and fruits of each, as the bee *has learnedly deduced them; and we ſhall find the concluſion fall plain and cloſe upon the* moderns *and* us. *For, pray gentlemen, was ever any thing ſo* modern *as the* ſpider *in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of* you *his brethren, and himſelf, with many boaſtings of his native ſtock, and great genius; that he ſpins and ſpits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns to own any obligation or aſſiſtance from without. Then he diſplays to you his great ſkill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the* bee, *as an advocate retained by us the* antients, *thinks fit to anſwer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the* moderns *by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boaſting of either. Erect your ſchemes with as much method and ſkill as you pleaſe; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, ſpun out of your own entrails (the guts of* modern *brains) the edifice will conclude at laſt in a* cob-web; *the duration of which, like that of other* ſpiders *webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid*

in

in a corner. For, any thing elſe of genuine that the moderns *may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unleſs it be a large vein of wrangling and ſatyr, much of a nature and ſubſtance with the* ſpider's *poiſon; which, however they pretend to ſpit wholly out of themſelves, is improved by the ſame arts, by feeding upon the* inſects *and* vermin *of the age. As for* us *the* antients, *we are content with the* bee *to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our* wings *and our* voice: *that is to ſay, our* flights *and our* language. *For the reſt, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and ſearch, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, inſtead of dirt and poiſon, we have rather choſen to fill our hives with* honey *and* wax, *thus furniſhing mankind with the two nobleſt of things, which are* ſweetneſs *and* light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult ariſen among the *books* upon the cloſe of this long deſcant of *Æſop:* both parties took the hint, and heightened their animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their

ſeveral

The army of the *antients* was much fewer in number; *Homer* led the *horſe*, and *Pindar* the *light-horſe*; *Euclid* was chief *engineer*; *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* commanded the *bowmen*; *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *foot*; *Hippocrates* the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by *Voſſius* and *Temple* brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a deciſive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly aſſigned her in the *regal library*, fled up ſtrait to *Jupiter*, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two parties below; for, among the Gods ſhe always tells truth. *Jove*, in great concern, convokes a council in the *milky way*. The ſenate aſſembled, he declares the occaſion of convening them; a bloody battle juſt impendent between two mighty armies of *antient* and *modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celeſtial intereſt was but too deeply concerned. *Momus*, the patron of the *moderns*, made an excellent ſpeech in their favour, which was anſwered by *Pallas*, the protectreſs of the *antients*. The aſſembly was divided

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in their affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury* three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things paſt, preſent, and to come. The claſps were of ſilver double gilt; the covers of celeſtial turkey-leather, and the paper ſuch as here on earth might almoſt paſs for vellum. *Jupiter*, having ſilently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but preſently ſhut up the book.

Without the doors of this aſſembly there attended a vaſt number of light, nimble gods, menial ſervants to *Jupiter*: theſe are his miniſtering inſtruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other, like a link of galley-ſlaves, by a light chain, which paſſes from them to *Jupiter*'s great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a meſſage they may never approach above the loweſt ſtep of his throne, where he and they whiſper to each other through a long, hollow trunk. Theſe deities are called by mortal men *accidents* or *events*; but the gods call

them *ſecond cauſes*. *Jupiter* having delivered his meſſage to a certain number of theſe divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, conſulting a few minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while *Momus* fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an antient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticiſm*. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her den upon the ſpoils of numberleſs volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand ſat *Ignorance*, her father and huſband, blind with age; at her left *Pride*, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There was *Opinion*, her ſiſter, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-ſtrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noiſe* and *Impudence*, *Dulneſs* and *Vanity*, *Poſitiveneſs*, *Pedantry* and *Ill-Manners*. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat; her head,

and

and ears, and voice reſemled thoſe of an *aſs*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the over-flowing of her own *gall*; her *ſpleen* was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent, like a dug of the firſt rate, nor wanted excreſcencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen increaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it. *Goddeſs*, ſaid *Momus*, *can you ſit idly here, while our devout worſhippers the* moderns *are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies*; *who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? haſte therefore to the* Britiſh iſle, *and if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction*; *while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.*

Momus, having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage, and, as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions, began a ſoliloquy: *It is I* (ſaid ſhe) *who give wiſdom to infants and idiots*;

by me children grow wiſer than their parents; *by me* beaux *become politicians, and* ſchool-boys *judges of philoſophy*; *by me ſophiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge*; *and coffee-houſe wits, inſtinct by me, can correct an author's ſtyle and diſplay his minuteſt errors, without underſtanding a ſyllable of his matter, or his language*; *by me ſtriplings ſpend their judgment, as they do their eſtate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have depoſed wit and knowledge from their empire over* poetry, *and advanced myſelf in their ſtead. And ſhall a few* upſtart antients *dare oppoſe me? ——but come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou, my beauteous ſiſter*; *let us aſcend my chariot, and haſte to aſſiſt our devout* moderns, *who are now ſacrificing to us a* hecatomb, *as I perceive by that grateful ſmell, which from thence reaches my noſtrils.*

The goddeſs, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geeſe*, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due places, till at length ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of *Britain*; but in hovering over its

its *metropolis*, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of *Greſham* and *Covent-Garden?* † and now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St. *James*'s library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unſeen, and landing upon a caſe of ſhelves, now deſert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoſos*, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the poſture of both armies.

But, here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breaſt: for, at the head of a troop of *modern bowmen* ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſon *Wotton*; to whom the fates had aſſigned a very ſhort thread. *Wotton*, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by ſtollen embraces with this goddeſs. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old cuſtom of deities, ſhe caſt about to change her ſhape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal ſight, and over-

† See the notes, p. 53.

charge the reſt of his ſenſes. She therefore gathered up her perſon into an *octavo* compaſs: her body grew white and arid, and ſplit in pieces with dryneſs; the thick turned into paſte-board, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children artfully ſtrewed a black juice or decoction of gall and ſoot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and ſpleen kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of ſkin, did ſtill continue ſo. In this guiſe ſhe marched on towards the *moderns*, undiſtinguiſhable in ſhape and dreſs from the *divine Bentley*, *Wotton*'s deareſt friend. *Brave Wotton*, ſaid the goddeſs, *why do our troops ſtand idle here to ſpend their preſent vigour and opportunity of this day? away, let us haſte to the generals, and adviſe to give the onſet immediately.* Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the uglieſt of her monſters, full gutted from her ſpleen, and flung it inviſibly into his mouth, which, flying ſtraight up into his head, ſqueeſed out his eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulneſs* and *Ill-Manners*, cloſe-

ly

ly to attend his perſon in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, ſhe vaniſhed in a miſt, and the *hero* perceived it was the goddeſs his mother.

The deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular deſcription, I muſt, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a work. Say, goddeſs, that preſideſt over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle. *Paracelſus*, at the head of his *dragoons*, obſerving *Galen* in the adverſe wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave *antient* received upon his ſhield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. * * * * * * * * * * * * *Hic pauca* * * * * * * * * * * *deſunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* † on their ſhields to his chariot * * * * *

† Doctor *Harvey*, ſee the note p. 270. It was not thought proper to name his antagoniſt, but only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns are ſpared by the hiatus that follows, probably for ſimilar reaſons.

Deſunt nonnulla.

Then *Ariſtotle*, obſerving *Bacon* advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which miſſed the valiant *modern*, and went hizzing over his head; but *Des Cartes* it hit; the ſteel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head piece*; it pierced the leather and the paſte-board, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*.

Ingens hiatus hic in MS.

when *Homer* appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horſe, with difficulty managed by the rider himſelf, but which no other mortal durſt approach; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddeſs, whom he ſlew firſt, and whom he ſlew laſt. Firſt, * *Gondibert* ad-

* An heroic poem by Sir *William Davenant*, in ſtanzas of four lines.

vanced

vanced againſt him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a ſtaid ſober gelding, not ſo famed for his ſpeed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to *Pallas*, that he would never leave the field, till he had ſpoiled ‡ *Homer* of his armour; madman, who had never once *ſeen* the wearer, nor underſtood his ſtrength! him *Homer* overthrew horſe and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long ſpear he ſlew *Denham*, a ſtout *modern*, who from his † father's ſide derived his lineage from *Apollo*, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celeſtial part *Apollo* took, and made it a ſtar, but the terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then *Homer* ſlew *Weſley*, § with a kick of his horſe's heel; he took *Perrault* by mighty force out of his ſaddle, then hurled him at *Fontenelle*, with the ſame blow daſhing out both their brains.

‡ Vid. Homer.

† Sir *John Denham*'s poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; ſo that his detractors ſaid, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

§ Mr. *Weſley*, who wrote the life of Chriſt in verſe, &c.

On

On the left wing of the horſe, *Virgil* appeared in ſhining armour, compleatly fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-grey ſteed, the ſlowneſs of whoſe pace was an effect of the higheſt mettle and vigour. He caſt his eye on the adverſe wing with a deſire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a ſorrel gelding of a monſtrous ſize appeared a foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the enemy's ſquadrons; but his ſpeed was leſs than his noiſe; for his horſe, old and lean, ſpent the dregs of his ſtrength in a high trot, which, though it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud claſhing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the ſtranger deſired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which after a pauſe was known for that of the renowned *Dryden*. The brave *antient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſſed with ſurprize and diſappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared ſituate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobſter,

lobſter, or like a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate, or like a ſhrivelled beau from within the pent-houſe of a modern periwig: and the voice was ſuited to the viſage, ſounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long harangue ſoothed up the good *antient*, called him *father*; and by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an exchange of armour as a laſting mark of hoſpitality between them. *Virgil* conſented (for the goddeſs *Diffidence* came unſeen, and caſt a miſt before his eyes) though his was of ‡ gold and coſt a hundred beeves, the other's but of ruſty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *modern* yet worſe than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horſes; but, when it came to the trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * *

upon a fiery horſe of admirable ſhape, but head-ſtrong, bearing the rider where he liſt over the field; he made a mighty ſlaughter among the enemy's horſe; which deſtruction to ſtop, *Blackmore* a famous *modern* (but one of the *mercenaries*) ſtrenuouſly oppoſed himſelf, and darted his javelin with a ſtrong hand, which, falling ſhort of its mark, ſtruck deep in the earth. Then *Lucan* threw a lance; but *Æſculapius* came unſeen, and turned off the point. ‡ *Brave* modern, *ſaid* Lucan, *I perceive ſome god protects you, for never did my arm ſo deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? therefore, let us fight no longer, but preſent gifts to each other.* *Lucan* then beſtowed the *modern a pair of ſpurs, and Blackmore* gave *Lucan* a *bridle.* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Pauca de- * * * * * * * *

ſunt. * * * * * * *

Creech: but the goddeſs *Dulneſs* took a cloud, formed into the ſhape of *Horace*, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying poſture before him. Glad was the

‡ His ſkill as a phyſician attoned for his dullneſs as a poet.

cavalier

cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and purſued the image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful bower of his father *Ogleby*, by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his repoſe.

Then *Pindar* ſlew——, and——, and *Oldham*, and——, and † *Afra* the *Amazon*, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible ſlaughter among the enemies *light-horſe*. Him when *Cowley* obſerved, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce *antient*, imitating his addreſs, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horſe, and his own ſkill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, firſt *Cowley* threw a lance, which miſſed *Pindar*, and paſſing into the enemy's ranks fell ineffectual to the ground. Then *Pindar* darted a javelin ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raiſe it from the ground; yet he threw it with

† Mrs. *Afra Behn*, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

eaſe,

eaſe, and it went by an unerring hand, ſinging through the air; nor could the *modern* have avoided preſent death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the ſhield, that had been given him by *Venus*. † And now both heroes drew their ſwords, but the *modern* was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his ſhield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape; at laſt he turned, and lifting up his hands in the poſture of a ſuppliant: *Godlike* Pindar, ſaid he, *ſpare my life, and poſſeſs my horſe with theſe arms, beſides the ranſom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your priſoner. Dog*, ſaid Pindar, *let your ranſom ſtay with your friends; but your carcaſs ſhall be left for the* fowls of the air, *and the* beaſts of the field. With that, he raiſed his ſword, and with a mighty ſtroke cleft the wretched *modern* in twain, the ſword purſuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horſes feet, the other half was borne by the frighted ſteed through

† His poem called the Miſtreſs.

the

the field. This ‡ *Venus* took, waſhed it ſeven times in *ambroſia*, then ſtruck it thrice with a ſpring of *amaranth*; upon which, the leather grew round and ſoft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a *dove*, and ſhe harneſſed it to her chariot. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *Hiatus valde deflendus in MS.*

Day being far ſpent, and the numerous forces of the *moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there iſſued forth from a ſquadron of their *heavy-armed foot* † a captain, whoſe name was *Bentley*, the moſt deformed of all the *moderns*; tall, but without ſhape or comlineſs; large, but without ſtrength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thouſand incoherent pieces;

‡ I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think *Cowley*'s Pindarics are much preferable to his *Miſtreſs*.

It may however be conſidered, that *Cowley*'s pindarics were but copies, of which *Pindar* was the original; before *Pindar* therefore his pindarics might fall; and his Miſtreſs be preſerved as properly his own.

† The epiſode of *Bentley* and *Wotton*.

As the account of the Battle of the Books is an allegorical repreſentation of Sir *William Temple*'s eſſay, in which the antients are oppoſed to the moderns, the account of *Bentley* and *Wotton* is called an epiſode, and their intruſion repreſented as an under action.

and

and the ſound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a ſheet of lead, which an *eteſian* wind blows ſuddenly down from the roof of ſome ſteeple. His helmet was of old ruſty iron, but the vizor was braſs, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into coperas, nor wanted gall from the ſame fountain; ſo that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of moſt malignant nature was ſeen to diſtil from his lips. In his † right hand he graſped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offenſive* weapon) a veſſel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus compleatly armed, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy pace, where the *modern* chiefs were holding a conſult upon the ſum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump ſhoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The generals made uſe of him for his talent of railing; which,

† The perſon, here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul ſcurrilities.

kept

kept within government, proved frequently of great ſervice to their cauſe, but at other times did more miſchief than good; for at the leaſt touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it againſt his leaders. Such at this juncture was the diſpoſition of *Bentley*, grieved to ſee the enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every body's conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the *modern* generals to underſtand, that he conceived with great ſubmiſſion, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *ſons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded loggerheads*, and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonſenſical ſcoundrels*; that if himſelf had been conſtituted general, thoſe ‡ *preſumptuous dogs*, the *antients*, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. *You*, ſaid he, *ſit here idle*; *but when I, or any other valiant* modern, *kill an enemy, you are ſure to ſeize the ſpoil. But I will not march one foot againſt the foe, 'till you all ſwear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I ſhall quietly poſſeſs.* *Bentley* having ſpoken thus, *Sca-*

‡ Vid. Homer. de Therſite.

liger beſtowing him a ſour look; *Miſcreant prater*, ſaid he, *eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou raileſt without wit, or truth, or diſcretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy* learning *makes thee more* barbarous, *thy ſtudy of* humanity *more* inhuman; *thy* converſe *among poets more* groveling, miry, *and* dull. *All arts of* civilizing *others render thee* rude *and* untractable; courts *have taught thee* ill manners, *and* polite converſation *has finiſhed thee a* pedant. *Beſides, a greater coward burtheneth not the army. But never deſpond; I paſs my word, whatever ſpoil thou takeſt, ſhall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcaſs will firſt become a prey to kites and worms.*

Bentley durſt not reply; but, half choaked with ſpleen and rage, withdrew in full reſolution of performing ſome great atchievement. With him for his aid and companion he took his beloved *Wotton*; reſolving by policy or ſurprize to attempt ſome neglected quarter of the *antients* army. They began their march over carcaſſes of their ſlaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled

wheeled northward, till they came to *Aldrovandus*'s tomb, which they paſſed on the ſide of the declining ſun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might 'ſpy the quarters of the wounded, or ſome ſtraggling ſleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two *mungrel curs*, whom *native greedineſs*, and *domeſtic want*, provoke and join in partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of ſome rich grazier: they, with tails depreſſed and lolling tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow; mean while the conſcious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent viſage, whether ſeen in puddle by reflection, or in ſphere direct; but one ſurveys the region round, while t'other ſcouts the plain, if haply, to diſcover, at diſtance from the flock, ſome *carcaſs* half devoured, the refuſe of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with leſs fear and circumſpection; when, at diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining ſuits of

armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound ſleep. The two friends drew lots, and the purſuing of this adventure fell to *Bentley*; on he went, and in his van *Confuſion* and *Amaze*; while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the *antients* army, *Phalaris* and *Æſop*, lay faſt aſleep: *Bentley* would fain have diſpatched them both, and, ſtealing cloſe, aimed his flail at *Phalaris*'s breaſt. But then the goddeſs *Affright* interpoſing, caught the *modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger ſhe foreſaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the ſame inſtant, though ſoundly ſleeping, and buſy in a dream. † For *Phalaris* was juſt that minute dreaming, how a moſt vile *poetaſter* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And *Æſop* dreamed, that, as he and the *antient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild aſs* broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. *Bentley*, leaving the two heroes

† This is according to *Homer*, who tells the dreams of thoſe, who were killed in their ſleep.

aſleep,

aſleep, ſeized on both their armours, and withdrew in queſt of his darling *Wotton.*

He in the mean time had wandered long in ſearch of ſome enterprize, till at length he arrived at a ſmall *rivulet*, that iſſued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men *Helicon.* Here he ſtopped, and parched with thirſt, reſolved to allay it in this limpid ſtream. Thrice with profane hands he eſſayed to raiſe the water to his lips, and thrice it ſlipped all through his fingers. Then he ſtooped prone on his breaſt, but, e're his mouth had kiſſed the liquid cryſtal, *Apollo* came, and in the channel held his *ſhield* betwixt the *modern* and the fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but *mud.* For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearneſs of *Helicon*, yet there lies at bottom a thick ſediment of *ſlime* and *mud*; for ſo *Apollo* begged of *Jupiter*, as a puniſhment to thoſe, who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallowed lips, and for a leſſon to all, not to *draw too deep*, or *far from the ſpring.*

At the fountain-head *Wotton* diſcerned two heroes; the one he could not diſtin-

guiſh, but the other was ſoon known for *Temple*, general of the *allies* to the *antients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himſelf to reſt from the toils of the war. *Wotton* obſerving him, with quaking knees and trembling hands ſpoke thus to himſelf: *Oh, that I could kill this deſtroyer of our army; what renown ſhould I purchaſe among the chiefs? but to iſſue out againſt him,* * *man againſt man, ſhield againſt ſhield, and lance againſt lance, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and* Pallas, *or* Apollo, *are ever at his elbow. But, oh,* mother! *if what fame reports be true, that I am the ſon of ſo great a goddeſs, grant me to hit* Temple *with this lance, that the ſtroke may ſend him to hell, and that I may return in ſafety and triumph laden with his ſpoils.* The firſt part of this prayer the gods granted at the interceſſion of his *mother*, and of *Momus*; but the reſt, by a perverſe wind ſent from *fate*, was ſcattered in the air. Then *Wotton* graſped his lance, and, brandiſhing it

* Vid. Homer.

thrice

thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the *goddeſs* his *mother* at the ſame time adding ſtrength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *antient*, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. *Temple* neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and *Wotton* might have eſcaped to his army with the honour of having remitted his lance againſt ſo great a leader, unrevenged; but *Apollo* enraged, that a javelin, flung by the aſſiſtance of ſo foul a *goddeſs*, ſhould pollute his fountain, put on the ſhape of ——, and ſoftly came to young *Boyle*, who then accompanied *Temple*: he pointed firſt to the lance, then to the diſtant *modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. *Boyle*, clad in a ſuit of armour which had been *given him by all the gods* †, immediately advanced againſt the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the *Libyan*

† *Boyle* was aſſiſted in this diſpute by Dean *Aldrich*, Doctor *Atterbury*, afterwards Bp. of *Rocheſter*, and other perſons at *Oxford*, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Chriſt-church wits*.

plains, or *Araby deſert*, ſent by his aged ſire to hunt for prey, or health, or exerciſe; he ſcours along wiſhing to meet ſome tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar: if chance a *wild aſs*, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beaſt, though loathing to diſtain his claws with blood ſo vile, yet much provok'd at the offenſive noiſe, which *echo*, fooliſh nymph, like her *ill-judging ſex*, repeats much louder and with more delight than *Philomela*'s ſong; he vindicates the honour of the foreſt, and hunts the noiſy long-ear'd animal. So *Wotton* fled, ſo *Boyle* purſued. But *Wotton* heavy-armed, and ſlow of foot, began to ſlack his courſe; when his lover *Bentley* appeared, returning laden with the ſpoils of the two ſleeping *antients*. *Boyle* obſerved him well, and ſoon diſcovering the helmet and ſhield of *Phalaris*, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new poliſhed and gilt; rage ſparkled in his eyes, and leaving his purſuit after *Wotton*, he furiouſly ruſh'd on againſt this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled

fled different ways: † and, as a woman in a little houſe, that gets a painful livelihood by ſpinning; if chance her *geeſe* be ſcattered o'er the common, ſhe courſes round the plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there the ſtragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain. So *Boyle* purſued, ſo fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely join'd and drew themſelves in *phalanx*. Firſt *Bentley* threw a ſpear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breaſt: but *Pallas* came unſeen, and in the air took off the point, and clapp'd on one of *lead*, which, after a dead bang againſt the enemy's ſhield, fell blunted to the ground. Then *Boyle*, obſerving well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and ſharpneſs; and as this pair of friends compacted ſtood cloſe ſide to ſide, he wheel'd him to the right, and, with unuſual force, darted the weapon. *Bentley* ſaw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms

† This is alſo after the manner of *Homer*; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by ſpinning, has nothing to do with the ſimilitude, nor would be excuſable without ſuch an authority. Vid. Homer.

cloſe

cloſe to his ribs, hoping to ſave his body; in went the point, paſſing through arm and ſide, nor ſtopp'd, or ſpent its force, till it had alſo pierced the valiant *Wotton*, who, going to ſuſtain his dying friend, ſhared his fate. As when a ſkilful cook has truſs'd a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron ſkewer, pierces the tender ſides of both, their legs and wings cloſe pinion'd to their ribs: ſo was this pair of friends transfix'd till down they fell, join'd in their lives, join'd in their deaths; ſo cloſely join'd, that *Charon* would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over *ſtyx* for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal ſhall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Deſunt cætera.

FINIS.

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND.

A

FRAGMENT.

THE

Bookſeller's Advertiſement.

THE following diſcourſe came into my hands perfect and intire: but there being ſeveral things in it, which the preſent age would not very well bear, I kept it by me ſome years, reſolving it ſhould never ſee the light. At length, by the advice and aſſiſtance of a judicious friend, I retrenched thoſe parts that might give moſt offence, and have now ventured to publiſh the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the ſame with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been ſent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whoſe judgment I intirely ſubmit it.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

For T. H. *Eſquire* *, *at his chambers in the academy of the Beaux Eſprits in New-England.*

SIR,

IT is now a good while, ſince I have had in my head ſomething, not only very material, but abſolutely neceſſary to

* Suppoſed to be Col. *Hunter* author of the Letter of Enthuſiaſm mentioned in the apology for the Tale of a Tub.

This diſcourſe is not altogether equal to the former, the beſt parts of it being omitted; whether the bookſeller's account be true, that he durſt not print the reſt, I know not, nor, indeed, is it eaſy to determine, whether he may be relied on, in any thing he ſays of this, or the former treatiſes, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the diſcourſes themſelves, than his relation.

my health, that the world ſhould be informed in: for, to tell you a ſecret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However I have been perplexed for ſome time to reſolve, what would be the moſt proper form to ſend it abroad in. To which end I have been three days courſing through *Weſtminſter-hall*, and St. *Paul's Church-yard*, and *Fleet-ſtreet*, to peruſe *titles*; and I do not find any, which holds ſo general a vogue, as that of *a letter to a friend:* nothing is more common than to meet with long epiſtles addreſſed to perſons and places, where, at firſt thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether ſo neceſſary or convenient; ſuch as, *a neighbour at next door*, *a mortal enemy*, *a perfect ſtranger*, or *a perſon of quality in the clouds*; and theſe upon ſubjects in appearance the leaſt proper for conveyance by the poſt; as, *long ſchemes in philoſophy*; *dark and wonderfull myſteries of ſtate*; *laborious diſſertations in criticiſm and philoſophy*; *advice to parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in preſent wear: for, let me ſay what I will

will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publiſh this *letter*, as ſoon as ever it comes to your hand.) I deſire you will be my witneſs to the world, how careleſs and ſudden a ſcrible it has been; that it was but yeſterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into diſcourſe on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the poſt is in ſuch haſte, I have had no manner of time to digeſt it into order, or correct the ſtyle; and if any other modern excuſes for haſte and negligence ſhall occur to you in reading, I beg you to inſert them, faithfully promiſing they ſhall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *iroquois virtuoſi*, do me the favour to preſent my humble ſervice to that illuſtrious body, and aſſure them, I ſhall ſend an account of thoſe *phænomena*, as ſoon as we can determine them at *Greſham*.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of *Tobinambou* theſe three laſt ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having diſpatched what I had to ſay of forms, or of buſineſs, let me intreat, you will ſuffer me to proceed

upon

upon my ſubject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther uſe of the epiſtolary ſtyle, till I come to conclude.

SECT. I.

IT is recorded of *Mahomet*, that, upon a viſit he was going to pay in *Paradiſe*, he had an offer of ſeveral vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horſes, and celeſtial ſedans: but he refuſed them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his *aſs*. Now, this inclination of *Mahomet*, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great number of devout *Chriſtians*; and doubtleſs with very good reaſon. For ſince that *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious ſyſtem from the *chriſtian* faith, it is but juſt he ſhould pay repriſals to ſuch as would challenge them, wherein the good people of *England*, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world ſo plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to ſafety or eaſe; yet there are abundance

abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other machine, beſides this of *Mahomet*.

For my own part, I muſt confeſs to bear a very ſingular reſpect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be moſt admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my ſmall reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to ſet it down by way of common-place; and when I have occaſion to write upon human reaſon, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and inſert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications aſcribed to this diſtinguiſhed brute by antient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of uſeful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to per-

form in the following diſcourſe. For, towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the *rider* and the *aſs*; which I ſhall endeavour to ſet in as clear a light as I can.

But, becauſe I am reſolved by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off diſcourſing ſo cloſely to the *letter*, as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in ſuch a manner, that the judicious reader may without much ſtraining make his applications, as often as he ſhall think fit. Therefore, if you pleaſe, from hence forward inſtead of the term, *aſs*, we ſhall make uſe of *gifted*, or *enlightened teacher*; and the word, *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any other denomination of the like import. Having ſettled this weighty point, the great ſubject of enquiry before us is to examine, by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *gifts*, or *ſpirit*, or *light*; and by what intercourſe between him and his aſſembly it is cultivated and ſupported.

In all my writings I have had conſtant regard to this great end, not to ſuit and apply

apply them to particular occaſions and circumſtances of time, of place, or of perſon; but to calculate them for univerſal nature, and mankind in general. And of ſuch catholic uſe I eſteem this preſent diſquiſition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have ſo unanimouſly agreed, as that of a *fanatic* ſtrain, or tincture of *enthuſiaſm*; which improved by certain perſons or ſocieties of men, and by them practiſed upon the reſt, has been able to produce revolutions of the greateſt figure in hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe, who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Perſia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*. Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to aſſign one art or ſcience, which has not annexed to it ſome *fanatic* branch: ſuch are the *philoſopher's ſtone*; † *the grand elixir*; *the planetary worlds*; *the ſquaring of the circle*; *the ſummum bonum*; Utopian *common-wealths*; with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate note; which all ſerve

† Some writers hold them for the ſame, others not.

for nothing elſe, but to employ or amuſe this grain of *enthuſiaſm* dealt into every compoſition.

But, if this plant has found a root in the fields of *empire* and of *knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and ſpread yet farther upon *holy ground*. Wherein, though it hath paſſed under the general name of *enthuſiaſm*, and perhaps ariſen from the ſame original, yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The word, in its univerſal acceptation, may be defined, *a lifting up of the ſoul, or its faculties, above matter*. This deſcription will hold good in general; but I am only to underſtand it, as applied to *religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the ſoul, or tranſporting it beyond the ſphere of matter. The firſt is the immediate act of God, and is called *prophecy* or *inſpiration*. The ſecond is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *poſſeſſion*. The third is the product of natural cauſes, the effect of ſtrong imagination, ſpleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. Theſe three have been abundantly

abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore ſhall not employ my enquiry. But, the fourth method of *religious enthuſiaſm*, or launching out of the ſoul, as it is purely an effect of *artifice* and *mechanic operation*, has been ſparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; becauſe, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few perſons, it long wanted thoſe advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, ſince it has grown ſo epidemic, and fallen into ſo many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the ſpirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at preſent performed by our *britiſh workmen*. I ſhall deliver to the reader the reſult of many judicious obſervations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole courſe and method of this *trade*, producing parallel inſtances, and relating certain diſcoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have ſaid, that there is one branch of *religious enthuſiaſm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which

however is inclined to work upon certain natures and conſtitutions more than others. Beſides, there is many an operation, which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long ſucceſſion of ages hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates* tells us that among our anceſtors, the *Scythians*, there was a nation called † *Long-heads*, which at firſt began by a cuſtom among midwives and nurſes of moulding, and ſqueeſing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, ſhut out at one paſſage, was forced to ſeek another, and, finding room above, ſhot upwards in the form of a ſugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for ſome generations, at laſt found it out of herſelf, needing no aſſiſtance from the nurſe's hand. This was the original of the *Scythian long-heads*, and thus did cuſtom from being a ſecond nature proceed to be a firſt. To all which there is ſomething very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted poſterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers there aroſe a generation of men in this iſland, called *round-*

† Macrocephali.

heads,

heads ‡, whoſe race is now ſpread over three kingdoms, yet, in its beginning was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of ſciſſars, a ſqueeze of the face, and a black cap. Theſe heads, thus formed into a perfect ſphere in all aſſemblies, were moſt expoſed to the view of the female ſort, which did influence their conceptions ſo effectually, that nature at laſt took the hint, and did it of herſelf; ſo that a *round-head* has been ever ſince as familiar a ſight among us, as a *long-head* among the *Scythians*.

Upon theſe examples, and others eaſy to produce, I deſire the curious reader to diſtinguiſh, firſt, between an effect grown from *art* into *nature*, and one that is natural from its beginning: ſecondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the ſuperſtructure is intirely artificial. For, the firſt and the laſt of theſe

‡ The fanatics in the time of *Charles* I. ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know "that it is a ſhame for men "to have long hair," cut their's very ſhort. It is ſaid, that the queen once ſeeing *Pym* a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired who that *round-headed* man was, and that from this incident the diſtinction became general, and the party were called *round-heads*.

I underſtand to come within the diſtricts of my ſubject. And having obtained theſe allowances, they will ſerve to remove any objections, that may be raiſed hereafter againſt what I ſhall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental: that, *the corruption of the ſenſes is the generation of the ſpirit:* becauſe the *ſenſes* in men are ſo many avenues to the ſort of *reaſon*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours muſt be therefore uſed either to divert, bind up, ſtupify, fluſter, and amuſe the *ſenſes*, or elſe to juſtle them out of their ſtations; and while they are either abſent, or otherwiſe employed, or engaged in a civil war againſt each other, the *ſpirit* enters and performs its part.

Now, the uſual methods of managing the ſenſes upon ſuch conjunctures are what I ſhall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the myſteries of every ſociety, I deſire to be excuſed from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* muſt have no part.

But

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection muſt, if poſſible, be removed. For, it is poſitively denied by certain critics, that the *ſpirit* can by any means be introduced into an aſſembly of modern ſaints; the diſparity being ſo great in many material circumſtances between the primitive way of inſpiration, and that which is practiſed in the preſent age. This they pretend to prove from the ſecond chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both it appears; Firſt, that *the apoſtles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant an univerſal agreement in opinion, and form of worſhip; a harmony, ſay they, ſo far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the ſame. Secondly, the *ſpirit* inſtructed the apoſtles in the gift of ſpeaking ſeveral languages; a knowledge ſo remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither underſtand propriety of words, or phraſes, in their own. Laſtly, ſay theſe objectors, the modern artiſts do utterly exclude all approaches of the *ſpirit*, and bar

bar up its antient way of entering, by covering themſelves ſo cloſe, and ſo induſtriouſly a-top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never ſat upon the apoſtles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of theſe objections ſeems to conſiſt in the different acceptation of the word, *ſpirit*; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the objectors have reaſon, and their aſſertions may be allowed; but the *ſpirit* we treat of here, proceeding intirely from within, the argument of theſe adverſaries is wholly eluded. And upon the ſame account our modern artificers find it an expedient of abſolute neceſſity to cover their heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent perſpiration, than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater ſpender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther ſhew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the *phænomenon* of *ſpiritual mechaniſm*, it is here to be noted, that in forming, and working up the *ſpirit* the aſſembly has a conſiderable

rable ſhare, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows: they violently ſtrain their eye-balls inward, half cloſing the lids; then, as they ſit, they are in a perpetual motion of *ſee-ſaw*, making long humms at proper periods, and continuing the ſound at equal height, chuſing their time in thoſe intermiſſions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it ſo ſingular and improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant regions from reading and obſervation. For, firſt, the † *Jauguis*, or enlightened ſaints of *India*, ſee all their viſions by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of *ſee-ſaw* on a beam, and ſwinging by ſeſſion upon a cord, in order to raiſe artificial extaſies, hath been derived to us from our ‡ *Scythian* anceſtors, where it is practiſed at this day among the women. Laſtly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of *Ireland* with a conſiderable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation

† Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.

‡ Guagnini Hiſt. Sarmat.

hath

hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the purity of the old *Tartars*. Now, it is uſual for a knot of *Iriſh* men and women to abſtract themſelves from matter, bind up all their ſenſes, grow viſionary and ſpiritual, by influence of a ſhort pipe of tobacco handed round the company; each preſerving the ſmoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in freſh; at the ſame time, there is a concert of a continued gentle humm, repeated and renewed by inſtinct, as occaſion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that ſometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may obſerve their eyes turned up in the poſture of one, who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other ſymptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the reaſoning faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded, that imagination hath uſurped the ſeat, ſcattering a thouſand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the methods, by which the *ſpirit* approaches. The eyes being diſpoſed according

according to art at firſt, you can ſee nothing; but, after a ſhort pauſe a ſmall glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to aſcend very faſt, till you are perfectly doſed and fluſtered like one, who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is alſo at work; he begins a loud humm, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourſelf prompted to imitate them by a meer ſpontaneous impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *interſtitia* are duly filled up by the preacher to prevent too long a pauſe, under which the *ſpirit* would ſoon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to diſcover about the progreſs of the *ſpirit* with relation to that part, which is borne by the *aſſembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I ſhall be more large and particular.

SECT.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of thoſe illuſtrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers; that the fundamental difference in point of religion, between the wild *Indians* and us, lies in this: that we worſhip *God*, and they worſhip the *devil*. But, there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this diſtinction; rather believing, that all nations whatſoever adore the *true God*, becauſe they ſeem to intend their devotions to ſome inviſible power of greateſt *goodneſs* and *ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brighteſt attributes aſcribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that thoſe idolaters adore two *principles*; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil*: which indeed I am apt to look upon as the moſt univerſal notion, that mankind by the meer light of nature ever entertained of things inviſible. How this idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and us, and with what advantage to the underſtandings of either, may well deſerve

deſerve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *deſires*; that the former ſet them a *praying*, and us a *curſing*. What I applaud them for, is their diſcretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their ſeveral diſtricts, nor ever ſuffering the liturgy of the *white* God to croſs or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not ſo with us, who, pretending by the lines and meaſures of our reaſon to extend the dominion of one inviſible power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and moſt horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch qualities and accompliſhments, as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs; after they have ſunk their *principle* of *evil* to the loweſt center, bound him with chains, loaded him with curſes, furniſh'd him with viler diſpoſitions than any *rake-hell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and ſaucer eyes; I laugh

aloud

aloud to ſee theſe reaſoners at the ſame time engaged in wiſe diſpute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; ſeriouſly debating, whether ſuch and ſuch influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain paſſions and affections are guided by the evil ſpirit or the good:

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi ——

Thus do men eſtabliſh a fellowſhip of *Chriſt* with *Belial*, and ſuch is the analogy they make between *cloven tongues* and *cloven feet*. Of the like nature is the diſquiſition before us: it hath continued theſe hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our *engliſh* enthuſiaſtic preachers were *poſſeſſion*, or *inſpiration*, and a world of argument has been drained on either ſide, perhaps to little purpoſe. For I think, it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpoſe the aſſiſtance of preternatural power without an abſolute and laſt neceſſity.

neceſſity. However, it is a ſketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole univerſe is intereſted in his meaneſt concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, ſome angel unſeen deſcended on purpoſe to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head againſt a poſt, it was the devil, for his ſins, let looſe from hell on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paultry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good ſenſe, that either heaven or hell ſhould be put to the trouble of influence or inſpection upon what he is about? therefore, I am reſolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind by making it clear, that this myſtery of vending ſpiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much inſtruction, and maſtered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will beſt appear by deſcribing and deducing the whole proceſs of the operation as variouſly, as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * * * * * *

Here the whole ſcheme of ſpiritual mechaniſm was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and obſervation; but it was thought neither ſafe nor convenient to print it.

* * * * * * * * *

Here it may not be amiſs to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of meer cuſtom, humour, or faſhion, as ſome would pretend, but an inſtitution of great ſagacity and uſe: theſe, when moiſtened with ſweat, ſtop all perſpiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the ſpirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a ſkilful houſewife, that covers her ſtill with a wet clout for the ſame reaſon, and finds the ſame effect. For, it is the opinion of choice *virtuoſi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals,

mals, but with teeth and claws extremely ſharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular ſwarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, ſtill preſerving the ſhape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morſure of two or more of theſe animals upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches ſpread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold alſo, that theſe animals are of a conſtitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and diſtillations, is nothing elſe but an epidemical looſeneſs, to which that little common-wealth is very ſubject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing leſs than a violent heat can diſentangle theſe creatures from their hamated ſtation of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That, if the morſure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence: if the bite hath

been conical, the perſon, whoſe nerve is ſo affected, ſhall be diſpoſed to write upon politics; and ſo of the reſt.

I ſhall now diſcourſe briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is beſt governed towards the compoſition and improvement of the *ſpirit*; for without a competent ſkill in tuning and toning each word, and ſyllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incompleat, miſſes intirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himſelf to continual pains for new ſupplies without ſucceſs. For, it is to be underſtood, that in the language of the ſpirit *cant* and *droning* ſupply the place of *ſenſe* and *reaſon* in the language of men: becauſe, in ſpiritual harangues the diſpoſition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the leaſt uſe, but the ſkill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the ſyllables; even as a diſcreet *compoſer*, who in ſetting a ſong changes the words and order ſo often, that he is forced to make it *nonſenſe*, before he can make it *muſic*. For this reaſon it hath been held by ſome, that the art of canting is ever in greateſt perfection,

tion, when managed by *Ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the beſt muſical inſtruments were made from the bones of an *aſs*. And the profounder critics upon that paſſage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine ſignification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though ſome rather think it to have been the *os ſacrum*; but in ſo nice a caſe I ſhall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to *pick* from it whatever they pleaſe.

The firſt ingredient towards the art of canting is a competent ſhare of *inward light*; that is to ſay, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polyſyllables, and myſterious texts from holy writ, applied and digeſted by thoſe methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this *light* reſembling *lanterns*, compact of leaves from old *Geneva* bibles; which invention Sir *Humphrey Edwin*, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the ſcripture to be now fulfilled, where it ſays, *thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.*

Now, the art of *canting* conſiſts in ſkillfully adapting the voice to whatever words the ſpirit delivers, that each may ſtrike the ears of the audience with its moſt ſignificant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among antient orators, in the diſpoſition of words to a ſentence, or the turning of long periods; but agreeable to the modern refinements in muſic, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon ſyllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a ſingle *vowel* to draw ſighs from a multitude; and for a whole aſſembly of ſaints to ſob to the muſic of one ſolitary *liquid*. But theſe are trifles; when even ſounds inarticulate are obſerved to produce as forcible effects. A maſter workman ſhall *blow his noſe ſo powerfully*, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are diſpoſed to receive the *excrements* of his brain with the ſame reverence as the *iſſue* of it. Hawking, ſpitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *ſpirit* being the ſame in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compaſs of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical eſſay upon the art of *canting*, *philoſophically*, *phyſically*, *and muſically conſidered*.

But, among all improvements of the *ſpirit*, wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the ſound through the noſe*, which under the denomination of * *ſnuffling* hath paſſed with ſo great applauſe in the world. The originals of this inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the myſtery of it, and leave being given me to publiſh it to the world, I ſhall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at leaſt, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this iſland ever ſince with great luſtre. All agree,

* The *ſnuffling* of men, who have loſt their noſes by lewd courſes, is ſaid to have given riſe to that tone, which our diſſenters did too much affect. *W. Wotton.*

that it firſt appeared upon the decay and diſcouragement of *bag-pipes*, which having long ſuffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at laſt fell with *monarcly*. The ſtory is thus related.

As yet *ſnuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Banbury ſaint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and ſtrangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very uſual among the modern inſpired. For, ſome think, that the *ſpirit* is apt to feed on the *fleſh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap frog* between both; and ſometimes the *fleſh* is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the *ſpirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the ſtate of a *rider*, wears huge *Rippon* ſpurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being *bearer*, is wonderfully head-ſtrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the *ſaint* felt his *veſſel* full extended in every part (a very natural effect of ſtrong *inſpiration*;) and the

the place and time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferior vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the fleſh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all *before*. The ſurgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the diſeaſe, driven from its poſt, flew up into his head; and, as a ſkilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent purſuit; ſo the diſeaſe, repelled from its firſt ſtation, fled before the *rod* of *Hermes* to the upper region there fortifying itſelf; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *noſe*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human noſes an *idioſyncracy*, by virtue of which, the more the paſſage is obſtructed, the more our ſpeech delights to go through, as the muſic of a flagellet is made by the *ſtops*. By this method, the twang of the noſe becomes perfectly to reſemble

ſemble the *ſnuffle* of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *britiſh* ears; whereof the ſaint had ſudden experience by practiſing his new faculty with wonderful ſucceſs in the operation of the *ſpirit*: for in a ſhort time no doctrine paſſed for ſound and orthodox, unleſs it were delivered through the noſe. Straight, every paſtor copyed after this original; and thoſe, who could not otherwiſe arrive to a perfection, ſpirited by a noble zeal, made uſe of the ſame experiment to acquire it, ſo that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *ſaints* owe their empire to the *ſnuffling* of one *animal*, as *Darius* did his to the *neighing* of another; and both ſtratagems were performed by the ſame art; for we read, how the † *Perſian beaſt* acquired his faculty by *covering a mare* the day before.

I ſhould now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this ſubject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have ſaid to be true, it may ſtill be juſtly objected, that there is, in the common-wealth of *artificial enthuſiaſm*, ſome real foundation

† Herodot.

for

for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals ſeem to want. Obſerve but the geſture, the motion, and the countenance, of ſome choice profeſſors, though in their moſt familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the reſt of human creatures. Remark your commoneſt pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, caſt out ſo much the more ſoot, and ſmoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the ſides. Liſten but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing ſome antient oracle, and your underſtanding will be *equally* informed. Upon theſe, and the like reaſons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there muſt be a ſort of preternatural *ſpirit*, poſſeſſing the heads of the modern ſaints; and ſome will have it to be the *heat* of zeal working upon the *dregs* of ignorance, as other *ſpirits* are produced from *lees* by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are diſordered

diſordered and deſolate, ſhaken and out of repair, the *ſpirit* delights to dwell within them; as houſes are ſaid to be haunted, when they are forſaken and gone to decay.

To ſet this matter in as fair a light as poſſible, I ſhall here very briefly deduce the hiſtory of *fanaticiſm* from the moſt early ages to the preſent. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief profeſſors have univerſally agreed, I think we may reaſonably lay hold on that, and aſſign it for the great ſeed or principle of the *ſpirit*.

The moſt early traces we meet with of *fanatics* in antient ſtory are among the *Ægyptians*, who inſtituted thoſe rites, known in *Greece* by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionyſia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* or *Melampus*, we ſhall not diſpute at preſent, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future. * Theſe feaſts were celebrated to the honour of *Oſiris*, whom the Græcians called *Dionyſius*, and is the ſame with *Bacchus*: which has betrayed ſome ſuperficial readers

* Diod. Sic. L. 1. Plut. de Iſide & Oſiride.

to

to imagine, that the whole buſineſs was nothing more than a ſet of roaring, ſcouring companions, over-charged with wine; but this is a ſcandalous miſtake, foiſted on the world by a ſort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an underſtanding; and, becauſe antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a ſort of *conjuring*. Theſe are the men, who pretend to underſtand a book by ſcouting through the *index*; as if a traveller ſhould go about to deſcribe a *palace*, when he had ſeen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in *northern America*, who have a way of reading a man's deſtiny by peeping into his *breech*. For, at the time of inſtituting theſe myſteries, † there was not one vine in all *Ægypt*, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor ſeems to have been far more antient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progreſs not only to the ‡ *Ægyptian Oſiris*, but to the *Græcian Bacchus*, who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt

† Herod. L. 2. ‡ Diod. Sic. L. 1. & 3.

of

of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they viſited or ſubdued. Beſides, *Bacchus* himſelf was very ſeldom, or never drunk: for, it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt ‖ inventor of the *mitre*; which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of *bacchanals* did) to prevent vapours and the *head-ach* after hard drinking. And for this reaſon, ſay ſome, the *ſcarlet whore*, when ſhe makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always ſober herſelf, though ſhe never balks the glaſs, in her turn, being, it ſeems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, theſe feaſts were inſtituted in imitation of the famous expedition *Oſiris* made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the *bacchanalian* ceremonies were ſo many types and ſymbols. * From which account it is manifeſt, that the fanatic rites of theſe *bacchanals*, cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but muſt needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large

‖ Id. L. 4.
* See the particulars in *Diod. Sic.* L. 1. & 3.

hints

hints from certain circumſtances in the courſe of their myſteries. For, in the firſt place, there was in their proceſſions an intire *mixture and confuſion of ſexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and deſerts: their garlands were of *ivy* and *vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *ſatyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *aſſes*, all companions of great ſkill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their enſigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the ſhape and ſize of the *virga genitalis*, with its *appurtenances*, which were ſo many ſhadows and emblems of the whole myſtery, as well as trophies ſet up by the female conquerors. Laſtly, in a certain town of *Attica* the whole ſolemnity, † ſtripped of all its types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covies, but ſorted into couples. The ſame may be farther conjectured from the death of *Orpheus*, one of the inſtitutors of theſe myſteries, who was torn in pieces by women, becauſe he refuſed to

† Dionyſia Brauronia.

commu-

‡ *communicate his orgies* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *caſtrated* himſelf upon grief for the loſs of his wife.

Omitting many others of leſs note, the next *fanatics* we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous ſect of *Heretics* appearing in the five firſt centuries of the *chriſtian æra*, from *Simon Magus* and his followers to thoſe of *Eutyches*. I have collected their ſyſtems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with thoſe of their ſucceſſors in the ſeveral ages ſince, I find there are certain bounds ſet even to the irregularity of human thought, and thoſe a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildeſt ravings; ſo there is one fundamental point, wherein they are ſure to meet, as lines in a center, and that is the *community of women*. Great were their ſolicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their ſchemes of worſhip on purpoſe to eſtabliſh it.

‡ Vid. Photium in excerptis è Conone.

The

The laſt *fanatics* of note were thoſe, which ſtarted up in *Germany* a little after the *reformation* of *Luther*; ſpringing, as *muſhrooms* do at the *end of a harveſt*: ſuch were *John* of *Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuſter*, and many others, whoſe viſions and revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen ſiſters apiece*, and making that practice a fundamental part of their ſyſtem. For, human life is a continual navigation, and, if we expect our *veſſels* to paſs with ſafety through the waves and tempeſts of this fluctuating world, it is neceſſary to make a good proviſion of the *fleſh*, as ſea-men lay in ſtore of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief ſurvey of ſome principal ſects among the *fanatics* in all ages (having omitted the *mahometans* and others, who might alſo help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add ſeveral among ourſelves, ſuch as the *family of love*, *ſweet ſingers of Iſrael*, and the like: and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about *women*, wherein they have ſo unanimouſly agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the ſeed or principle, which has ever put men up-

on *viſions* in things *inviſible*, is of a corporeal nature: for, the profounder chymiſts inform us, that the ſtrongeſt *ſpirits* may be extracted from *human fleſh*. Beſides, the ſpinal marrow, being nothing elſe but a continuation of the brain, muſt needs create a very free communication between the ſuperior faculties and thoſe below: and thus the *thorn in the fleſh* ſerves for a *ſpur* to the *ſpirit*. I think, it is agreed among phyſicians, that nothing affects the head ſo much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madneſs. A very eminent member of the faculty aſſured me, that, when the *quakers* firſt appeared, he ſeldom was without ſome female patients among them for the *furor*——perſons of a viſionary devotion, either men or women, are in their complexion of all others the moſt amorous: for, *zeal* is frequently kindled from the ſame ſpark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raiſe that of a gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual proceſs of modern courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an

an artificial form of canting and whining by rote every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a ſhrug, or a humm; a ſigh or a groan; the ſtile compact of inſignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. Theſe I take to be the moſt accompliſhed rules of addreſs to a miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more dexterity, than by the *ſaints*? Nay, to bring this argument yet cloſer, I have been informed by certain ſanguine brethren of the firſt claſs, that in the height and *orgaſmus* of their ſpiritual exerciſe, it has been frequent with them * * * * * *; immediately after which they found the *ſpirit* to relax and flag of a ſudden with the nerves, and they were forced to haſten to a concluſion. This may be farther ſtrengthened by obſerving, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by viſionary or enthuſiaſtic preachers, though never ſo contemptible in their *outward mien*; which is uſually ſuppoſed to be done upon conſiderations purely ſpiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But, I have reaſon to think, the *ſex* hath certain characteriſtics, by which they form a truer judgment of human

abilities

abilities and performings, than we ourſelves can poſſibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however ſpiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intenſe a contemplation is not the buſineſs of fleſh and blood; it muſt by the neceſſary courſe of things in a little time let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lovers for the ſake of celeſtial converſe are but another ſort of *platonics*, who pretend to ſee ſtars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the ſame *pit* is provided for both: and they ſeem a perfect moral to the ſtory of that philoſopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *conſtellations*, found himſelf ſeduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

I had ſomewhat more to ſay upon this part of the ſubject; but the poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great haſte to conclude,

Pray burn this Letter as ſoon as it comes to your Hands.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

FINIS.